Dec. 18, 1989

THE NEW YORKER

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BY JEAN PATOU

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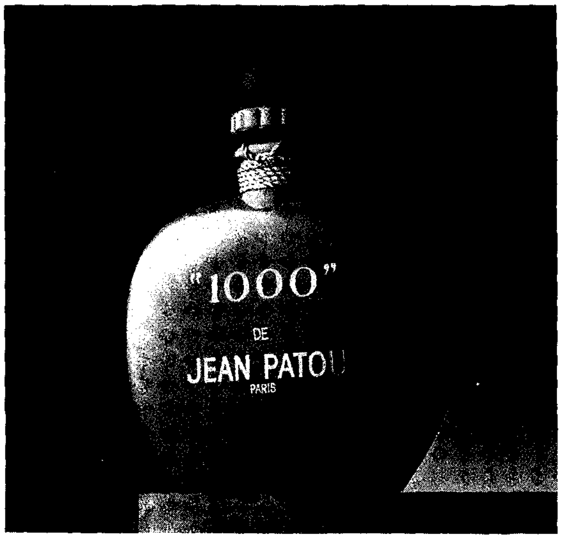

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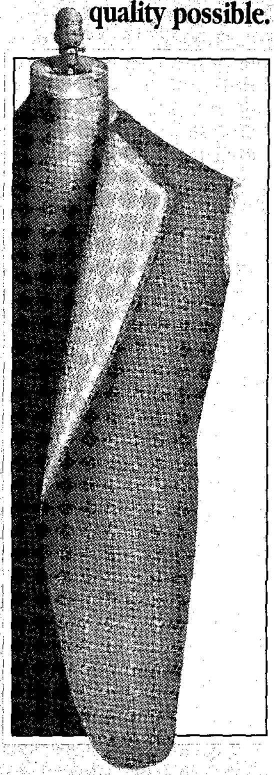

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
(212) 840-3800

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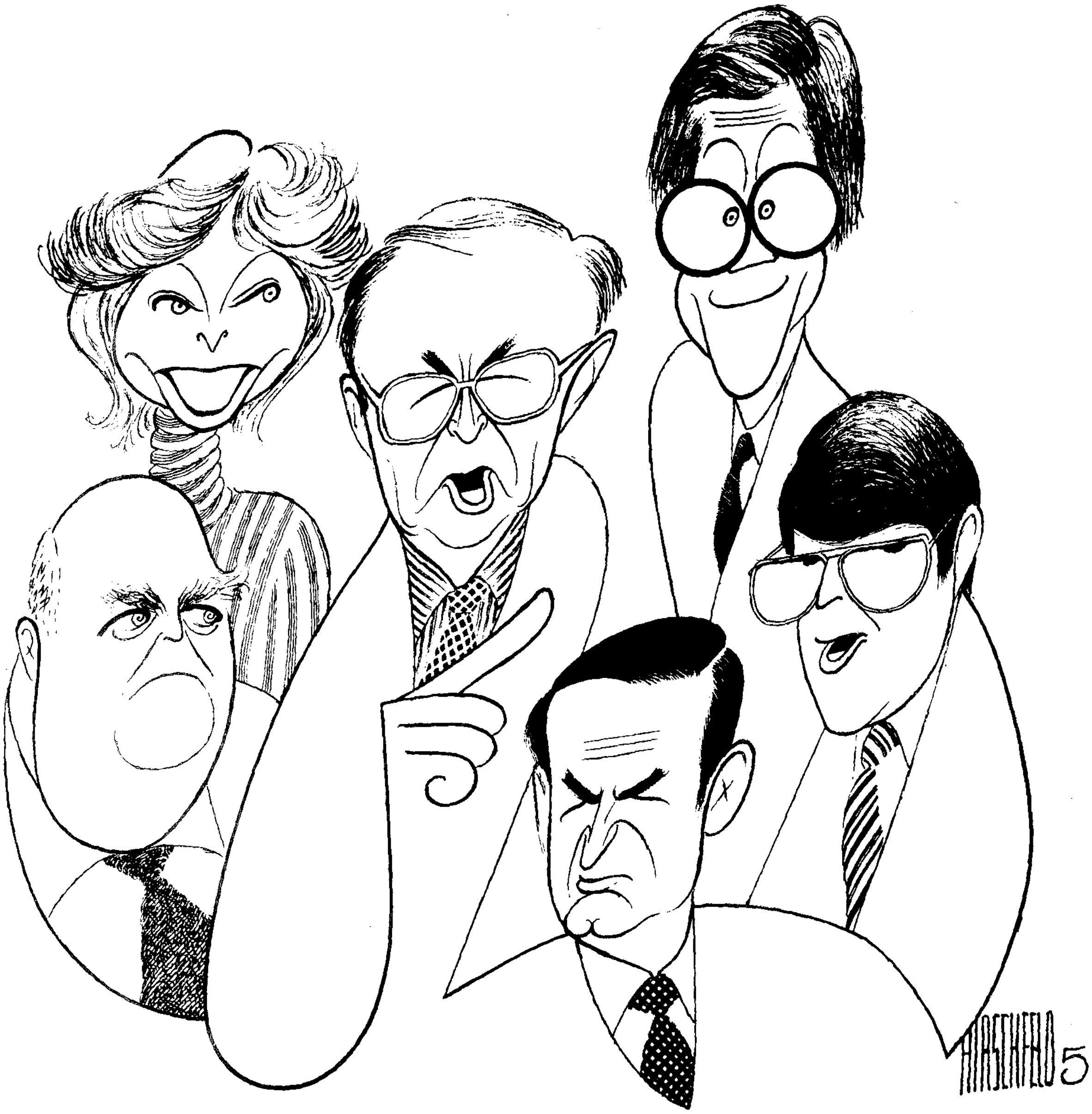
THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Steven T. Florio, president and chief executive officer; Sam R. Spoto, vice-president; Stuart H. Jason, vice-president and treasurer; Ruth A. Diem, vice-president and human resources director; Frank Mustacato, vice-president and circulation director; Virginia L. Jespersen, vice-president and business manager; Lynn Guthrie Heiler, vice-president and advertising director; Matthew D. Roberts, vice-president and marketing director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; Suite 1460, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 19 South Audley St., London, W1Y 5DN. Metropolitan Publishers Representatives: 3017 Piedmont Road, NE, Atlanta, Ga. 30305; 2500 So. Dixie Highway, Miami, Fla. 33133; 3016 Mason Place, Tampa, Fla. 33629; 3 Church St., Suite 503, Toronto, Canada. M5E 1M2. Carol Orr & Co., Publishers Representative: 3300 Oak Lawn, Suite 500, Dallas, Tx. 75219. Vol. LXV, No. 44, December 18, 1989. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1989 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. The magazine's name, logo, and various titles and headings herein have been registered with the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $50.00. Other foreign, one year, $56.00, payable in advance.
POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322.



ADVICE AND DISSENT

They offer counsel and comment on the week's events from Washington. They do it with wit and dissension. They're The McLaughlin Group.

The Group comprises (clockwise from left) Jack Germond, Eleanor Clift, John McLaughlin, Fred Barnes, Morton Kondracke and Pat Buchanan.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

"Three Poets," a trio of short plays at Theatre for the New City, written and directed by Romulus Linney, is a three-part invention on the theme of literary women. The first play, "Komachi," is a spiritual-revenge tragedy, acted in the style of Noh theatre. In it, the verses and the fate of a ninth-century Japanese poet are set against her rejection of an ardent suitor in such a way as to ask whether sexual man is naturally hostile to the phenomenon of woman writing. In the second play, "Hrosvitha," a tenth-century nun is forced to defend her rather steamy morality play before a board of inquiry consisting of her mother superior and the bishop of an affiliated order. (We see it enacted in two different ways.) The last play, "Akhmatova," set in Stalinist Russia, concerns a Soviet bureaucrat's anxieties over a poem that may or may not exist and may or may not be incendiary, but that allegedly has been preserved by means of the expedient of entrusting only one or two words to any one person.

Linney has a flair for taking up large issues, dismantling them, and putting them back together in unexpected ways. Ordinarily, he is such a master of complex synthesis, and his plays are so meticulous in their design, that we couldn't help imagining that "Three Poets" might be a work in progress. All the strains of thought that go to make up the symphonic picture—romantic love, the power of language (to affect or not affect the lives of those who wield it), the ways in which literature can sidestep "authority"—achieved in the last play are common to at least two of the three set pieces. Even the stylized formalism of the first play seems to resurface in the ceremony with which the stage manager and the lighting technician transform the acting area between scenes. But the last play's conflict—about a woman's inability to keep her poetry from harming her son—strikes a note not previously heard. Could there, we wonder, be a play (or part of a play) missing that might initiate the theme of children, literally or metaphorically?

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

The Art of Success—Tim Curry portrays William Hogarth in the American première of a 1986 comedy by Nick Dear. Previews through Dec. 19. Opens Dec. 20 at 8. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

Circle Repertory Company—The second play of the season is SUNSHINE, by William Mastrosimone. John Dossett, Jordan Mott, and Jennifer Jason Leigh make up the cast, which is directed by Marshall W. Mason. Previews through Dec. 16. Opens Dec. 17 at 7:30. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100.)

City of Angels—James Naughton and Gregg Edelman in a musical comedy by Larry Gelbart (book), Cy Coleman (score), and David Zippel (lyrics). Directed by Michael Blakemore. Opens Dec. 11 at 6:30. (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-0102.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20			

187 ST.
BELMONT AVE

Chazz Palminteri in "A Bronx Tale"

The Merchant of Venice—Dustin Hoffman heads the cast of this production imported from the West End and directed by Sir Peter Hall. Also with Geraldine James, Leigh Lawson, and Nathaniel Parker. Previews through Dec. 18. Opens Dec. 19 at 6:45. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102.)

My Children! My Africa!—John Kani, Courtney B. Vance, and Lisa Fugard in the American première of a play written and directed by Athol Fugard. Presented by the New York Theatre Workshop. Previews through Dec. 17. Opens Dec. 18 at 8. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 279-4200.)

Romance in Hard Times—Lillias White and Cleavant Derricks star in William Finn's musical, which is set in a nineteen-thirties soup kitchen. In previews. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

Tru—Robert Morse in a one-man play about Truman Capote, written and directed by Jay Presson Allen. Previews through Dec. 13. Opens Dec. 14 at 6:45. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

NEW THIS SEASON

Adam and the Experts—A play by Victor Bumbalo, with John Finch as a man whose best friend has AIDS. (Apple Corps Theatre, 336 W. 20th St. 564-8038. Closes Dec. 31.)

Artist Descending a Staircase—A play by Tom Stoppard, with Harold Gould, John McMartin, Paxton Whitehead, and Stephanie Roth. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450.)

Away Alone—Recent illegal Irish immigrants are the subject of a play by Janet Noble. With Bronagh Murphy and Michael Healy. (Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. 757-3318. Closes Dec. 23.)

Briar Patch—A play by Deborah Pryor about a rural Virginia housewife (Elizabeth Berridge), her lover (William Ragsdale), and her jealous husband (Victor Slezak). (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. 247-3405. Closes Dec. 16.)

A Bronx Tale—A one-man play about growing up on Arthur Avenue and 187th Street. Written and performed by Chazz Palminteri. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Closes Dec. 24.)

Chris Durang & Dawne—Mr. Durang and company play Tuesdays through Thursdays at 10:30. (Criterion Cabaret, Broadway at 45th St. 239-6200. Closes Dec. 28.)

The Circle—Rex Harrison, Glynis Johns, Stewart Granger, and an able supporting company have raised Somerset Maugham to the heights of Sheridan and Congreve. The play is about an elderly couple who pay a visit to the wife's middle-aged son, whom she deserted thirty years before. Brian Murray directed the fine production. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/4/89.) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

Closer Than Ever—This charmer amounts to an anthology of songs and sketches by Richard Maltby, Jr. (words), and David Shire (music), as sung and performed by Brent Barrett, Sally Mayers, Richard Muenz, and Lynne Wintersteller. They are a gifted quartet, and lucky to have such attractive, humorous, and tender songs to sing and words to speak. The fact that there is no amplification is an extra boon. (11/13/89) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020.)

Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde—Georg Osterman's version of the strange case, presented by the Ridiculous Theatrical Company. With Mr. Osterman, Everett Quinton, and Eureka, among others. (Charles Ludlam Theatre, One Sheridan Square. 691-2271.)

Feast Here Tonight—A musical by Ken and Daniel Jenkins, set in a small Kentucky town. The cast includes two bluegrass musicians. (Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. 353-3874. Closes Dec. 17.)

A Few Good Men—"Mister Roberts" meets "The Mary Tyler Moore Show." Aaron Sorkin's military-courtroom drama treats issues like justice, honor, loyalty, and morality with the slick, facile smugness of a half-hour comedy series, but the performances, by an ace cast under Don Scardino's direction, are wonderful. (11/27/89) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Grand Hotel—The dazzling imagination of Tommy Tune's direction and choreography and the dazzling scenery by Tony Walton almost make up for the inner vacancy of this show, but not quite. The story and characters are skimpy and the music is undistinguished. Nevertheless, there isn't a boring moment. (11/27/89) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-0102.)

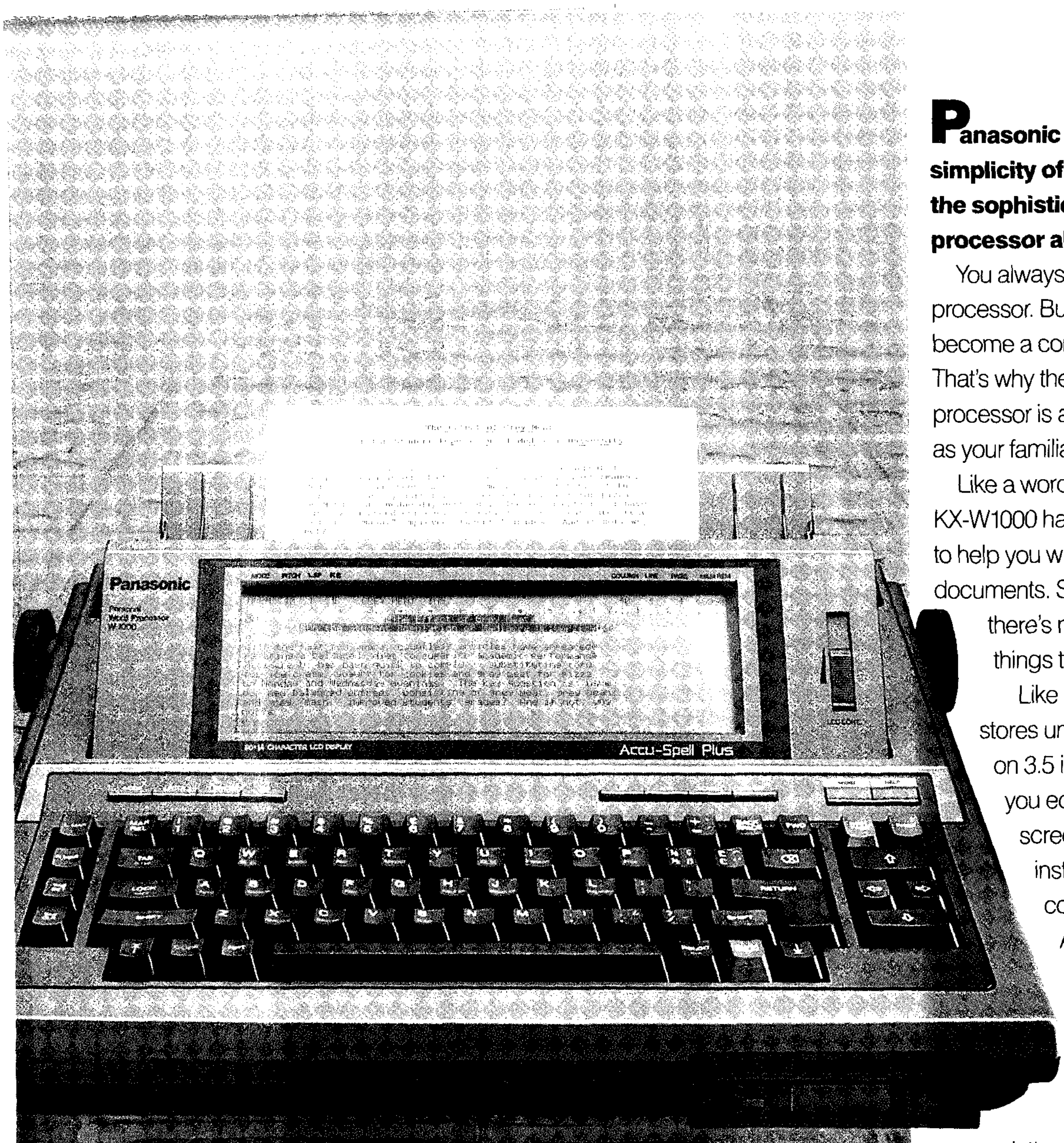
Gypsy—This revival of the great Sondheim-Styne-Laurents-Robbins musical (directed by Arthur Laurents himself) is so delightful—and the cast (led by Tyne Daly, Crista Moore, and Jonathan Hadary) so engaging—that we think anyone would be the happier for having seen it. One suggestion: don't applaud when Mama Rose comes down the aisle (you'll drown out the first number). Trust Broadway: you'll have ample time to welcome Miss Daly when she mounts the steps and delivers her first onstage line. (12/4/89) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 246-0102.)

Lambs Theatre Company—The sixth annual presentation of THE GIFTS OF THE MAGI, a musical adapted from two O. Henry short stories. (Little Theatre at the Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Closes Dec. 31.)

The Lisbon Traviata—This superb production of Terrence McNally's play about two fanatical opera aficionados (Anthony Heald and Nathan Lane) was staged by John Tillinger, and originated at the Manhattan Theatre Club. Since its run there, McNally has recast the ending so as to make it more plausible, less melodramatic. The result is that the serious second half (in which we get a life-behind-the-façade look at one of the characters from the comic first act) now bears out McNally's over-all point, which is something about the unrealistic, contrived, and upper-register level on which these characters live. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

Lotto—A comedy by Glenn O'Brien, directed by Carlos Almada. The cast includes Bill Rice, Thomas Voth, Chris Kapp, and Jenny Lumet. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Closes Dec. 17.)

Love Letters—A. R. Gurney's two-character play, with Kate Nelligan and David Dukes Dec. 12-17, and with Elizabeth McGovern and Timothy Hutton starting Dec. 19. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302.)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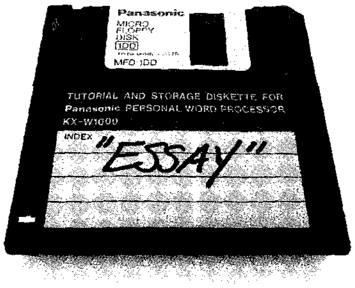
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"ESSAY"

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Machinal—A play by Sophie Treadwell, presented by the theatre company Naked Angels. With Jodie Markell; directed by Michael Grief. (The Space, 114 W. 17th St. 727-0020. Closes Dec. 19.)

Meet Me in St. Louis—If you like the old M-G-M musical, you probably won't like this stage version, which combines the earnest, wholesome values of the movie with an aesthetic of surpassing vulgarity. In any case, why see the show when you can rent the movie? (11/20/89) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.)

Mountain Language and **The Birthday Party**—This Pinter double bill, directed by Carey Perloff, offers a chance to see the work of the much lionized British playwright as it should be produced. The first play is an American première, the second a revival of the production CSC presented last year, with one notable cast change—Jean Stapleton in the role of Meg. The actors, with the exception of Peter Riegert, are all superb, particularly Miss Stapleton and David Strathairn, who give brilliantly complex performances. (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Closes Dec. 23.)

Oh, Hell—A double bill consisting of Shel Silverstein's "The Devil and Billy Markham" and David Mamet's "Bobby Gould in Hell." With Dennis Locorriere in the Silverstein work and Treat Williams in the Mamet; both directed by Gregory Mosher. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Orpheus Descending—A chaotic production of Tennessee Williams' ramshackle play about the passionate love affair between an Italian immigrant woman and a young man who goes from town to town, in the South, guitar in hand, making trouble. Vanessa Redgrave, though hardly convincing in the leading role, is certainly arresting. (10/9/89) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 246-0102. Closes Dec. 17.)

Progress—A comedy by the British playwright Doug Lucie. With Anne Bobby, Ivar Brogger, and John Curless. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810.)

Sweeney Todd—Bob Gunton and Beth Fowler in the York Theatre Company's production of the Sondheim musical. Susan H. Schulman is the director. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

The Tempest—As an experiment, the English director Jude Kelly has staged the play as if it had been written yesterday, but without skimping on any of its eloquence. Frank Langella is Prospero, and B. D. Wong Ariel. (11/27/89) (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Closes Dec. 17.)

The Tenth Man—A revival of Paddy Chayefsky's 1959 play, directed by Ulu Grosbard. The large cast includes Phoebe Cates, Bob Dishy, and Jack Weston. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

3 Penny Opera—Kurt Weill and Bertolt Brecht's savage fable of bourgeois capitalism packaged as a vehicle for a rock star. Were it not for the casting of Sting in the role of Macheath, John Dexter's revival would be exactly like a school production. (11/20/89) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 246-0102.)

Three Poets—Three short plays written and directed by Romulus Linney. (Theatre for the New City, 155 First Ave., at 10th St. 254-1109. Closes Dec. 17.)

Up Against It—A musical based on a screenplay that Joe Orton wrote for the Beatles in 1967. Adapted by Tom Ross, with music and lyrics by Todd Rundgren. Philip Casnoff, Roger Bart, Alison Fraser, and Toni DiBuono are in the cast. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

LONG RUNS

BLACK AND BLUE: An evening of classic blues and jazz, conceived, designed, and directed by Claudio Segovia and Héctor Orezzoli, who created "Tango Argentino" in a similarly commemorative but far less visually opulent style. Musicians of renown have been assembled, and while Ruth Brown, Linda Hopkins, and Carrie Smith sing, Bunny Briggs, Jimmy Slyde, and a troupe of hoofers young and old give the tap-dance subculture a workout. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **DRIVING MISS DAISY:** Frances Sternhagen and Arthur French star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest-running long run turned twenty-nine this year. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.) . . . **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1989:** A source of continual merriment, this revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it, and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.) . . . **THE HEIDI CHRONICLES:** Wendy Wasserstein's play looks at first glance like standard baby-boom playwriting fare, but some alchemical combination of graceful-mindedness and good writing enables her to capture, lampoon, and transcend her generation all at the same time. With Christine Lahti. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **JEROME ROBBINS' BROADWAY:** A collection of high spots from "On the Town," "Billion Dollar Baby," "High Button Shoes," "The King and I," "Peter Pan," "West Side Story," "Gypsy," "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," and "Fiddler on the Roof," all of which were choreographed or directed, or both, by Jerome Robbins. Whether Robbins' era—the fifties—was your generation or your parents', this is the show for you. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **THE KATHY AND MO SHOW: PARALLEL LIVES:** Comedy skits and vignettes about gender and its role in society, written and performed by Kathy Najimy and Mo Gaffney. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394.) . . . **LEND ME A TENOR:** The setting of this farce by Ken Ludwig is a hotel suite in Cleveland in 1934, where a famous tenor who is booked to sing "Otello" takes an overdose of barbiturates. A substitute must be found. Under Jerry Zaks' direction, all the surprises up the dramatist's sleeve are brought to comic life. Philip Bosco, Victor Garber, and Tovah Feldshuh are among the members of the splendid cast. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **M. BUTTERFLY:** Tony Randall and A. Mapa in David Henry Hwang's funny, mysterious, and often beautiful play. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220.) . . . **ME AND MY GIRL:** An infelicitously rehabilitated British musical out of the thirties. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102. Closes Dec. 31.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.) . . . **ONLY KIDDING!:** Jim Geoghan's comedy about standup comedians, in all their panic and desperation, has the ring of authenticity, and jokes that invariably pay off. With Ralph Macchio. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394.) . . . **OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY:** Jerry Sterner's comedy about a New York stockbroker's attempt to take over a decorous New England business maintains its suspense from beginning to end. Kevin Conway can seldom have been better or funnier than he is as Bronx-born Lawrence Garfinkle, and Mercedes Ruehl plays his adversary (with a difference). (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.) . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets, everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **RUMORS:** This farce about a party to celebrate a couple's tenth anniversary (the host and hostess are mysteriously absent) may well be the funniest play that Neil Simon has written. Directed by Gene Saks. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.) . . . **STEEL MAGNOLIAS:** This first play by Robert Harling takes place in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana and consists mainly of the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. The cast includes Suzy Hunt, Dorrie Joiner, Anna Minot, and Rita Gardner. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 246-0102.)

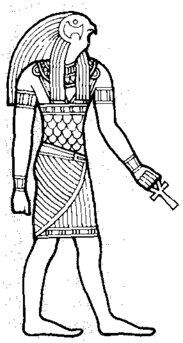
DANCE

THE Bolshoi on tape? No problem. "The Magic of the Bolshoi Ballet" (Home Vison), an anthology of rarities, even includes a solo from "Swan Lake" by the Vaganova-trained star of the thirties Marina Semyonova, and a forties acrobatic adagio with the high-jumping Olga Lepeshinskaya, partnered by Pyotr Gusev. Leaping forward to the eighties, you can find just about anything, including alternate casts of full-length classics attributed to Petipa and Ivanov but bearing the fingerprints, too, of the Bolshoi's current artistic director, Yuri Grigorovich.

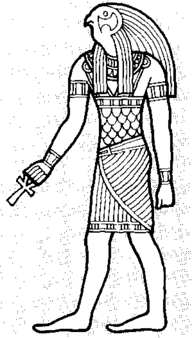
And disfiguring prints they can be. We may speak of the twentieth century as the Age of Balanchine, but if sheer quantity of commercial videotape were to serve as the measure this would be known as the Age of Grigorovich. The Bolshoi's director since 1964, Grigorovich not only has stocked the repertory with his new works but also has tampered so much with the older ballets that a work like "Raymonda," which has been reshaped by many hands, is now attributed entirely to him, although its prestige stems from its association with—and choreographic fragments by—Petipa. Where Balanchine builds on and extends the lessons of his nineteenth-century inheritance, Grigorovich closes the book.

It is a mixed blessing that the state broadcasting company of Japan is just now in the midst of making a lavish series of tapes called "The Bolshoi at the Bolshoi" (Spectacor Video). The series will comprise ten full-length classics, with some attractive performances, in productions of beloved ballets that in their current versions keep drifting in and out of theatrical logic. The technology is state of the art for ear and eye, and the Japanese camerawork on the two tapes we have seen—"The Sleeping Beauty" and "The Nutcracker"—is outstanding. When you come to a patch of greatness, such as Alexei Fadeyechev's solo in the "Beauty" grand pas de deux, the treatment seems entirely warranted. The rest of the time, it's like riding in a super-stretch limo through a car wash.

THE METROPOLITAN OPERA PRESENTS



AIDA



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

New York City Ballet—Performances of "The Nutcracker" are being presented through Dec. 31. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Dec. 12-14 at 6; Dec. 15 at 8; Dec. 16 at 2 and 8; Dec. 17 at 1 and 5; and Dec. 19-20 at 6. Through Feb. 25.)

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre—Dec. 12 at 8: "Landscape," "Episodes" (American première), and "Suite Otis." . . . ¶ Dec. 13 at 8: "Come and Get the Beauty of It Hot," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Dec. 14 at 8: "Streams," "Chelsea's Bells" (American première), "Survivors," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Dec. 15 at 8: "Shards," "After Eden," and "The Stack-Up." . . . ¶ Dec. 16 at 2: "Blues Suite," "Reflections in D," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Suite Otis." . . . ¶ Dec. 16 at 8: "Night Creature," "Chelsea's Bells," "Episodes," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Dec. 17 at 3: "Shards," "After Eden," and "The Stack-Up." . . . ¶ Dec. 17 at 8: "Landscape," "Survivors," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Dec. 19 at 8: "Come and Get the Beauty of It Hot," "The Road of the Phoebe Snow," and "The Stack-Up." . . . ¶ Dec. 20 at 8: "Streams," "Sarong Paramaribo," "After Eden," and "For Bird with Love." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. Through Dec. 31.)

Charles Moore Dance Theatre—In "Dances and Drums of Africa," Dec. 15 at 8 and Dec. 17 at 2, and in "Traces, an American Journey," Dec. 14 and Dec. 16 at 8. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, W. 120th and Riverside Dr. 924-0077.)

NIGHT LIFE

OUTSIDE CBGB, a plump, forty-ish man wearing a ponytail, a black leather vest, and a pair of handcuffs looped around his belt was staple-gunning the evening's program to the door, and holding forth on the various offerings: They Might Be Giants ("Hot"), Pylon ("Super hot"), the Shreds ("So hot you could be, like, *dead* and they'd reach out and grab you"). Next door, in the CBGB Record Canteen—where we had gone to do our Christmas shopping—a series of people described by the m.c. as "comics as well as trained musicologists" were doing some standup for a small crowd. The jokes weren't going over, but everybody was being nice about it. "So they're tearing down the Wall," a woman was telling the audience as we browsed the record bins. "I heard Pink Floyd was helping." A little later, as we sifted through a barrel of sew-on patches, a man segued from a joke about the Immaculate Conception to one about Mercurochrome. Aside from the fact that the Canteen has a stage and a bar, it looks pretty much like a conventional records-and-memorabilia store. There are helpful signs for shoppers ("New Major Label Releases"; "Check Out These Local Dudes"), a musicians-wanted board ("No attitudes!"; "No tasty lick demons!"), and a display case full of punk- and metal-oriented jewelry. The Canteen is a diverting place to spend an hour. Still, we found ourself asking the same kind of questions we ask ourself every Christmas: "Would Sis really wear a pair of skull earrings?" "What if Mom already *has* this Suckdog tape?"

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**MARY CLEERE HARAN,** a young San Francisco-born singer whose heart belongs to the Gershwins, Rodgers and Hart, and others, lights up the Oak Room at nine-fifteen. At eleven-fifteen, **LILIANE MONTEVECCHI** takes her turn at the microphone. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

The Roches: Terre, Maggie, and Suzzy

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A great barn of a rock club, which, unlike many other such places, has tables, chairs, good French fries, country music, folk music, music of a dubious nature, and miscellaneous theatrical entertainments. **TOWER OF POWER** performs through Dec. 14; the **ROCHES,** three groovy folk sisters whose latest album, "Speak," includes the songs "The Anti-Sex Backlash of the '80s" and "I Love My Mom," will be here Dec. 15-16. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—It's so nice in here—silken woodwork and long tables with pink tablecloths and pink napkins—you might mistake it for a jazz club on a movie set but for the real musicians onstage. Through Dec. 17 a trio belonging to pianist **WALTER BISHOP, JR.,** holds sway. **AHMAD JAMAL**—a pianist who hops from one end of the bench to the other, leaving piles of notes in his wake—will have a trio of his own here as of Dec. 19. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT,** a prince among café singers, is currently at work in the little principality known as the Café Carlyle, singing Cole Porter and other gilt-edged material. Sets Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** presides at the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—On Fridays, in the back room of this bar, you can drink a tankard of cool stout and listen to traditional Irish music; on Saturdays, you can drink from the cup that cheers and listen to bluegrass and old-timey music. Fintan Vallely, a politically minded Irish singer and flute player, will perform with pianist Felix Dolan on Dec. 15.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A low-ceilinged, belowstairs jazz room, its walls decorated with alternating bands of mirror and red plush, which will seem intimate to some people and too intimate to tall people, who may want to remove their top hats before entering. Saxophonist **SCOTT HAMILTON,** whose big, breathy sound leads many listeners to imagine that they are hearing Ben Webster or some other swing-era ghost, is here with his quintet Dec. 12-17; pianist and Bud Powell devotee **TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI** brings her big band in on Dec. 19 for the first night of a week-long engagement. Mondays remain in the hands of **LES PAUL,** guitarist, guitar-builder, and overdubbing pioneer. Music from eight. Dining.

Fortune Garden Pavilion, 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—Chinese food served in a plush greenhouse setting. Through the glass roof, which supports a jungle of potted greenery, you can admire the fruits of the midtown real-estate boom and, when available, the moon. A Steinway grand is encamped in the middle of the room, making things tricky for the waiters but improving the over-all quality of life. Dec. 12-17 it's occupied by **DOROTHY DONEGAN,** a jazz iconoclast whose shows are a foot-stomping, whirligig display of Art Tatum-style piano. Music from eight Mondays through Saturdays, and from seven on Sundays.

Indigo Blues, 221 W. 46th St. (221-0033)—A jazz club in the basement of the Hotel Edison. It's awash in blue neon, and has a fancy sound system and a shiny dance floor. Miles Davis, whose disdain for night clubs is well known ("plantation" was his term for one famous room), and who had managed to stay out of them since 1975, christened this room not long ago. **BO DIDDLEY,** who continues to insist that Elvis stole his moves, will be here with the Black Widow Band on Dec. 20. Music after nine.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A busy bar-and-grill in the piano-bass district. **JUDY CARMICHAEL,** author of "Judy Carmichael's Complete Book of Stride Piano," performs with saxophonist **MICHAEL HASHIM** Tuesdays through Saturdays. Music from about nine-thirty.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—A second-floor music-and-performance space, where people come to ponder the meaning of harmolodics and the post-ness of postmodernism. The room is run by two amiable young guys from Wisconsin, whose views on such things as cover charges are enlightened. **MIRACLE ROOM** and the **ORDINAIRES** come in on Dec. 15. Former Box Tops singer **ALEX CHILTON,** whose performances over the past decade or so have been on the unreliable side, will be here on Dec. 16. Music after nine.

Lauterbach's Brooklyn Beat, 335 Prospect Ave., at Sixth Ave., Brooklyn. (1-718 788-9140)—A grungy but well-intentioned watering hole devoted to homegrown Brooklyn bands. The emphasis here is on exposed cement, although one wall is decorated with Polaroids—"St. Patty's 1986" (people in green hats and leis), "New Year's 1988-89" (people in red hats and leis). Lauterbach's microwave menu includes shepherd's pie and chicken parmigiana, but the musical menu is almost always a better bet.

Maxwell's, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—A good sound system, cheap drinks, and a regular-guy atmosphere make this restaurant-bar, home of the "Hoboken sound" and of the phrase "jangly guitars," a popular hangout for musicians and their followers. Manhattanites who stay through the second set will need all their Scout training to get home, but the smell of the nearby Maxwell House factory will no doubt give them a boost. The **INNOCENCE MISSION,** a Lancaster, Pennsylvania, group, whose fine début record is run through with murmurs of the Cocteau Twins and Kate Bush, performs here on Dec. 15.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A mid-Manhattan pub for well-heeled gents and high-heeled foxes. It's not always easy to detect the music over the babble, but if you listen closely you should be able to hear the New Orleans Traditional Jazz Conservation Band, which will be holding forth here through Dec. 16. Starting Dec. 19, **HAROLD NICHOLAS** offers a song-and-dance tribute to the nimble tread of the feet of Fred Astaire. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—A moondust-in-your-hair cabaret where a club soda costs about eight dollars. There are plenty of niceties if you're so inclined: an ear-popping express elevator in which you can mingle with the famous; tables scattered with plastic diamonds and

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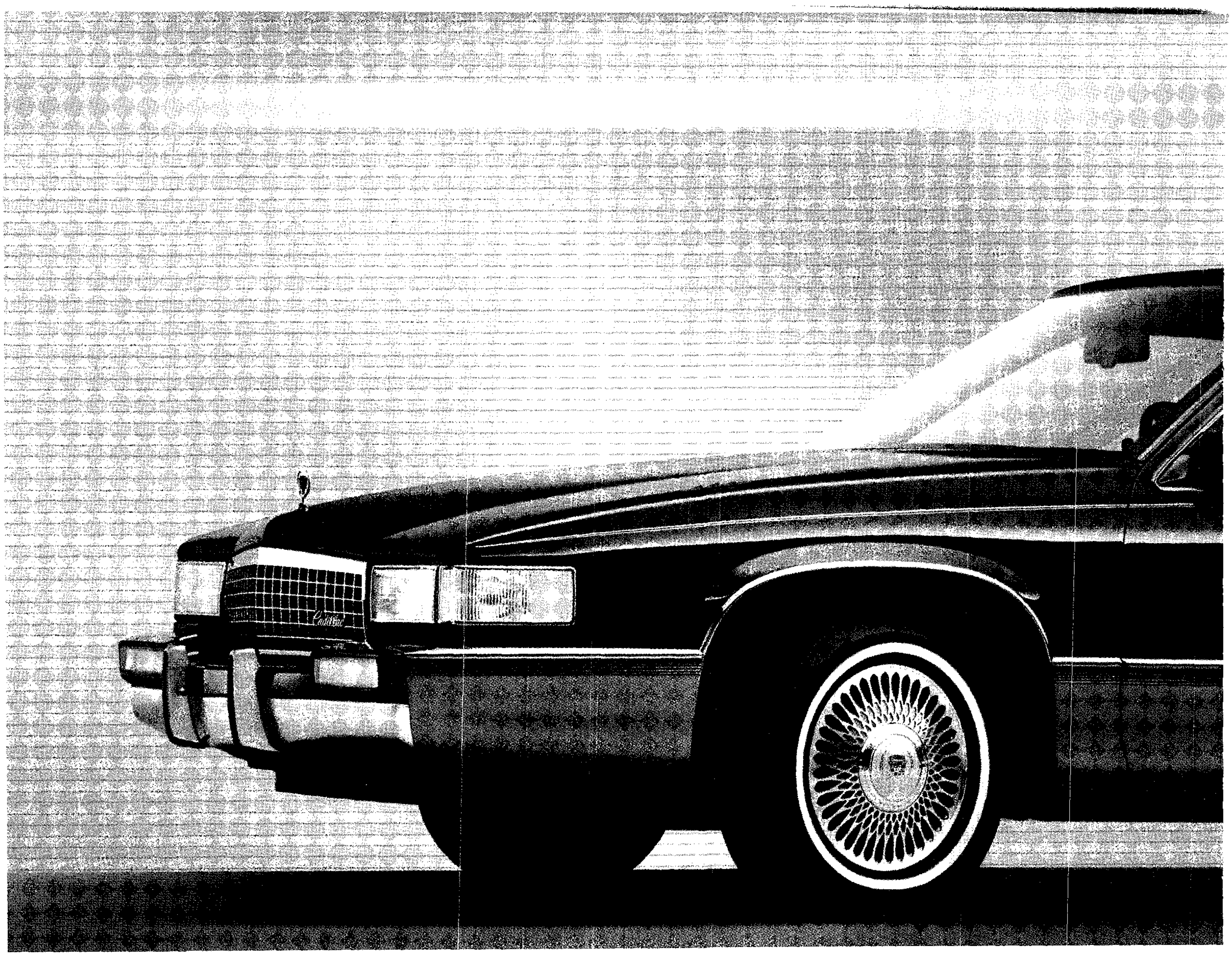

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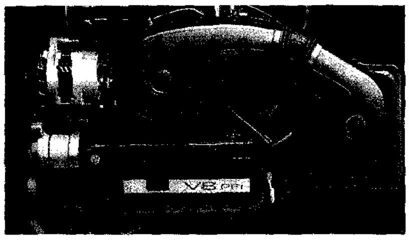

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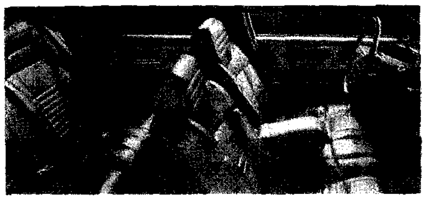

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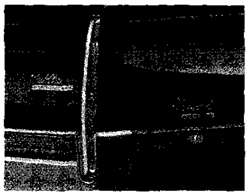

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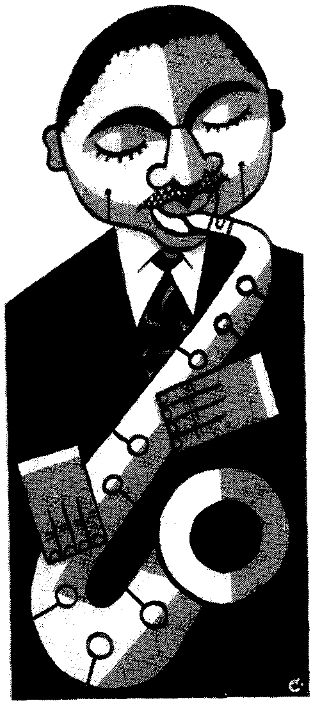


Branford Marsalis at the Village Vanguard

sapphires; and restroom attendants who hover near the sink asking, "Is the water too warm?" Singer **LORNA LUFT** will be in residence for the rest of the month. Shows from nine. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

RITZ, 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—This rock establishment, which recently moved from the East Village to the former temple of excess Studio 54, is still a place where the customer is not always right. The signature feature of the previous address, the giant Big Brother video screen, has been preserved intact. Upstairs in the balcony, there are designated seating areas for industry and non-industry people. This week's offerings: **KID CREOLE AND THE COCONUTS** (Dec. 13); the **ALARM** (Dec. 14); and the **RAMONES** (Dec. 15-16). Shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A big, cheerful room, painted tropical blue, where you can pick 'em up and set 'em down to sounds from Brazil, Africa, the Caribbean, and elsewhere. The samba outfit **PÉ-DE-BOI** will be here on Dec. 13, and **HUGH MASEKELA,** a pop-jazz trumpet player who exiled himself from South Africa in 1961 and whose shows have been known to include lyrics in English and Zulu, comes in Dec. 14-15. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from ten Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Mondays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—An itinerary stop for the international jazz groupies who, on any given night, can be seen roaming the streets of the Village. **ABDULLAH IBRAHIM,** a South African pianist, flutist, and saxophonist, and his band, **EKAYA,** perform here through Dec. 17. Drummer and hard-bop kingpin **ART BLAKEY**—whose group, the **JAZZ MESSENGERS,** has over the years been one of jazz's most prestigious finishing schools—is in charge as of Dec. 19. The electrified big band of the late Gil Evans, now under the direction of his son, the trumpeter Miles Evans, is in action on Mondays. Tee-off time is ten. Dining.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the downstairs room, singer-pianist **DR. JOHN,** who, many years ago, had a finger shot off in a New Orleans barroom brawl, performs Dec. 15-16. Sets at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. . . . ¶ One flight up, in the Terrace Bar, pianist **JOHN HICKS** is at work through Dec. 17. Music from ten.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world, now in its second half century, this establishment was once described by the late Max Gordon as "a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." A foursome led by **BRANFORD MARSALIS**—son of Ellis, brother of Wynton—will be at work here Dec. 12-17. Mondays are reserved for the **MEL LEWIS** big band. Music after ten.

WETLANDS, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—Two floors of no-nuke-veggie entertainment and consciousness-raising. Listen to bands play in the Summer of Love-muralled back room; buy a tie-dyed T-shirt at the Volkswagen-bus curio shop; catch up on current events at the bulletin board and community calendar. Or, if you'd rather just be mellow, crash out in the basement hippie love pad.

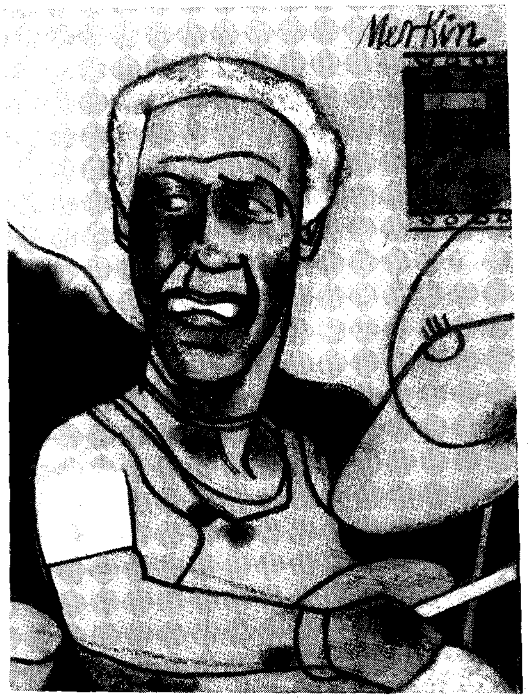
ZANZIBAR & GRILL, 550 Third Ave., at 36th St. (779-0606)—A Murray Hill jazz resort, where the ceiling fans turn slowly, and the palm trees susurrate tropically, and the jukebox contains Xavier Cugat and Perez Prado, and a waiter, delivering a plate of fried chicken and maple-pear corn bread to a customer, sings "It's suppertime" (to the tune of "Summertime"). The professional musicians tend to come on at around nine. Pianist **DICK HYMAN** goes to the bench Dec. 12-13, and **BOB DOROUGH,** who spent a couple of years in the early fifties as Sugar Ray Robinson's accompanist, leads a trio on Dec. 17.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, lightly forested bar and restaurant with an in-between room from which music issues, putting an end to some discussions and inspiring others. Pianist **JANE JARVIS** performs with bassist **MILT HINTON** Dec. 11-16. **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and **CECIL MC BEE** start up on Dec. 18.

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

HOW would you like to go through life with a name you should have jettisoned once you'd outgrown your curfew? At the Palladium on December 1, Donny Osmond proved he could stay up late with the rest of us grownups. For his first New York concert in sixteen years, the stubbled, not exactly rough, but very ready Donny bounded onto the stage of the still striking though no longer startling club (which currently boasts a collection of doormen who might look a lot smarter if they scratched their heads as often as they did their groins and arrived at the revelation that arrogance is no substitute for intelligence) to greet a sizable, if not hanging-from-the-balconies, crowd gratefully long on fond memory and short on *Enquirer*-escent curiosity.

"We still love you," shouted three women who professed they adored Oprah, too. ("She's so topical, like news," one of them said.) Donny's hour-long show boasted a great band; fabulous lighting, due in part to the most flagrantly belching smoke machine since the late Miss Davis (if we seem obsessed with smoke machines lately, it's because they have become as essential to club spectacle as loincloths once were to Steve Reeves films); and a surprisingly strong new album, which includes his new hit single, "Soldier of Love," to pull songs from. The singer was pelted with more flowers than an emperor during Saturnalia. A few fans bemoaned his haircut. ("That do don't do it," someone moaned.) Another fan thought Donny had taken in the seat of his jeans. ("But he still has no tush," she giggled.) But most of the crowd cheered like thousands when the singer hit his falsetto, flashed his teeth, or did his little boogie-downs. As a surprise, Donny broke into an R. & B. version of his first hit, and the audience loved it, except for one grouch in the back. "Where's Marie? We want Marie!" the guy bellowed. "We do not," a young woman near him snapped back. "Only you do." Then she screamed, " 'Soldier of Love,' sing 'Soldier of Love,' " and when Donny did, it was almost like old times. See, one bad apple don't spoil the whole bunch, girl.



Art Blakey at Sweet Basil

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

BIG APPLE CIRCUS—Performances under the little big top in Lincoln Center's Damrosch Park continue through Jan. 7. For ticket and schedule information, call 391-0760.

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—Performances of the "Christmas Spectacular" (with the high-kicking Rockettes, of course) continue through Jan. 3. (Sixth Ave. at 50th St. For information about show times and tickets, call 247-4777.)

DANCENOISE—In "Wonderful Life," a performance work inspired by the holiday season. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Dec. 14-16 at 10.)

"IPSODEFACTO"—Kevin Carter, a visual artist, with the Nowhere Men, a Canadian performance team, in a collaborative work. (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. Dec. 15-16 at 8:30.)

DÉBUT

In 1891, Tchaikovsky conducted Carnegie Hall's first opening night, and premium seats cost two dollars. Facts like these can be learned Tuesdays and Thursdays, when the hall that Andrew Carnegie built for his wife, the oratorio singer Louise Whitfield, is opened three times daily to touring parties. Anyone expecting a whirlwind, backstage-style exposé will be disappointed—the hour-long tours are more like respectful lecture classes. You learn about the 1891 air-conditioning system (cold water poured over rocks) and you sample acoustics on different tiers (in 1986, the seat covers were scientifically redesigned to conduct sound better). You are informed that in the nineteenth century the neighborhood around 57th Street and Seventh Avenue was a rural area called Goat Hill. And you stand on the orchestra level and intone "Happy Birthday" in anticipation of the building's centennial, after which the tour guide beams and says, "Now you can say you sang at Carnegie Hall."

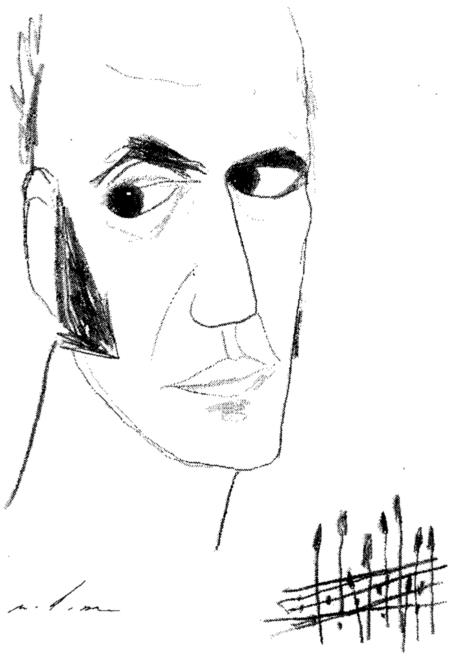
ART

ROBERT GREENE, whose show of recent paintings is on view through December 30 at the Robert Miller Gallery, is the best fashionable artist to come along in some time. He's fashionable in the tradition of such minor masters as Florine Stettheimer, Jean Cocteau, and others who styled and pruned their fantasies and practiced a kind of horticulture on their lives. Greene's peopled and poodled pastorals—his trademark—are rendered in slightly acid pastel tones and with a gifted lyric touch. They are like daydreams art-directed by Watteau. The artist invites us onto a great big mythological lawn that might suit an archetypal Vanderbilt estate, or onto a symbolist beach at the ultimate Venetian resort. Many of his larger pictures, full of umbrellas and beach cabañas and circus acts, evoke the Lido and "Death in Venice," yet are also a pastiche of any number of other equally elegant and probably debauched secret lusts. The architecture reflected in these paintings seems wistfully to echo the aspirations of those who first built Norman châteaus or Palladian villas in Newport or on Long Island's North Shore, where the artist grew up. Greene's Arcadia is really a ghostly vision—a dream of aristocracy in the age of the house tour.

His cast of characters, however, was described by one man we chatted with at the opening as "a Freudian nightmare." Indeed, close readings of these blithe-looking paintings suggest several Oedipal and narcissistic possibilities. "Eleventh Hour" shows an image of the artist's family, grouped in the holiday-snapshot manner, hanging like drying linen in a carnivalesque scene with tents and banners. And there's quite a lot of action among the nannies and prams, the pooches and Peeping Toms, the Vadim-style vedettes and lissome matelots we glimpse between endless rows of cabañas in "Soon and Very Soon," a veritable allegory on the subject of closets.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Costume Institute's exhibition represents changing French attire from the ancien régime through the Napoleonic Wars. It consists of fashionable dress, military uniforms, and royal garb, including a court dress worn by the Empress Josephine. . . . ¶ The Canaletto show, devoted to one of history's most repetitive artists, is way, way too big. In a dozen galleries we find, for the most part, eighteenth-century Venice looking perfectly like her Serenissima self. A little Canaletto is great and it goes a long way, and the occasional magical work, such as "S. Cristoforo, S. Michele, and Murano from the Fondamente Nuove, Venice"—an atypical, dark, and moody view whose theatrical interpretation of weather and water almost suggests El Greco—only proves the rule. Through Jan. 21. . . . ¶ A show giving ample evidence of Velázquez's genius as a portraitist. Through Jan. 7. . . . ¶ A show of Pierre Bonnard's graphic work includes his designs for advertisements, theatre programs, and book jackets. Also, illustrated books, drawings, and so on. Through Feb. 4. . . . ¶ "The New Vision: Photography Between the World Wars." Through Dec. 31. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

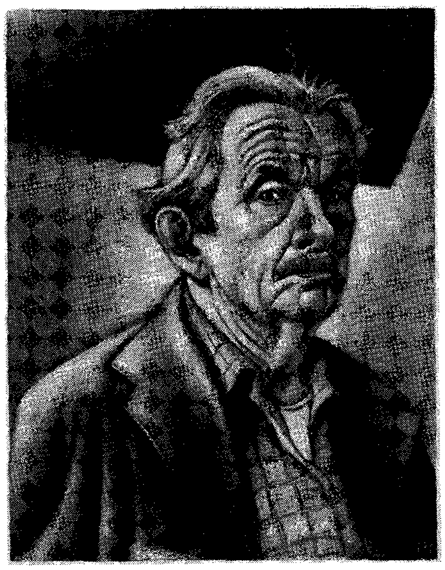


Self-portrait by Nicola De Maria

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Picasso and Braque: Pioneering Cubism"—The show is truly dazzling, and those who think that Cubism is dry and overly intellectual, or who feel that seeing this show is part of their cultural *duty,* will be happily surprised to find it juicy as well. Not that it isn't demanding: twenty galleries, on two levels, full of paintings, collages, construction sculptures, and drawings, wherein we follow the progress of the daring young men at their speediest, most intense, most symbiotically entwined. Through Jan. 16. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—An exhibition of forty-five works by Jenny Holzer, who will represent the United States at the 1990 Venice Biennale. Included are engraved granite benches and an electronic message unit mounted on the museum's spiralling wall. Through Feb. 11. (Another of Holzer's installation works, "Laments," can be seen at Dia Art Foundation, 548 W. 22nd St.) (Open Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The premise of "Image World: Art and Media Culture"—"that the overpowering presence of the media has produced an 'image world' "—is about as sprightly as the Oldest Living Confederate Widow could expect to be. Nevertheless, many individual pieces, such as the new lobby "Ticket Booth," by Dennis Adams, which puts the Whitney's ticket-taking docents in a "homeless" frieze, are terrific. Through Feb. 18. . . . ¶ A retrospective of paintings by Thomas Hart Benton (1889-1975). In his best work this chronicler of rural American life between the wars created a swirling space on the verge of being sucked in, like a mannerist composition gone tilt-a-whirl. When Benton strayed into depictions of mythology (a sleeping Persephone ogled by a lecherous farmer) and Nazi-baiting (lots of fire-and-brimstone gore), the results were pure kitsch. There is more significance in the drooping eyelid of an old and poor black laborer named Aaron than in all the symbolism of "Susanna and the Elders"; Benton was truest to his vision when depicting hunger—physical and otherwise. Through Feb. 11. (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)



Thomas Hart Benton

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A site-specific installation in the lobby, by the Scottish artist David Mach, will be on view starting Dec. 15. . . . ¶ A show of seventy costumes from three turn-of-the-century Paris couture houses: Worth, Doucet, and Pingat. Through Feb. 26. . . . ¶ The twenty-fifth National Print Exhibition consists of eighty-two works by fifty artists and takes as its theme "projects and portfolios," which allows for some organizational creativity. Through Dec. 31. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A travelling exhibition presented jointly by Soviet and American institutions, "Crossroads of Continents" will focus on the native cultures of Siberia and Alaska, and will include close to five hundred artifacts, such as kayaks, drums, clothing, and ivory carvings. Starts Dec. 15. . . . ¶ On view in the Akeley Gallery are fifteen paintings by Francis Lee Jaques (1887-1969), which originally illustrated a reference work, "Oceanic Birds of South America," published by the museum. These renderings, of a "Wandering Albatross," say, or of some "Blue-Footed Boobies with Turkey Vulture in Flight," are sometimes strong and always charming. Jaques's realistic romanticism can also be found in more than half the dioramas in the building. Through Jan. 31. (Open Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of Alexander Calder's homemade art: jewelry, toys, tools, and furnishings he whipped up for himself, his family, and his friends. Included are necklaces and brooches made with precious metals, and rude tin roasting pans and spatulas. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 5 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—Seventeen uncommonly good Old Master paintings on loan from Fort Worth's celebrated Kimbell Art Museum. Installed in the skylighted Garden Court, these works, by Fra Angelico, Domenichino, Georges de La Tour, Le Nain, Poussin, Caravaggio, Tiepolo, and Goya, among others, look amazingly young and vital. Through Jan. 14. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 6; Sundays 1 to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"A New Light on Hanukkah" brings together lamps and other objects related to the holiday, which were created by seven contemporary artists, among them Alice Aycock and R. M. Fischer. (Open Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—"A Christmas Carol," written in the month of December a hundred and forty-six years ago, still packs that velvety holiday punch. With Dickens' original autograph manuscript on display in the library's Rotunda, bah-humbuggers can revisit that festive first sentence: "Marley was dead." Through Jan. 14. . . . ¶ A show of all things Gilbert and Sullivan, including handwritten librettos, original-cast photographs, recorded music, and all the surviving original scores for the dynamic duo's operas. Through Feb. 18. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—This travelling sampler, from the Fitzwilliam Museum, at Cambridge University,

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And classics don't need million-dollar hype. Just women of impeccable taste.

PARIS

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is an epicure's delight. One of the world's best-loved small museums, the Fitzwilliam covers a lot of bases, and objects ranging from Celtic and Roman coins to a sketch by the Futurist Umberto Boccioni are currently on view here. Ford Madox Brown's famous pre-Raphaelite tondo "The Last of England" is included, along with a charming rococo genre scene painted by Marguerite Gérard and her brother-in-law Fragonard. There are a pair of lovely early watercolors by Turner, two dramatic and typical "Death" themes by Blake, a marvellously heroic sketch of two male figures by the usually ethereal Puvis de Chavannes, and a vivid, tiny watercolor by J. S. Cotman, titled "Postwick Grove, Norfolk." The scene-stealer might just be the almost inconceivably sweet porcelain "Hen and Chickens Tureen," manufactured at the Chelsea factory around 1755—but there's plenty of strong competition. Through Jan. 28. (Open Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—An installation by Annette Lemieux of six multimedia canvases, entitled "The Appearance of Sound." . . . ¶ Martha Fleming and Lyne Lapointe have created "Eat Me/Drink Me/Love Me," which transforms two of the galleries into an environment evocative of a nineteenth-century country home. Both shows through Feb. 4. (Open Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Max Ernst (1891-1976)—This show of postwar works displays the Surrealist master's playful joy in painting images. The results are mixed: some of the works are charming, and some are terrible. In his more engaging postwar efforts Ernst became a Klee of sorts, with such paintings as "Three Earthquakes," which looks like a tangle of burbling fish, and "The Frog Pond," a kind of child's garden of cracked green ice. Through Jan. 20. (Elkon, 18 E. 81st St.)

Glenn Goldberg—Small, intense painted panels, in enamel on wood. Goldberg's over-all compositions alternately suggest windows or editing-room screens, and his imagery—birdlike shapes that seem somehow to have been flattened or fossilized in his hard surfaces—looks trapped on the fly. While these works are bold, emblematic, and quite vivid, they are also glyphic and very private. Through Jan. 4. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

The Italian Presence in American Art, 1860-1920—Most of the paintings of Italian subjects in this exhibition are staid, prosaic, predictable. There are a couple of Pre-Raphaelite chortles, however, to be had. There is also a beautiful painting by Thomas Moran, titled "Morning, Outskirts of Venice," and six paintings by an American weirdo, Elihu Vedder, that are very, very good in their way. Through Dec. 29. (York, 21 E. 65th St.)

Yoruba: Nine Centuries of African Art and Thought—The Yoruba are an ethnic group of West African peoples who inhabited the southwestern area of what are now Nigeria and the Republic of Benin, beginning in roughly the eleventh century. Many objects in this exhibition—a gorgeous bronze head, for instance, from the sixteenth century, whose bulging eyes might make a few viewers think of Ed Paschke's faces—suggest an especially refined aesthetic and perhaps less of a preoccupation with sexuality and fetish than is generally noted among tribal societies. Through Jan. 7. (Center for African Art, 54 E. 68th St. Opens at noon on Sundays.)

Short List—**ROBERT M. KULICKE**, Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St. (through Dec. 21); **JOHN LEES**, Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. (open Mondays, through Jan. 6); **RAPHAEL SOYER**, Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. (through Jan. 4); **CY TWOMBLY**, Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (through Jan. 20).

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Eduardo Chillida—The first major New York show of work by this well-known Spanish sculptor. Most of the bent, puzzled shapes suggest variations on lock mechanisms, which makes a lot of sense historically if you think of the Catalonian tradition of ironwork, as exemplified by Julio González. Chillida's work is strongest when it's most self-contained—for instance, his tabletop pieces. One feels he works under very concentrated and somewhat solipsistic circumstances. Through Dec. 30. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

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Gino De Domenicis—The maverick De Domenicis, based in Rome, is obsessed with phenomenology—death, the ephemeral, the perceptual, the literal, the immortal. In the artist's first American show, we find a human skeleton on its back, with roller skates on its feet and a huge, pointy-tipped steel cylinder hovering above one finger. It is presided over by a bizarre relief figure—part Cyclops, part Pinocchio, part Tinker Bell—painted black, yellow, and purple. There are also some beautiful neoclassical drawings. Through Jan. 10. (Rayburn Foundation, 41 E. 57th St.)

Nicola De Maria—Titled "Testa di Fuoco, Spirito Bianco, Musica Interna" ("Head of Fire, White Spirit, Internal Music"), this installation relies on the artist's intense and pristine sense of color. De Maria's individual abstract paintings here are of a piece with his sumptuous treatment of the gallery walls. The colors themselves are inspired by Giotto by way of Raoul Dufy. The content of the work, for all its spiritual grandeur, which Giotto perhaps inspired as well, can easily be taken as sublimely decorative entertainment. Through Dec. 23. (Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

Philip Evergood (1901-73)—Thirty paintings by an artist whose abiding interests seem to have been progressive politics and curvaceous women but whose sense of composition intercepted the possibility of knee-jerk reactions or bathos. Through Dec. 16. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Jan Fabre—Like Yves Klein, Fabre, too, has his blue. It's BIC-pen blue that permeates everything on view here. The exhibition consists of two big, vaultlike chambers that might be used as a form of tranquillity therapy, BIC-ink-blot drawings that suggest Rorschach-style insects, two busts of the artist's dandyish great-grandfather—a botanical illustrator—and four manically scribbled-upon photographs, whose underlying images are also of salamanders and bats. Fabre, known also for his neo-symbolist choreography, has always been a bit silly. Through Dec. 30. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

Walt Kuhn (1877-1949)—A delightful exhibition of works by a likable and flashy painter whose strong period flavor has recently come back into vogue. Kuhn was never a particularly interesting artist, but he had a flair for hot, saturated color and an eye for clowns and Spanish-looking dancers—so who cares? Through Dec. 30. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Julian Schnabel—Broadly theatrical new paintings on red velvet. The red is gorgeous—you get a sense of occasion just being near it. The swooshes and strokes of gesso give you a sense of continual action. These works recall Tachism. Touches of other colors, especially a sky blue, sing out loud. The theme, that "there is no place on this planet more horrible than a fox farm during pelting season," echoes that of Sue Coe's "Porkopolis" show, and confirms that this is a major season for animal pathos—or, at least, for *animalier* themes. The theme sentence turned up on some paper currency the artist was given as change, and it is written, sometimes several times, on each of these paintings. Schnabel's style of concrete poetry works best when writ large. Through Jan. 6. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Group Show—The most intriguing work in a focussed selection is a dark and perplexing painting, by Troy Brauntuch, of the slaughter of a boar. Leaning against the wall opposite it are ten of the twenty-five very elegant etched granite panels by Matt Mullican that are part of his ever-compelling project "The City" and that were originally created as a floor. Also included are some handsome photographs by James Welling of details from the architect H. H. Richardson's works. Through Dec. 29. (Kent, 41 E. 57th St.)

Short List—**CLAUDIO BRAVO**, Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through Dec. 30); **WILLIAM CROZIER** and **EDVARD LIEBER**, McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (through Jan. 27); **ROBERT GREENE**, Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (through Dec. 30); **DENNY MOERS**, Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St. (through Jan. 6); **GRANDMA MOSES**, Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. (through Jan. 13); **DENNIS OPPENHEIM** and **GORDON MATTA-CLARK**, Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (open Mondays, through Dec. 30); **GIUSEPPE PENONE**, Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through Dec. 30); **DOROTHEA ROCKBURNE** (through Jan. 6) and **BEVERLY PEPPER** (through Dec. 30), Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.; **TURKU TRAJAN**, Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (open Mondays, through Jan. 6); **NOT VITAL**, Baron-Boisanté, 50 W. 57th St. (through Jan. 27).

GALLERIES—SoHo

Miquel Barceló—Two shows. Sketchbook drawings done in Mali, which have a touching immediacy and reveal a sensitive hand. . . . ¶ When the work gets big and ambitious, as it does in his paintings, the artist reveals himself to be a Johnny-one-note, portraying flies and snowy rocks. Through Dec. 21. (Castelli, 578 Broadway and at 420 West Broadway.)

John Beerman—Presentable luminist views of the desert, with tufts of dry growth and lots of pregnant clouds. Through Dec. 16. (Lorence Monk, 578 Broadway.)

Joseph Beuys (1921-86)—Most of the works in this dense show of the collection of Beuys' friend and biographer Caroline Tisdall are minor by typical standards. But they can be as potent as voodoo fetishes (which many of them resemble) and—with everything from coyote droppings and plants from the Bavarian bogs to the artist's toenail clippings and his hat—provide an excellent survey of Beuys' ideas. Through Dec. 16. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

David Carrino—Some of these canvases, with ink drawings of scrambled penmanship attached to them, are overaestheticized and annoyingly facile. But the artist can also create works of stirring beauty with a touch of visual haiku. In one work, most of the paper has been moistened, so that the writing blurs into a stormy sea of inky Japanese smudges: all that can be read in the two dry Rothko registers in the center is "Yours in life and death through all transformations" and "Faithfully yours, David." Through Dec. 22. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

Claudia De Monte / David Sandlin—All these junky little paint-slathered wood boxes are intended as shrines to various places around the world. / In Sandlin's large and small cartoony oil paintings of fire-and-brimstone sin, it is unclear where the irony kicks in. Through Dec. 22. (Gracie Mansion Gallery, 532 Broadway.)

Luciano Fabro—This Arte Povera artist pays homage to New York with a cheery installation work in which he places himself in a European-American continuum. The piece, entitled "Two Nudes Descending a Staircase Dancing the Boogie-Woogie," takes its image from Duchamp and its colors from Mondrian, and includes two highly polished marble slabs that are carved to look relaxed and that lie on a fallen, no longer hierarchical staircase. The highly aestheticized piece, perhaps in keeping with the artist's view of New York, is metallic and frivolous. Through Dec. 16. (SteinGladstone, 99 Wooster St.)

Giuseppe Gallo—Drawings and watercolors by an Italian artist who seems to be an amalgam of the three "C"s. He uses mostly red, some black, and a little green to depict waves that look like hands, scissors, keys, little heads at the tips of smoke wisps, numbered peas, and lots of horses and rams. Drawing doesn't get more decadent, more self-possessed, or more beautiful than this. Also, some exquisite but less memorable bronzes of a tassel-edged pillow, a long spoon, and a lemon in a chalice. Through Jan. 2. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Isa Genzken—These broken-concrete-block structures on tall steel stands are fiercely

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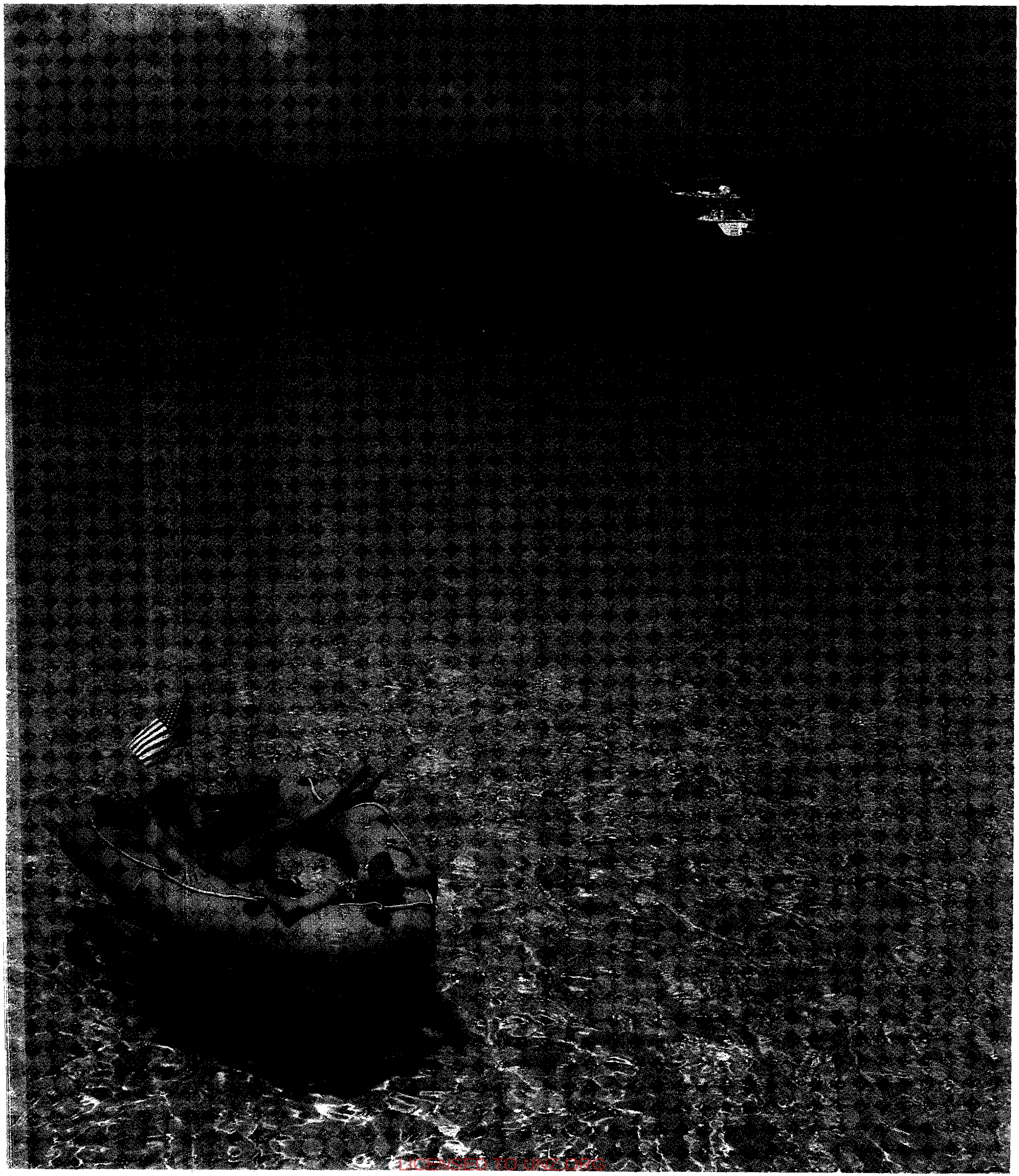

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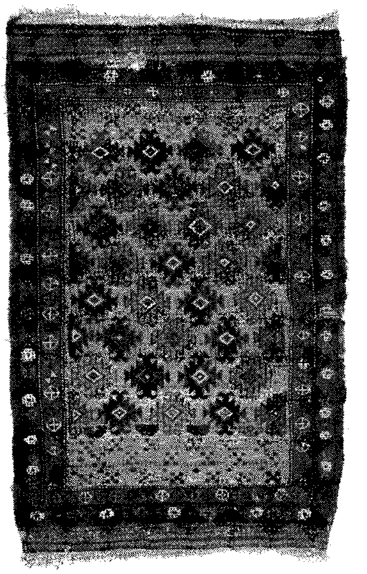

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Hours: 1 p.m. - 5 p.m., Monday thru Friday.
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confrontational—virtually authoritarian—and difficult to like. The artist takes on issues of gender identification by presenting traditionally female configurations through a typically male language, a path chosen by a number of German women artists. Through Dec. 24. (Shainman, 560 Broadway.)

Peter Halley—A sense of humor characterizes the artist's new paintings, which are a lot more optical than usual. There are more conduits emanating from the enigmatic stucco squares in the center of each of the canvases, and Halley's palette now includes Day-Glo colors. While making references to Newman and Rothko, the artist is solidifying his position as the Stella of Neo-Geo, and will likely be subject to the same high-powered praise and attack. Through Dec. 16. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Roni Horn—This artist regards cadmium, cobalt, etc., primarily as physical elements and not simply as colors, and when she builds up her powders on paper, in irregular quasi-geometric shapes, the results are most impressive. They are like distilled sculpture, or like severely poetic interpretations of a periodic table. Her plainer drawings are just too stinting. Through Dec. 23. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Margrit Lewczuk—Good, old-fashioned American abstraction of the Hartley-Dove kind, seen through a yellowed palette and with a solid dose of Albert Pinkham Ryder's loner spirit. Through Dec. 23. (Auchincloss, 558 Broadway.)

Lisa Milroy—An English artist's first major New York show, consisting of paintings in which hyperrealist Pop subjects (automobile tires, for instance) are patterned across a surface, à la Larry Poons. This work has a following but seems depressingly comic and pointlessly unpleasant. Through Dec. 23. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Ed Moses—These new paintings by the father of California abstraction are full of bravura. They are a virtual history lesson, recalling Tàpies, Mitchell, Twombly, Ryman, Richter, and many others, and are so gesturally ambitious they're exhausting. Through Dec. 16. (Louver, 130 Prince St.)

Antoni Muntadas—A rather weak installation entitled "STANDARD/Specific," by an interesting Spanish artist. The work consists mostly of photographs of folksy signs of old SoHo businesses and illuminated transparencies of the credit-card labels on the presumably more generic, slick storefronts that are replacing them. At the front desk, a mockup of a small book documenting this project and related installations in Paris and Madrid is more compelling and poetic. Through Dec. 24. (Liguori, 93 Grand St.)

Catherine Murphy—A quirky range of deadpan realism, including two perplexing paintings of windows—about as good as contemporary realism gets. Through Dec. 22. (Lennon, Weinberg, 580 Broadway.)

Richard Prince—A double show. Unexpected new wall reliefs, made of fibreglass, wood, oil, and enamel, that are actually altered automobile hoods—the kind you might order through *Hot Rod*. They are in fifties, kindergarten colors. There is also a more characteristic Marlboro Man-type Ektacolor print. . . . ¶ Paintings that consist of deadpan verbal jokes and literary cartoons. Through Dec. 23. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St., and Gorney, 100 Greene St.)

Antoni Tàpies—When looking at these eloquent objects and assemblages by the Spanish master, one can't help but think of the political climate in Fascist Spain, where they were made, in the late sixties and early seventies. One, for example, consists of a washbasin filled with a stack of newspapers topped by a bloody, red paint stroke, ready to be cleansed. The works all resonate with references to artmaking, and the paint stroke can be read as satisfying an ancient urge. Through Dec. 30. (Cervera, 470 Broome St.)

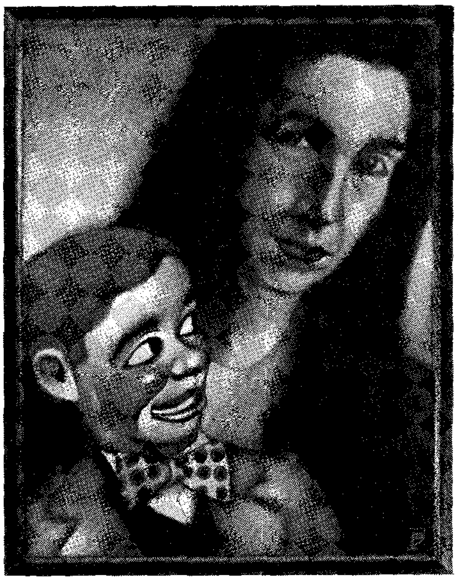
Fluxus—A large, crowded, happily chaotic group show of recent works by many of the notoriously scattered members of this epochal, neo-Dada anti-movement that is currently experiencing a resurgence. Highlights include a steel trash can with built-in alarm system, by Yoshi Wada, and a vertical row of pastel terry-cloth hand towels, by Jeff Perkins, that are monogrammed with the names of several important longstanding Fluxites, including Yoko, Nam June, and Carolee. Through Jan. 13. (Harvey, 537 Broadway.)

Short List—**TERRY ALLEN**, Weber, 142 Greene St. (through Dec. 23); **BERNARD CHAET**, Pearl, 420 West Broadway (through Dec. 22); **DALE CHIHULY**, Cowles, 420 West Broadway (through Dec. 23); **DAVID DIAO**, Postmasters, 80 Greene St. (through Dec. 16); **DUNCAN GRANT**, 303 Gallery, 127 Spring St. (through Dec. 23); **DAVID MACH**, Toll, 146 Greene St. (through Jan. 6); **MARY OBERING**, Nosei, 100 Prince St. (through Dec. 30).

OTHER GALLERIES

AIDS and Art—The primal need to leave one's mark shines through in an unnecessarily controversial exhibition at Artists Space, 223 West Broadway. "Witnesses: Against Our Vanishing" is an eloquent memorial to those who are ill or have died, and includes particularly poignant works by Vittorio Scarpati, Kiki Smith, David Wojnarowicz, Tom Chesley, Mark Morrisroe, and Shellburne Thurber. The show and its catalogue compose a portrait of a community of artists who care for each other, mourn their losses, express anger, and seek to convey the reality of the illness to a sometimes indifferent, sometimes ignorant public. Through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ A stirring retrospective of small box constructions by Rod Rhodes (1944-89) at The Clocktower Gallery, 108 Leonard St., includes the fourteen "Stations of the Cross" that the artist—the son of a fundamentalist preacher—made after he was diagnosed as having AIDS. The miniature tableaux in the cross-shaped boxes are beautiful, pure, and personal. The artist died shortly before the exhibition opened. Also here are the peculiar "Technological Reliquary" sculptures made in the mid-sixties by Paul Thek (1933-88). Each work is a Plexiglas column sliced open to reveal a short section of bloody arteries. Some columns have coffins sitting behind them. Through Dec. 24. (Opens at noon Thursdays through Sundays.)

Short List—**REVEREND HOWARD FINSTER**, Paine-Webber Building, Sixth Ave. at 52nd St. (through Jan. 5); **DENA SCHUTZER**, Union Square Gallery, 32 Union Square E. (Fridays, 1 to 7, and Saturdays, noon to 5, through Dec. 16); **JESÚS RAFAEL SOTO**, Humphrey, 37 E. 7th St. (through Jan. 6).



Laurie Simmons

PHOTOGRAPHY

Laurie Simmons' originality becomes clearer with every show she has, as does the poker-faced wit of her work. The big photographs in her latest exhibition, at Metro Pictures, remind us a bit of Busby Berkeley and a bit of Claes Oldenburg, but they are true to Simmons. They include the social critique that's built into all her work, but she doesn't hit you on the head about the nature of our consumer culture so that you feel lectured at. Instead, she drapes a giant alligator purse, say, or a huge camera over a model or a mannequin; the figure disappears underneath the objects, so only the legs stick out. These pictures have a wonderful mixture of fantasy, reality, exaggeration, and understatement. The exhibition also includes another aspect of this photographer's work—Simmons' remembrance of things past. Here she's showing twenty-five old publicity shots of female ventriloquists and their dummies. Simmons has been working with the ventriloquist theme for some time now, and this installation is touching, and spellbinding.

Berenice Abbott—Photographs spanning five decades; for the most part they're not nostalgic. The largest section of the exhibition covers Abbott's New York pictures. Through Jan. 6. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Open daily except Sundays.)

Josef Astor—Small photographs, including portraits and fragments of industrial landscapes, baked into French porcelain plaques that suggest the plaques found on many European tombstones. Sombre, elegant, clever—and there's a deadpan humor at work here. Through Dec. 30. (Cugliani, 508 Greenwich St., at Spring St.)

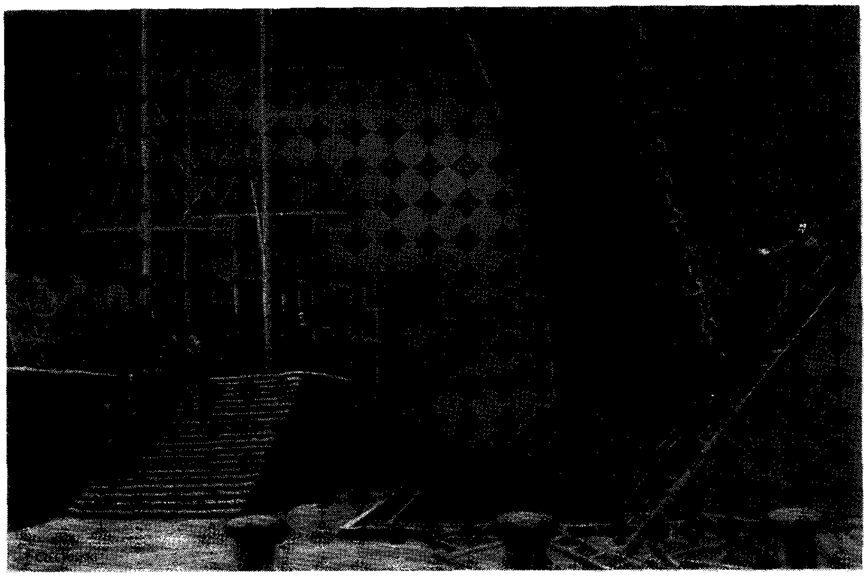
Larry Sultan—Color photographs and stills of home movies by one of the strongest photographers of family dynamics. The show includes some wall texts—a long quotation from Sultan's father and a story of the artist's, about sneaking some pictures of his mother while she was taking a nap—that make the work fresh. Through Dec. 20. (Borden, 560 Broadway.)

Philippe Thomas—This French artist illustrates the collusion among artists, dealers, and collectors in an intelligent and funny way. His photographs, commissioned through a fictional agency called Readymades Belong to Everyone (he established it as an exhibition at the now defunct Cable Gallery), are attributed to the patrons who commissioned them. The photographs "by" the advertising mogul Jay Chiat, in keeping with the collector-artist's trade, look as if they had been lifted from an annual report, while the ones "by" the curator-collector Edouard Merino are more abstract and arty. The show's catalogue includes text "by" Laura Carpenter. Through Dec. 23. (Marcus, 578 Broadway.)

New Photography at MOMA—Three eccentric photographers who work in color. Thomas Florschuetz shows hyperreal blowups of details of his hands, his face, and a nail; one of Vincent Borrelli's subjects is the interior of a 1956 Ford whose décor is part disco and part Bible; and Mike Mandel, the most original of the three, fits his subjects with tiny colored bicycle lights that function as strobes—the resulting trails of light enliven such mundane actions as "Emptying the Fridge" and "Having a Talk." Through Jan. 9.

Magnum Photographers—About two hundred prints by the founders of the Magnum coöperative—Robert Capa, Henri Cartier-Bresson, David Seymour (Chim), and George Rodger. Through Jan. 7. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.) . . . ¶ "In Our Time," another Magnum-based show, includes more than three hundred works taken around the world by sixty past and present members. Through Feb. 4. (International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

Short List—**Richard Benson,** Washburn, 41 E. 57th St. (through Jan. 2); **William Eggleston,** Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St. (through Jan. 27); **Jean Kallina,** Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St. (through Jan. 6); **Michael Kenna,** Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway (through Dec. 16); **Sylvia Plachy,** Twining, 568 Broadway (through Jan. 27); **Herb Ritts,** Staley-Wise, 555 Broadway (opens at noon, through Jan. 27); **Andres Serrano,** Stux, 155 Spring St. (through Jan. 6); **Laurie Simmons,** Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St. (through Dec. 23); **Andy Warhol,** Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (through Dec. 30).



Der Fliegende Holländer

MUSIC

THERE are three things we look forward to on the current Metropolitan Opera schedule. Perhaps it is unkind to add that this is unusual, but so it is. A new production of "Der Fliegende Holländer" opens on Monday, December 11, and is repeated through the month. This is the work with which Wagner informed the operatic world that something new was afoot; a mixture of fiery impetuosity and mature rumination that is unique to this opera suffuses the score. And those who like to hear the Dutchman's ruminations from a smooth, rolling voice look forward to hearing James Morris in a part with which he has had successes in Milan, Vienna, Santa Fe, and elsewhere.

James Levine's Wagner divides opinion here in New York, but some operagoers consider this music the conductor's strongest field. If Wagner is not, then Berg: next week, Mr. Levine will conduct a revival of "Wozzeck," a score that, over the course of successive revivals, he has trained the Met orchestra to play as well (at least) as any group in the world. Hildegard Behrens, whose Marie here and with other companies we recall as one of the important operatic portrayals of the decade, is scheduled to sing in every performance.

And the third? You have to look at the fine print to find it. There is still one more chance this year to hear Alfredo Kraus, at sixty-two one of the few remaining singers who can step into a loosely assembled Metropolitan revival and bring something personal to it, in one of his happiest roles, as the hero of "Les Contes d'Hoffmann." Mr. Kraus will perform on Thursday, December 14.

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House, at Lincoln Center, is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for the Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

CHRISTMAS MUSIC

Music for Occasions—Performing chamber music by Bach, Vivaldi, and Pachelbel under the stars—well, almost. (Hayden Planetarium, Central Park West at 81st St. Dec. 11 at 7 and 9 and Dec. 18 at 7. For information about tickets, call 769-5907.)

Waverly Consort—In a program of medieval music, songs, and pageantry. (Church of St. Mary the Virgin, 139 W. 46th St. Dec. 14-16 at 7 and 9:15. For information about tickets, call 666-1260.)

Mannes Chorus—Amy Kaiser directing a concert of works by Britten, Mozart, and others. (West-Park Presbyterian Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 86th St. Dec. 14 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Paul Winter Consort—With Noirin Ni Riain, a Celtic singer, and a prerecorded chorus made up of the voices of endangered animals. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Dec. 14-15 at 8 and Dec. 16 at 2 and 8.)

"Christmas Rappings"—Dennis Hearn directing Al Carmines' oratorio. (Trinity Presbyterian Church, 422 W. 57th St. Dec. 14-16 at 8, Dec. 17 at 5, and Dec. 18-21 at 8. For information about tickets, call 564-2168.)

"The Christmas Revels"—A program of music, dance, and drama. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Dec. 14-15 at 8, Dec. 16 at 3 and 8, and Dec. 17 at 2 and 7.)

Little Orchestra Society and the Metropolitan Singers/Greek Choral Society—Dino Anagnost directing, among other works, carols and Byzantine chants. (Holy Trinity Cathedral, 319 E. 74th St. Dec. 16 at 6 and 8:30. For information about tickets, call 704-2100.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing this choral group. With a Renaissance-instruments ensemble. (Merkin Concert Hall. Dec. 17 at 3.)

Vienna Choir Boys—Singing traditional and contemporary music. (Avery Fisher Hall. Dec. 17 at 3.)

Cathedral Choristers—Johnson Flucker directing Britten's "A Ceremony of Carols," among other works. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Dec. 17 at 3:30.)

Harold Stover—Organ. (Second Presbyterian Church, 6 W. 96th St. Dec. 18 at 8. Admission by contribution.)

New Calliope Singers—Peter Schubert directing works by Mozart, Morris Wright, and others. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Dec. 19 at 8. Tickets at the door on the evening of the concert.)

Riverside Choir—John Walker directing. With the Aulos Ensemble. (Metropolitan Museum. Dec. 19 and Dec. 21 at 6:30 and 8:30.)

New York City Gay Men's Chorus—Gary Miller directing. With Faith Esham, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 20-21 at 8.)

Wynton Marsalis—Jazz-trumpet renditions of holiday tunes. (Alice Tully Hall. Dec. 20-21 at 8, and Dec. 22 at 9.)

Handel's "Messiah"—Musica Sacra Chorus and Orchestra: Richard Westenburg directing. With Dawn Kotoski, soprano; Judith

A *prima facie* case for Quaker aid to Nicaraguan children

In January, we'll send 15 tons of school supplies, shoes, clothes and tool kits to help resettle displaced Nicaraguan farm families. These people have borne the worst of a 10-year covert war, an ongoing, punitive U.S. embargo, and Hurricane Joan of September '88.

This will be our 12th shipment to Nicaragua. We're the *American Friends Service Committee (AFSC),* a Quaker agency founded in 1917, and we believe that humanitarian aid should go to victims of war according to need, not politics.

Your contribution will enable us to collect and ship school supplies and used clothes donated by children in the United States and their families. Each school kit will amply supply 20 children in a rural Nicaraguan school for four months.

Your contribution will buy tools for farming and home rebuilding, and help families start over in areas depopulated by the *contras* during the war. A good quality tool and household utensil kit costs $200 and will enable a family to begin supporting itself again.

You can join this act of aid, friendship and peace by contributing money to help Nicaraguans devastated by war. Send your holiday gift, check payable to *AFSC*, marked *"Humanitarian Aid to Nicaragua."* Fill in your address so we can thank you on their behalf. Please do it today.

American Friends Service Committee
1501 Cherry Street
Philadelphia, PA 19102

☐ **Enclosed is my tax-deductible $200 contribution for one tool kit.**

Or ☐$50 ☐$100 ☐$500 ☐Other_____

Name

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Malafronte, mezzo-soprano; David Gordon, tenor; and David Arnold, baritone. (Avery Fisher Hall. Dec. 11 and Dec. 15 at 8.) . . . **ST. THOMAS CHOIR:** Gerre Hancock directing. With Jane Adler, soprano; Johnson Flucker, countertenor; Mark Bleeke, tenor; and Nathaniel Watson, bass. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Dec. 12 and Dec. 14 at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 757-7013.) . . . **NATIONAL CHORALE:** Martin Josman *directing the annual sing-along. With Karen* Smith Emerson, soprano; Pamela Warrick-Smith, alto; Gregory Mercer, tenor; and James Sergi, bass. (Avery Fisher Hall. Dec. 13 at 7:30.) . . . **MASTERWORK CHORUS & ORCHESTRA:** David Randolph directing, with alternating vocal soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 16 at 2:30 and 8, Dec. 17 at 2:30 and 6:30, and Dec. 22 at 8.) . . . **ORATORIO SOCIETY OF NEW YORK:** Lyndon Woodside directing. With Marilyn Altman, soprano; Julia Davidson, mezzo-soprano; Carl Halvorson, tenor; and James Courtney, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 19 at 8.) . . . **CANTERBURY CHORAL SOCIETY:** Charles Dodsley Walker directing a hundred-voice chorus, as well as the audience. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. 289-3400. Dec. 20 at 8.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—**DER FLIEGENDE HOLLÄNDER,** a new production, with Mechthild Gessendorf, Gary Lakes, James Morris, and Paul Plishka; conducted by James Levine. (Dec. 11 at 7, Dec. 15 at 8, and Dec. 18 at 8.) . . . **IL TRITTICO,** consisting of three short operas—"Il Tabarro," with Teresa Stratas, Luis Lima, and Timothy Noble; "Suor Angelica," with Teresa Stratas, Florence Quivar, and Joyce Guyer; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Teresa Stratas, Bruno Pola, and Vinson Cole. James Levine conducting. (Dec. 12 at 8 and Dec. 16 at 1:30.) . . . **AIDA,** with Leona Mitchell, Dolora Zajick, Ermanno Mauro, and Sherrill Milnes; Christian Badea. (Dec. 13 and Dec. 16 at 8.) . . . With Alessandra Marc, Dolora Zajick, Ermanno Mauro, and Andrew Smith; Christian Badea. (Dec. 20 at 8.) . . . **LES CONTES D'HOFFMANN,** with Erie Mills, Catherine Malfitano, Tatiana Troyanos, and José van Dam; Sylvain Cambreling. (Dec. 14 at 8.) . . . With Erie Mills, Catherine Malfitano, Judith Forst, and José van Dam; Sylvain Cambreling. (Dec. 19 at 8.)

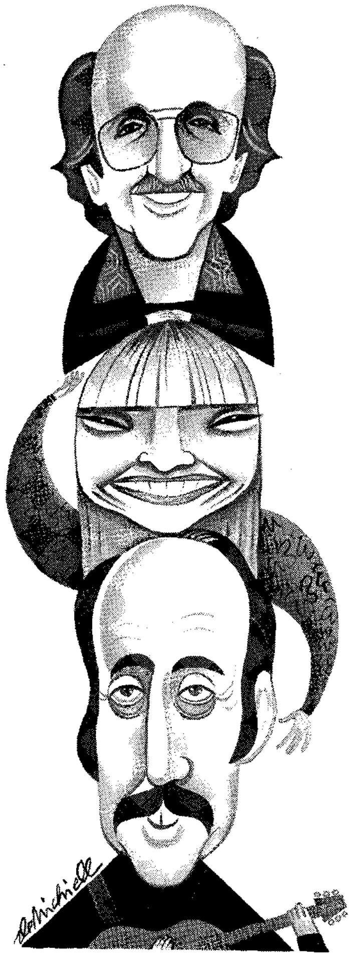
AMATO OPERA COMPANY—Presenting a new production of "The Barber of Seville." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Dec. 15-16 at 7:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall. Dec. 12 at 7:30: Giuseppe Sinopoli conducting works by Mussorgsky, Paganini, and Schumann. With Gil Shaham, violin. . . . ¶ Dec. 14 at 8, Dec. 15 at 2, Dec. 16 at 8, and Dec. 19 at 8: Zubin Mehta conducting works by Beethoven and Gerry Mulligan. With the Gerry Mulligan Quartet. . . . ¶ Dec. 16 at 2: Zubin Mehta conducting "Entente," a concerto for saxophone and orchestra, by Mr. Mulligan, who will be the soloist.

JUILLIARD SYMPHONY—Otto-Werner Mueller conducting works by Gluck, Haydn, and Dvořák. (Alice Tully Hall. Dec. 12 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

ORCHESTRA OF ST. LUKE'S—With Claude Frank and Lilian Kallir, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 12 at 8.)



Paul Stookey, Mary Travers, and Peter Yarrow of Peter, Paul & Mary

MANHATTAN SYMPHONY—David Gilbert conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Dec. 13 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

NEW WORLD SYMPHONY—Michael Tilson Thomas conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 14 at 8.)

PHILHARMONIA VIRTUOSI—Richard Kapp conducting Bach's Brandenburg Concertos. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Dec. 15 at 8.)

NEW YORK CHAMBER SYMPHONY—Andrzej Panufnik conducting a program of works by himself and Mozart. With Elmar Oliveira, violin. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. Dec. 16 at 8 and Dec. 17 at 3.)

SAINT CECILIA CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA—David Randolph directing works by Mozart and Handel. With vocal soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 15 at 8.)

RECITALS

MANNES CONTEMPORARY ENSEMBLE—In a program of works by American composers. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. 580-0210. Dec. 12 at 8.)

AMERICAN BRASS QUINTET—Playing works by Gabrieli, Oskar Böhme, and others. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Dec. 13 at 8. For information about tickets, call 874-7515.)

RICHARD GOODE—Piano, playing works by Bach and others. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. Dec. 13 at 8.)

PARTITA CHAMBER ENSEMBLE—Performing a program of works by Bruch and Johann Nepomuk Hummel, among others. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 772-4448. Dec. 13 at 8.)

SANTA FE CHAMBER MUSIC FESTIVAL ENSEMBLE—Playing works by Beethoven, Smetana, and others. (Metropolitan Museum. Dec. 13 at 8.)

"VILLAGE VARIATIONS"—A program of chamber works by Bruce MacCombie and William Mayer. With Christine Schadeberg, soprano; Sue Ann Kahn, flute; Susan Jolles, harp; and others. (Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St. Dec. 14 at 8. Admission by contribution.)

BEAUX ARTS TRIO—Playing works by Mozart, Saint-Saëns, and Mendelssohn. (Metropolitan Museum. Dec. 15-16 at 8.)

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER—Presenting the New York première of Arthur Maddox's "Little Tricker the Squirrel Meets Big Double the Bear." With Ken Kesey, narrator, guest artists, and artists of the society. (Alice Tully Hall. Dec. 15 at 8, Dec. 16 at 2, and Dec. 17 at 5.)

JAMES GALWAY—Flute. With Carter Brey, cello, and Phillip Moll, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 18 at 8.)

MENDELSSOHN STRING QUARTET—With Peter Serkin, piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Dec. 18 at 8.)

NEW YORK FESTIVAL OF SONG—Presenting "Songs from Scandinavia," with Christine Seitz, soprano; Carl Halvorson, tenor; and Steven Blier, piano. (Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St. Dec. 17 at 5. For information about tickets, call 242-4770.)

GUARNERI QUARTET—In a benefit concert, playing works by Haydn, Shostakovich, and Debussy. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Dec. 17 at 8.)

S.E.M. ENSEMBLE—Playing works by John Cage, Rhys Chatham, Vivaldi, and others. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Dec. 19 at 8. Tickets at the door.)

GOLDEN FLEECE, LTD.—Presenting vocal works by American women composers. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Dec. 19 at 8. Tickets at the door on the evening of the concert.)

JAZZ / POP / ROCK PERSONAL APPEARANCES

Leon Redbone—For those inclined to resist the affectations and mannerisms of this retro-crooner—the walking stick, the panama hat, the Victorian mustache and sideburns—a seasonal dispensation is recommended, since Redbone is likely to perform a number of songs from "Christmas Island," one of the loveliest holiday recordings of recent years. We've forgiven him for appearing as a human Spuds MacKenzie in all those beer commercials, and so can you. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Dec. 16 at 8.)

George Winston—You've heard his solo-piano CDs purling in the background in crystal-jewelry stores, your mellower friends have plied you with white wine and made you listen to selections like "Moon," "Sea," and "Stars," but now the ur-Artist of Windham Hill (the Sierra Club calendar of recording labels) is coming to New York to be, as a pharmaceutical slogan once put it, "the antidepressant that is a tranquillizer, the tranquillizer that is an antidepressant." (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Dec. 17 at 7:30.)

Paul McCartney—Madison Square Garden. 563-8300. Dec. 11-12 and Dec. 14-15 at 8.

Peter, Paul & Mary—Brooks Atkinson Theatre, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Dec. 12-16 at 8, and Dec. 17 at 3.

Billy Taylor Trio—With Jon Hendricks. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Dec. 14 at 8.)

American Jazz Orchestra—In a tribute to Jimmie Lunceford. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Dec. 14 at 8. For information about tickets, call 353-4196.)

Walter Thompson Big Band—Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. Dec. 14 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

LadyGourd Sangoma—Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Dec. 14-16 at 8, Dec. 17 at 3, and Dec. 18 at 8.

John Cephas and Phil Wiggins—Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St. Dec. 16 at 8. Tickets at the door at concert time.

SPORTS

Giants—Vs. the Dallas Cowboys, Dec. 16 at 12:30.

Rangers—Vs. the St. Louis Blues, Dec. 13. . . . ¶ Vs. the Montreal Canadiens, Dec. 17. . . . ¶ Vs. the Buffalo Sabres, Dec. 20. (Game time, 7:30.)

Islanders—Vs. the Devils, Dec. 12 and Dec. 19. . . . ¶ Vs. the Rangers, Dec. 16. (Game time, 7:35.)

Devils—Vs. the Islanders, Dec. 13. . . . ¶ Vs. the Los Angeles Kings, Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Vs. the Boston Bruins, Dec. 17. (Game time, 7:45.)

Knicks—Vs. the Seattle Supersonics, Dec. 16. . . . ¶ Vs. the Utah Jazz, Dec. 19. (Game time, 7:30.)

Nets—Vs. the Philadelphia 76ers, Dec. 12 at 8. . . . ¶ Vs. the Indiana Pacers, Dec. 14 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Los Angeles Lakers, Dec. 16 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Dallas Mavericks, Dec. 20 at 7:30.

(The Giants, Devils, and Nets play at the Meadowlands, 1-201 935-3900; the Rangers and Knicks play at Madison Square Garden, 563-8300; and the Islanders play at the Nassau Coliseum, 1-516 587-9222.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Last Stop—Sounds normally heard in Grand Central Terminal: the shuffling of commuters; the slurping of oyster eaters; the grumblings of pay-phone users. Sounds *not* normally heard in Grand Central Terminal, but audible for the holiday season: "The Nutcracker," with the accompanying pit-a-pat of ballerinas' feet (Dec. 12 at 12:30); Christmas carols sung by young boys (Dec. 14 at 5); the hooting of sackbuts and cornets (Dec. 18 at 12:30); and the upbeat whining of klezmer music (Dec. 20 at 12:30).

New York Armory Antiques Show—The Christmas version. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Dec. 15, from 4 to 9; Dec. 16, from noon to 9; and Dec. 17, from noon to 6.)

Readings—Dec. 12 at 8: Vickie Karp and Elizabeth Macklin read from their poetry. (Educational Alliance, 21 E. 13th St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) . . . ¶ Dec. 18 at 8:30: Peter Matthiessen and Paul Theroux reading from recent works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440.)

John J Urquhart
Johnny Urquhart
Head Cooper

Duncan Macpherson
Duncan Macpherson
Stillman

William Macrae
Willie Macrae
Cooper

Kenneth Stewart
Kenny Stewart
Tractorman

Kenneth White
Kenny White
Cooper

Thomas Keith
Tommy Keith
Cooper

Stuart Thomson
Stuart Thomson
Cooper

Ian McGregor
Manager

Johnny Pater
Johnny Pater
Mashman

Ian Macleod
Ian Macleod
Stillman

George Thomson
George Thomson
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K Murray
Ken Murray
Brewer

George Mackenzie
George Mackenzie
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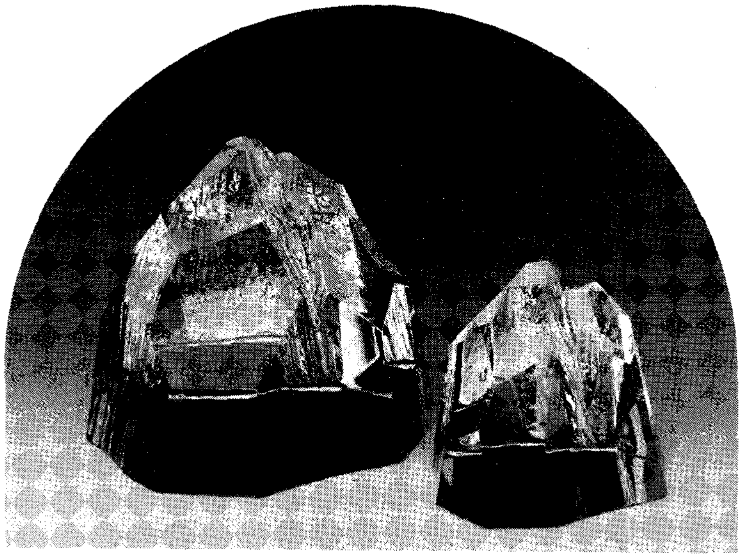

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MUSEUM CRYSTAL
HOYA

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "Sea of Love" (†).
Theatre 2: "Tom Jones" (1963, directed by Tony Richardson), with Albert Finney.
Theatre 3: "The Fabulous Baker Boys" (†).
Theatre 4: Nine short films by students in the film division of Columbia's School of the Arts.
Theatre 5: "Mapantsula" (Oliver Schmitz; a South African film).
Theatre 6: "Drugstore Cowboy" (†).

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
Dec. 12-14: (Separate admissions) "Romero" (John Duigan), with Raul Julia; "Dance of Hope" (Deborah Shaffer); "On Top of the Whale" (1982, Raul Ruiz; in Dutch); and "Dog's Dialogue" (1977, Ruiz; in French) and "The Penal Colony" (1971, Ruiz; in Spanish).
Dec. 15-17 and Dec. 19-21: (Separate admissions) "Romero"; "Dance of Hope"; "Three Sad Tigers" (1968, Ruiz; in Spanish); and "City of Pirates" (1983, Ruiz; in French).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 35 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "National Lampoon's Christmas Vacation" (Jeremiah S. Chechik), with Chevy Chase, Beverly D'Angelo, and Randy Quaid.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 14: "National Lampoon's Christmas Vacation." From Dec. 15: "Family Business" (Sidney Lumet), with Sean Connery, Dustin Hoffman, and Matthew Broderick.
Theatre 3: "Steel Magnolias" (Herbert Ross), with Sally Field, Dolly Parton, Julia Roberts, Shirley MacLaine, Daryl Hannah, and Olympia Dukakis.

Bijou Cinema, 3rd Ave. between 12th and 13th. (505-7320)
"The War of the Roses" (Danny DeVito), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and DeVito.

Loews 19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "Harlem Nights" (Eddie Murphy), with Murphy, Richard Pryor, and Redd Foxx.
Theatre 2: "Harlem Nights."
Theatre 3: "True Love" (Nancy Savoca), with Annabella Sciorra and Ron Eldard.
Theatre 4: "Valmont" (†).
Theatre 5: Through Dec. 14: "All Dogs Go to Heaven" (Don Bluth), an animated film. From Dec. 15: "We're No Angels" (Neil Jordan), with Robert De Niro, Sean Penn, and Demi Moore.
Theatre 6: "She-Devil" (Susan Seidelman), with Meryl Streep, Roseanne Barr, and Ed Begley, Jr.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Dec. 12: "The Little Mermaid" (†).
From Dec. 13: "Blaze" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Back to the Future Part II" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Harlem Nights" (Eddie Murphy), with Murphy, Richard Pryor, and Redd Foxx.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 14: "Crimes and Misdemeanors" (†). From Dec. 15: "We're No Angels" (Neil Jordan), with Robert De Niro, Sean Penn, and Demi Moore.
Theatre 3: "She-Devil" (Susan Seidelman), with Meryl Streep, Roseanne Barr, and Ed Begley, Jr.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The War of the Roses" (Danny DeVito), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and DeVito.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Dec. 13: "The Bear" (†).
From Dec. 14: "Look Who's Talking" (Amy Heckerling), with John Travolta and Kirstie Alley.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"National Lampoon's Christmas Vacation" (Jeremiah S. Chechik), with Chevy Chase, Beverly D'Angelo, and Randy Quaid.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through Dec. 12: "All Dogs Go to Heaven" (Don Bluth), an animated film.
From Dec. 13: "Enemies, a Love Story" (Paul Mazursky), with Anjelica Huston, Ron Silver, and Lena Olin.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 26.

"Bloodhounds of Broadway" (Howard Brookner).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Back to the Future Part II" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 14: "Sea of Love" (†). From Dec. 15: "The Wizard" (Todd Holland), with Fred Savage, Beau Bridges, and Christian Slater.

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Dec. 14: "The Fabulous Baker Boys" (†).
From Dec. 15: "Family Business" (Sidney Lumet), with Sean Connery, Dustin Hoffman, and Matthew Broderick.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Back to the Future Part II" (†).
Theatre 2: "The War of the Roses" (Danny DeVito), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and DeVito.

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 12: "Valmont" (†). From Dec. 13: "Blaze" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Little Mermaid" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 12: "Queen of Hearts" (Jon Amiel). From Dec. 13: "True Love" (Nancy Savoca), with Annabella Sciorra and Ron Eldard.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Steel Magnolias" (Herbert Ross), with Sally Field, Dolly Parton, Julia Roberts, Shirley MacLaine, Daryl Hannah, and Olympia Dukakis.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 13: "Look Who's Talking" (Amy Heckerling), with John Travolta and Kirstie Alley. From Dec. 14: "Glory" (Edward Zwick), with Matthew Broderick, Denzel Washington, Morgan Freeman, and Cary Elwes.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Triumph of the Spirit" (Robert M. Young), with Willem Dafoe, Edward James Olmos, and Robert Loggia.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 14: "Harlem Nights" (Eddie Murphy), with Murphy, Richard Pryor, and Redd Foxx. From Dec. 15: "We're No Angels" (Neil Jordan), with Robert De Niro, Sean Penn, and Demi Moore.
Theatre 2: "She-Devil" (Susan Seidelman), with Meryl Streep, Roseanne Barr, and Ed Begley, Jr.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
Through Dec. 12: "True Love" (Nancy Savoca), with Annabella Sciorra and Ron Eldard.
From Dec. 13: "Driving Miss Daisy" (Bruce Beresford), with Morgan Freeman and Jessica Tandy.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Crimes and Misdemeanors" (†).

U.A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Harlem Nights" (Eddie Murphy), with Murphy, Richard Pryor, and Redd Foxx.

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "Back to the Future Part II" (†).
Theatre 2: "The War of the Roses" (Danny DeVito), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and DeVito.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Dad" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Little Mermaid" (†).

WEST SIDE

Bleecker Street Cinema 1 and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "The Everlasting Secret Family" (directed by Michael Thornhill).
Theatre 2: (Separate admissions) "Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown" (Pedro Almodóvar; in Spanish), with Carmen Maura, Fernando Guillén, and Julieta Serrano; and "Seduction: The Cruel Woman" (Monika Truet and Elfi Mikesch).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "The War of the Roses" (Danny DeVito), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and DeVito.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 14: "sex, lies, and videotape" (†). From Dec 15: "The Wizard" (Todd Holland), with Fred Savage, Beau Bridges, and Christian Slater.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Crimes and Misdemeanors" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Back to the Future Part II" (†).
Theatre 2: "Back to the Future Part II" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 12: "Thelonious Monk: Straight, No Chaser" (Charlotte Zwerin), a documentary. From Dec. 13: "The Little Mermaid" (†).
Theatre 2: "Fear, Anxiety, and Depression."
Theatre 3: (Matinées only) "Prancer" (John Hancock), with Sam Elliott, Cloris Leachman, and Rebecca Harrell; and (evenings only) "Apartment Zero" (Martin Donovan), with Colin Firth and Hart Bochner.
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 12: "Sidewalk Stories" (†). From Dec. 13: "Blaze" (†).

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "Back to the Future Part II" (†).
Theatre 2: "Steel Magnolias" (Herbert Ross), with Sally Field, Dolly Parton, Julia Roberts, Shirley MacLaine, Daryl Hannah, and Olympia Dukakis.
Theatre 3: "National Lampoon's Christmas Vacation" (Jeremiah S. Chechik), with Chevy Chase, Beverly D'Angelo, and Randy Quaid.
Theatre 4: "Look Who's Talking" (Amy Heckerling), with John Travolta, Kirstie Alley, Olympia Dukakis, George Segal, and Abe Vigoda.
Theatre 5: "Back to the Future Part II" (†).
Theatre 6: "Steel Magnolias."
Theatre 7: "The War of the Roses" (Danny DeVito), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and DeVito.
Theatre 8: "The War of the Roses."
Theatre 9: Through Dec. 14: "The War of the Roses." From Dec. 15: "Family Business" (Sidney Lumet), with Sean Connery, Dustin Hoffman, and Matthew Broderick.

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "The Bear" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 12: "Sea of Love" (†). From Dec. 13: "The Little Mermaid" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 14: "The Fabulous Baker Boys" (†). From Dec. 15: "The Wizard" (Todd Holland), with Fred Savage, Beau Bridges, and Christian Slater.

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Dad" (†).
Theatre 2: "Back to the Future Part II" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Fabulous Baker Boys" (†).
Theatre 4: (Matinées only) "All Dogs Go to Heaven" (Don Bluth), an animated film; and (evenings only) "Immediate Family" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Glenn Close and James Woods.
Theatre 5: "Sea of Love" (†).
Theatre 6: Through Dec. 12: "Back to the Future Part II" (†). From Dec. 15: "The Wizard" (Todd Holland), with Fred Savage, Beau Bridges, and Christian Slater.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Little Mermaid" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Bear" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
Through Dec. 12: "Black Rain" (Ridley Scott), with Michael Douglas, Andy Garcia, Ken Takakura, Kate Capshaw, and Yasaku Matsuda.
From Dec. 13: "Valmont" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
"Drugstore Cowboy" (†).

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
"Tora-San Goes to Vienna" (Yoji Yamada; in Japanese).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Henry V" (†).

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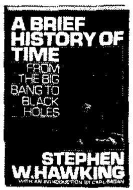
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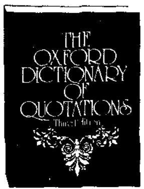
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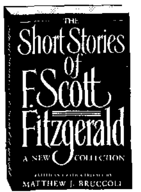
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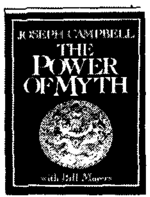
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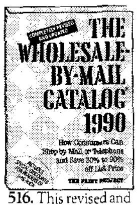
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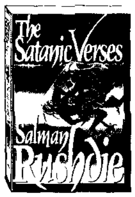
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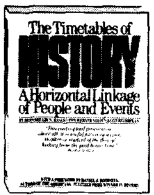
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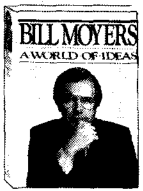
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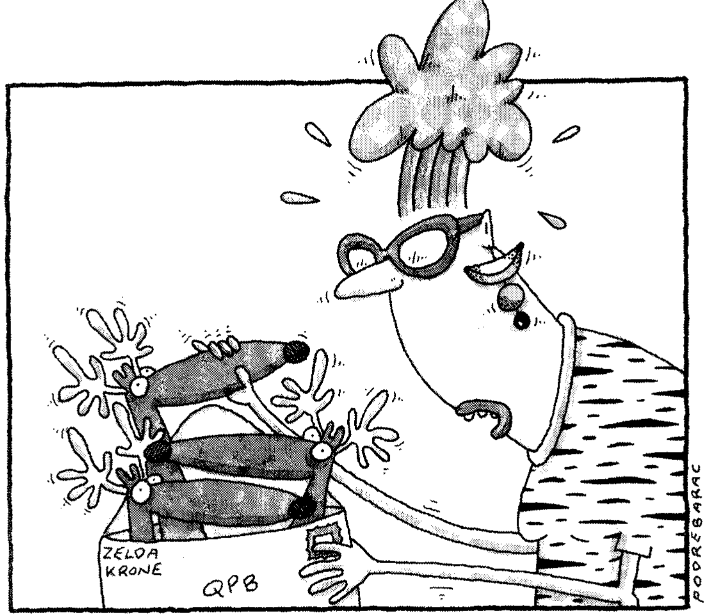
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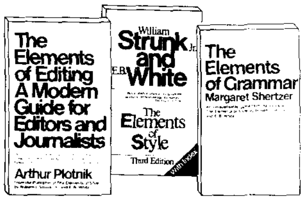
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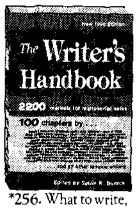
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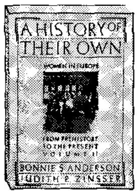
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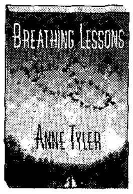
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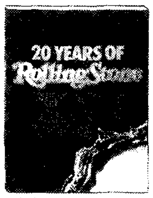
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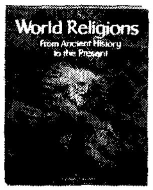
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MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Dad" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Steel Magnolias" (Herbert Ross), with Sally Field, Dolly Parton, Julia Roberts, Shirley MacLaine, Daryl Hannah, and Olympia Dukakis.

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"The War of the Roses" (Danny DeVito), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and DeVito.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "My Left Foot" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 19: "The Little Thief" (†). From Dec. 20: "Sand and Blood" (Jeanne Labrune; in French), with Sami Frey.
Theatre 3: "Story of Women" (†).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Mystery Train" (Jim Jarmusch).
Theatre 2: "sex, lies, and videotape" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Valmont" (†).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 14: "Harlem Nights" (Eddie Murphy), with Murphy, Richard Pryor, and Redd Foxx. From Dec. 15: "Family Business" (Sidney Lumet), with Sean Connery, Dustin Hoffman, and Matthew Broderick.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 14: "Crimes and Misdemeanors" (†). From Dec. 15: "We're No Angels" (Neil Jordan), with Robert De Niro, Sean Penn, Demi Moore, and James Russo.
Theatre 3: "National Lampoon's Christmas Vacation" (Jeremiah S. Chechik), with Chevy Chase, Beverly D'Angelo, and Randy Quaid.
Theatre 4: "The Little Mermaid" (†).
Theatre 5: "She-Devil" (Susan Seidelman), with Meryl Streep, Roseanne Barr, and Ed Begley, Jr.
Theatre 6: Through Dec. 12: "Look Who's Talking" (Amy Heckerling), with John Travolta, Kirstie Alley, Olympia Dukakis, George Segal, and Abe Vigoda. From Dec. 13: "Blaze" (†).

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 14: "The Fabulous Baker Boys" (†). From Dec. 15: "The Wizard" (Todd Holland), with Fred Savage, Beau Bridges, and Christian Slater.
Theatre 2: (Matinées only) "All Dogs Go to Heaven" (Don Bluth), an animated film; and (evenings only) "Dad" (†).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Back to the Future Part II" (†).
Theatre 2: "Back to the Future Part II" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

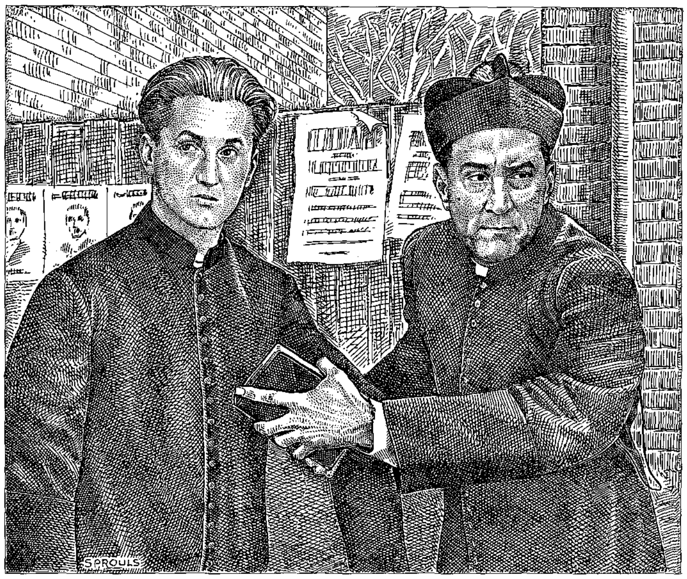
Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "One Man Out."
Theatre 2: "The War of the Roses" (directed by Danny DeVito), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and DeVito.
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 14: "Cage." From Dec. 15: "Family Business" (Sidney Lumet), with Sean Connery, Dustin Hoffman, and Matthew Broderick.
Theatre 4: "Look Who's Talking" (Amy Heckerling), with John Travolta, Kirstie Alley, Olympia Dukakis, George Segal, and Abe Vigoda.
Theatre 5: Through Dec. 14: "Stepfather II" (Jeff Burr), with Terry O'Quinn. From Dec. 15: "River of Death."
Theatre 6: "Best of the Best" (Bob Radler), with Eric Roberts, James Earl Jones, and Sally Kirkland.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
Through Dec. 12: "Crimes and Misdemeanors" (†).
From Dec. 13: "Blaze" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 14: "She-Devil" (Susan Seidelman), with Meryl Streep, Roseanne Barr, and Ed Begley, Jr. From Dec. 15: "We're No Angels" (Neil Jordan), with Robert De Niro, Sean Penn, and Demi Moore.
Theatre 3: "She-Devil."
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 14: "Black Rain" (Ridley Scott), with Michael Douglas, Andy Garcia, Ken Takakura, and Kate Capshaw. From Dec. 15: "She-Devil."

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Harlem Nights" (Eddie Murphy), with Murphy, Richard Pryor, and Redd Foxx.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Back to the Future Part II" (†).
Theatre 2: "Back to the Future Part II" (†).



Sean Penn and Robert De Niro in "We're No Angels"

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
Through Dec. 14: "Shocker" (Wes Craven).
From Dec. 15: "The Wizard" (Todd Holland), with Fred Savage, Beau Bridges, and Christian Slater.

West Side Cinema 1 and 2, 7th Ave. at 48th. (398-1720)
Theatre 1: "National Lampoon's Christmas Vacation" (Jeremiah S. Chechik), with Chevy Chase, Beverly D'Angelo, and Randy Quaid.
Theatre 2: "The Little Mermaid" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Dec. 11: "Richard III" (1956, directed by Laurence Olivier), with Olivier.
Dec. 12: "A Little Romance" (1979, George Roy Hill), with Laurence Olivier, Arthur Hill, Sally Kellerman, and Diane Lane; and "The Prince and the Showgirl" (1957, Olivier), with Marilyn Monroe, Olivier, and Sybil Thorndike.
Dec. 13-14: "Bunny Lake Is Missing" (1965, Otto Preminger), with Laurence Olivier, Carol Lynley, Keir Dullea, and Noël Coward; and "The Marathon Man" (1976, John Schlesinger), with Dustin Hoffman, Olivier, Roy Scheider, and Marthe Keller.
Dec. 15-16: "Henry V" (1944 †).
Dec. 17-19: "All About Eve" (1950, Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter; and "The Letter" (†).
From Dec. 20: "The Old Maid" (1939, Edmund Goulding), with Bette Davis, Miriam Hopkins, Jane Bryan, and George Brent; and "In This Our Life" (1942, John Huston), with Davis, Olivia de Havilland, George Brent, and Dennis Morgan.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Dec. 12: "Casualties of War" (1989, Brian De Palma), with Michael J. Fox and Sean Penn; and "84 Charlie Mopic" (1989, Patrick Duncan).
Dec. 13-14: "Queen of Outer Space" (1958, Edward Bernds), with Zsa Zsa Gabor and Eric Fleming; and "Picture Mommy Dead" (1966, Bert I. Gordon), with Don Ameche and Martha Hyer.
Dec. 15-16: "Taxi Driver" (1976, Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster; and "After Hours" (1985, Scorsese), with Griffin Dunne and Rosanna Arquette.
Dec. 17: "The Bicycle Thief" (1949, Vittorio De Sica; in Italian); and "Vanina Vanini" (1961, Roberto Rossellini; in Italian).
Dec. 18-19: "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955, Nicholas Ray), with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, Corey Allen, and Nick Adams; and "Over the Edge" (1979, Jonathan Kaplan), with Matt Dillon.
From Dec. 20: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964, Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, Keenan Wynn, and Slim Pickens; and "Red Monarch" (1988, Jack Gold), with Colin Blakely, Carroll Baker, and Ian Hogg.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Dec. 11: "The Night Has Eyes" (1942, Leslie Arliss), with Wilfrid Lawson; and "A Place of One's Own" (1949, Vernard Knowles), with James Mason and Margaret Lockwood.
Dec. 12: "The Woman in Green" (1945, Roy William Neill), "Sherlock Holmes and the Secret Weapon" (1943, Neill), and "Terror by Night" (1946, Neill), all with Basil Rathbone as Sherlock Holmes and Nigel Bruce as Dr. Watson.
Dec. 13: "Three Weird Sisters" (1948, Daniel Birt), with Nova Pilbeam; and "The Beachcomber" (1938, Erich Pommer), with Charles Laughton and Elsa Lanchester.
Dec. 14: "Mr. Hulot's Holiday" (1953, Jacques Tati), with Tati; and "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe" (1973, Yves Robert; *in French*), with Pierre Richard.
Dec. 15-16: "Breathless" (1959, Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Elevator to the Gallows" (†).
Dec. 17: "Angelo" (1951, Francesco de Robertis; in Italian); and "Nights of Cabiria" (1957, Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina.
Dec. 18: "Abilene Town" (1946, Edwin L. Marin), with Randolph Scott and Ann Dvorak; "The Woman of the Town" (1944, George Archainbaud), with Claire Trevor and Albert Dekker; and "Angel and the Badman" (1947, James Edward Grant), with John Wayne and Gail Russell.
Dec. 19: "Thursday's Child" (1943, Rodney Ackland), with Sally Ann Howes and Wilfrid Lawson; and "Broth of a Boy" (1959, George Pollack), with Barry Fitzgerald.
Dec. 20: "It's a Wonderful Life" (1946, Frank Capra), with James Stewart, Donna Reed, Lionel Barrymore, Gloria Grahame, Thomas Mitchell, and Henry Travers; and "Made for Each Other" (†).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Dec. 11: "Wild Strawberries" (1957, Ingmar *Bergman; in Swedish), with Victor* Sjöström, Ingrid Thulin, and Gunnar Björnstrand; and "Shame" (1968, Bergman; in Swedish), with Liv Ullmann, Max von Sydow, and Björnstrand.
Dec. 12: "Swamp Water" (1941, Jean Renoir), with Walter Huston and Virginia Gilmore; and "The Golden Coach" (1953, Renoir), with Anna Magnani.
Dec. 13: "General della Rovere" (1959, Roberto Rossellini; in Italian), with Vittorio De Sica; and "Open City" (1945, Rossellini; in Italian), with Anna Magnani.
Dec. 14: "Carmen" (1983, Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades; and "The Garden of Delights" (†).
Dec. 15-16: "Wuthering Heights" (1939, William Wyler), with Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier, Flora Robson, David Niven, and Geraldine Fitzgerald; and "Jane Eyre" (1944, Robert Stevenson), with Joan Fontaine and Orson Welles.
Dec. 17: "An American in Paris" (1951, Vincente Minnelli), with Gene Kelly, Leslie Caron, and Oscar Levant; and "Rhapsody in Blue" (1945, Irving Rapper), with Joan Leslie, Robert Alda, and Alexis Smith.
Dec. 18: "The Soft Skin" (1964, François Truffaut; in French), with Jean Desailly, Françoise Dorléac, and Nelly Benedetti; and "Two English Girls" (1972, Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud.
Dec. 19: "How to Steal a Million" (†); and

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MOVIE HOUSES—*Cont'd*

"Two for the Road" (1967, Stanley Donen), with Audrey Hepburn and Albert Finney.

Dec. 20: "Repulsion" (1965, Roman Polanski), with Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry, Yvonne Furneaux, and John Fraser; and "Obsession" (1976, Brian De Palma), with Cliff Robertson and Geneviève Bujold.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)

THEATRE 1: Films directed by Heinosuke Gosho, in Japanese. Dec. 11 at 2:30: "Dancing Girl of Izu" (1933).... Dec. 11 at 6: "Where Chimneys Are Seen" (1953).... Dec. 12 at 2:30: "Dispersing Clouds" (1951).... Dec. 12 at 6 and Dec. 14 at 2:30: "An Innocent Witch" (1965).... Dec. 14 at 6: "Dispersing Clouds." ... ¶ Films directed by Vincente Minnelli. Dec. 15 at 2:30: "Cabin in the Sky" (1943), with Ethel Waters, Lena Horne, and Eddie (Rochester) Anderson.... Dec. 15 at 6: "Meet Me in St. Louis" (1944), with Judy Garland, Margaret O'Brien, and Leon Ames. ... *Dec. 16 at 2: "Ziegfeld Follies" (1944),* with Fred Astaire, Garland, and Gene Kelly. ... Dec. 16 at 5: "Yolanda and the Thief" (1945), with Astaire, Lucille Bremer, and Frank Morgan.... Dec. 17 at 2: "The Pirate" (1948), with Garland, Kelly, and Walter Slezak.... Dec. 17 at 5: "Cabin in the Sky." ... Dec. 18 at 2:30: "Ziegfeld Follies." ... Dec. 18 at 6: "Meet Me in St. Louis." ... Dec. 19 at 2:30: "I Dood It" (1943), with Eleanor Powell, Red Skelton, and Lena Horne. ... Dec. 19 at 6: "Yolanda and the Thief."

THEATRE 2: Dec. 12 and Dec. 15 at 3 and 6, Dec. 16-17 at 2:30 and 5, and Dec. 19 at 3 and 6: Six different programs of animated *films from Canada*.... ¶ Dec. 11 at 6:30: "Lived in Quotes" (1987), "A Western" (1987), "West Germany, U.S.A." (1988), and "Journalism Conducts a Tour" (1989), all by Laurie Dunphy, who will be present.... ¶ Dec. 14 at 3 and 6: "Plena Is Work, Plena Is Song" (1989, Pedro A. Rivera and Susan Zeig), a documentary; and "Sermons and Sacred Pictures" (1989, Lynne Sachs), a documentary.... ¶ Dec. 16-17 at noon: Two different programs of "Sesame Street" episodes. ... ¶ Dec. 18 at 6:30: Films by Marguerite Paris, who will be present.

MUSEUM OF BROADCASTING, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—"MB Playhouse," a chance to see the television dramas you may have missed in the past thirty or so years. Dec. 12-16: John O'Hara's "Natica Jackson" (1988, PBS), with Michelle Pfeiffer, Hector Elizondo, and George Murdock.... From Dec. 19: Truman Capote's "A Christmas Memory" (1966, ABC), with Geraldine Page and Donnie Melvin. Showings Tuesdays at 3 and 6 and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 3.... ¶ "Twenty Years of Monty Python." Dec. 12-16: Episodes 41-45 of "Monty Python's *Flying Circus," with* Graham Chapman, John Cleese, Terry Gilliam, Eric Idle, Terry Jones, and Michael Palin.... From Dec. 19: An episode each from "Do Not Adjust Your Stockings" and "Ripping Yarns: 'Roger of the Raj.' " Showings Tuesdays at 12:15 and 5:30 and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:15.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—In the Riklis Theatre, women in New York as portrayed on film and television. Dec. 12 at 2: The "Succession of Heartbeats" episode of "Naked City" (1960), with Felicia Farr and Faye Spain.... Dec. 13 at 2: "Woman's World" *(1954, Jean Negulesco), with Clifton* Webb, Lauren Bacall, Van Heflin, June Allyson, Fred MacMurray, and Arlene Dahl. Miss Dahl will be present.... Dec. 14 at 2: "The Best of Everything" (1959, Negulesco), with Hope Lange, Suzy Parker, Diane Baker, Joan Crawford, Stephen Boyd, and Louis Jourdan. Miss Lange will be present.... Dec. 15 at 2: The "Formula for Trouble" episode of "Mr. and Mrs. North" (1953), with Barbara Britten and Richard Denning; and an episode of "Decoy" (1957), with Beverly Garland.... ¶ Five different programs of animated short films by Bob Clampett. Dec. 16 at 1, 3, and 4:30; Dec. 17 at 2 and 4:30; and Dec. 20 at 2:30.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Dec. 12 at 1: "Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song" (1971, Melvin van Peebles).... ¶ Dec. 12 at 3:30: "Millhouse: A White Comedy" (1971, Emile de Antonio) and "Microcultural Incidents in Ten Zoos" (1971, Ray Birdwhistell and Jacques D. Van Vlack).... ¶ Dec. 12 at 6: "Moment" (1972, Bill Brand) and three other short films.... ¶ Dec. 13 at noon: "Reminiscences of a Journey to Lithuania" (1972, Jonas Mekas).... ¶ Dec. 13 at 2:30: "Maidstone" (1972, Norman Mailer).... ¶ Dec. 14 at noon: "Hapax Legomena" (1972, Hollis Frampton).... ¶ Dec. 15 at noon: "Little Big Man" (1972, Arthur Penn), with Dustin Hoffman.... ¶ Dec. 15 at 2:30: "Lives of Performers" (1972, Yvonne Rainer) and "Five Times Marilyn" (1973, Bruce Conner).... ¶ Dec. 16 at noon: "Animation I" (1973, Keith Sonnier) and "Four More Years" (1972).... ¶ Dec. 16 at 2:30: Videotapes of Watergate impeachment hearings and President Nixon's resignation (1973).... ¶ Dec. 17 at 1: "The Tube and the Eye" (1975, Peter Crown and Bill Etra) and "Scapemates" (1972, Ed Emshwiller).... ¶ Dec. 17 at 3:30: "Lord of the Universe" (1974) and an episode of "The Rockford Files." ... ¶ Dec. 19 at 1:30: "Cuba: The People" (1974, Jon Alpert, Keiko Tsuno, and Yoko Maruyama) and "The Tube and the Eye." ... ¶ Dec. 19 at 3:30: An episode each of "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman" and "Saturday Night Live." ... ¶ Dec. 19 at 6: The first episode of "An American Family" (1973).... ¶ Dec. 20 at noon: "The Eternal Frame" (1975, T. R. Uthco), "Documenta 6 Satellite Telecast" (1977, Nam June Paik, Joseph Beuys, and Douglas Davis), and "Media Burn" (1975, Ant Farm).... ¶ Dec. 20 at 2:30: "On Location: Steve Martin" (1976), coverage of the Bicentennial celebration.

FRENCH INSTITUTE–ALLIANCE FRANÇAISE, 22 E. 60th St. (355-6100)—Dec. 13 at 12:30 and 6: "Un Grand Amour de Beethoven" (1936, Abel Gance; in French).... ¶ Dec. 13 at 3:15 and 8:45: "Paradis Perdu" (1940, Gance; in French).... ¶ Dec. 14 at 12:30 and 6: "J'Accuse" (1937, Gance; in French).... ¶ Dec. 14 at 3:15 and 8:45: "Abel Gance: The Charm of Dynamite" (1968, Kevin Brownlow), a documentary.... ¶ Dec. 15 at 3 and 10: "La Dixième Symphonie" (1918, Gance; silent) and "La Folie du Docteur Tube" (1916, Gance; silent).... ¶ Dec. 15 at 6: "La Roue" (1923, Gance; silent).... ¶ Dec. 20 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Babette's Feast" (1987, Gabriel Axel; in Danish and French), with Stéphane Audran.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (879-5500)—Dec. 16 at 4 and 6:30: "Don't Look Now" (1973, Nicolas Roeg), with Donald Sutherland and Julie Christie.

JAPAN SOCIETY, 33 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—Dec. 15 at 6:30: "Burden of Life" (1935, Heinosuke Gosho; in Japanese) and "Woman of the Mist" (1936, Gosho; in Japanese).

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Terrence Rafferty.)

BACK TO THE FUTURE PART II—It's all manic and wacky; it's all twists. The amiably mad inventor Doc Brown (Christopher Lloyd) rushes into the frame to tell teen-age Marty McFly (Michael J. Fox) about new emergencies in the year 2015 or 1955 or an alternate 1985 (brought about by their disrupting the space-time continuum), and they go hurtling off to set things right. The picture is fast and furious, but low in spirit; the inventiveness of the director, Robert Zemeckis, and his writing partner, Bob Gale, seems to be on a treadmill in a void. And yet the construction keeps you going—it's like a frenzied daydream that you don't want to break off. With Elizabeth Shue, Lea Thompson, and Thomas F. Wilson as the bullies Biff and Griff.—P.K. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/11/89.) (Bay Cinema, Manhattan Twin, Baronet, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, Olympia, and National Twin.)

THE BEAR—This French-made version of the romantic-wilderness pictures that Hollywood turned out in the silent era is a combination of raw pulp and gooey kitsch. A whimpering orphaned bear cub tries to attach himself to a huge male bear (nine feet two and weighing two thousand pounds), who has been shot in the shoulder and growls, rebuffing the infant. The plucky cub's feelings are hurt, but he ignores the threats, and follows the big bear, pleading for acceptance; he comes close enough to clean the wound with his tongue, and soon the two are kissing and licking. They have "bonded"; the music swells, and our hearts are supposed to be swelling, too. The director, Jean-Jacques Annaud, and the screenwriter, Gérard Brach, devised the plan for a gory, sentimental myth and then tried to get animals to act out the parts of the story that couldn't be faked; they fell back on sleight-of-hand cutting that never quite covers up the gaps. The movie doesn't exist except for its dubbed sound effects. Set in British Columbia in 1885; shot in the Austrian Tyrol and Northern Italy. Based on James Oliver Curwood's 1916 novel "The Grizzly King."—P.K. (11/13/89) (23rd St. West Triplex, and Ziegfeld.... ¶ Eastside Cinema; through Dec. 13.)

Lolita Davidovich in "Blaze"

BLAZE—The love story of that old raspy-voiced rooster Earl K. Long, three-time governor of Louisiana, and the young red-headed stripper Blaze Starr is bawdy and satirical—it's Rabelaisian. Life was a banquet for Earl, and when he met Blaze he'd found the centerpiece. Ron Shelton, who wrote and directed, cherishes Blaze (Lolita Davidovich, in her first major screen role), and he adores Ol' Earl (Paul Newman), who used his swamp smarts to fight the white supremacists. But Shelton doesn't quite engage with the material; the picture is lame and rhythmless. Still, it's never boring, and it offers a ribald view of Southern politics that contrasts with the stern, melodramatic portrait of Earl's older brother Huey as a fascistic demagogue in the 1949 film "All the King's Men." Newman, using the low, hoarse voice of a lifelong stump speaker, seems an eccentric husk of a man. He begins too far into the character; we have to catch up. By the end, we're with him. With Robert Wuhl, Jerry Hardin, Gailard Sartain, Jeffrey DeMunn, Garland Bunting, and, in one scene, the real Blaze Starr.—P.K. (12/11/89) (Gramercy, Cinema I, Quad

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Vivaldi, The Four Seasons Simon Standage; English Concert/Pinnock. Archiv 15356

Rachmaninov, Symphony No. 1 Concertgebouw Orchestra/Ashkenazy. London 15347

Fête à la Francaise • Sorcerer's Apprentice, many more. Montreal/Dutoit. London 25235

Itzhak Perlman: Brahms, Violin Sonatas; more • Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano. Angel 33760

Ute Lemper Sings Kurt Weill Mack The Knife, Speak Low, I'm A Stranger Here Myself, more. London 15163

Finian's Rainbow • Original cast. Old Devil Moon, How Are Things In Glocca Mora?, more. RCA 00835

Copland, Appalachian Spring (Complete); more • St. Louis Sym./Slatkin. Angel 54176

Bach, Organ Works, Vol. 1 Ton Koopman plays Toccata & Fugue, more. Novalis 01137

Strauss, Also sprach Zarathustra • Chicago Symphony/Reiner. 63627*

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Reich, Sextet; 6 Marimbas Steve Reich & Musicians with Manhattan Marimba Quartet, others. Nonesuch 00520

Ravel, Piano Concertos; more Argerich & Béroff, pianos. Abbado cond. DG 15462

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Cinema, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy 1; starting Dec. 13.)

Crimes and Misdemeanors—Written and directed by Woody Allen, it's a sad, censuring look at an eminent ophthalmologist (Martin Landau) and other crooks in high places who (in Allen's view) have convinced themselves that they can do anything, because they don't think God is watching. Allen is making the film equivalent of a play of ideas, and the ideas have no excitement. He's telling us not just what we already know but what we've already rejected. Woody Allen himself plays a little, grubbing-for-a-living documentary filmmaker who falls in love but can't compete for the woman (Mia Farrow) against a darling of the media, a tall, egomaniacal TV producer played with a wonderfully smug, screwy abandon by Alan Alda. Except for Alda, and Landau (when he's showing nervous impatience), and Jerry Orbach, who plays the ophthalmologist's shady brother, most of the large cast is proficient yet brittle and dull. With Sam Waterston (as a rabbi who's going blind), Anjelica Huston, Claire Bloom, Joanna Gleason, Caroline Aaron. Nora Ephron in a bit, and Daryl Hannah—uncredited, but looking so luscious she almost stops the show. The bland cinematography is by Sven Nykvist.—P.K. (10/30/89) (Loews Tower East, and 8th Street Playhouse. . . . ¶ Embassy 1: through Dec. 12. . . . ¶ Loews 34th Street Showplace, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex; through Dec. 14.)

Dad—Making his first movie, Gary David Goldberg, the "creator" of the TV series "Family Ties," has attempted to open his sitcom sensibility to real life: he's filled "Dad" with therapeutic lore about old age and hospital care, as if moviemaking were a form of community service. Now seventy-eight and retired from his blue-collar job, Dad (Jack Lemmon) is dominated by his wife (Olympia Dukakis), who does everything for him, enfeebling him. But when his wife has a heart attack and is hospitalized, his Wall Street investment-banker son (Ted Danson) arrives, moves in with him, and stirs him to action: the helpless old coot comes alive. That's only the beginning; the movie keeps going through permutations until, finally, the banker hero's devotion to Dad helps him reach out to his own (estranged, college-age) son, played by Ethan Hawke. This is a saga: three (television) generations. At the start, Lemmon has vanished almost totally into his role, but soon he's so insufferably perky and boyish and obliging that you feel he deserves the puling lines that Goldberg gives him. With Kathy Baker, Kevin Spacey, Zakes Mokae, and J. T. Walsh.—P.K. (11/13/89) (86th Street East Twin, Worldwide Cinemas, and Cinema 3. . . . ¶ Metro Cinema. Evenings only.)

Drugstore Cowboy—Nihilistic humor rarely bubbles up in a movie as freely as it does here. Set in Portland, Oregon, in 1971, the story is about two couples who live together and travel around the Pacific Northwest robbing hospitals and pharmacies, grabbing fistfuls of pills and capsules. They're like a junkie version of Clyde Barrow's gang. The director, Gus Van Sant, takes us inside a lot of underground attitudes: the druggies are monomaniacal about leading an aimless existence—they see themselves as romantic figures. They're comic, but they're not put down for being comic. The picture keeps you laughing because it's so nonjudgmental. Van Sant is half in and half out of the desire of adolescents to remain kids forever. As the gang's twenty-six-year-old leader, Matt Dillon brings the role a light self-mockery that helps set the tone of the film, and Kelly Lynch is strikingly effective as the leader's wife. Also with James Le Gross, Heather Graham, James Remar, Max Perlich, Beah Richards, Grace Zabriskie, and William Burroughs. The script, by the director and Daniel Yost, was based on an unpublished novel by James Fogle, who's in prison for drug-related robberies.—P.K. (10/30/89) (Angelika Film Center, and Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

Elevator to the Gallows (1957)—Louis Malle's first film—a thriller about an attempt at a perfect crime, made in a tense yet velvety style. Jeanne Moreau, who was to become famous the next year in Malle's second film, "The Lovers," is less expansive here; her sullen, sensual mask is just right for this limited but absorbing *policier*, set to Miles Davis's music. The film has an unusual sense of control and style, considering that the plot itself is third-rate; the black-and-white cinematography is by Henri Decaë. With Maurice Ronet, Lino Ventura, and Georges Poujouly. In French.—P.K. (Thalia SoHo; Dec. 15-16.)

The Fabulous Baker Boys—Two lounge pianists (brothers, played by Beau and Jeff Bridges) add a vocalist (Michelle Pfeiffer) to their act, and she changes their lives. This romantic fantasy has a forties-movie sultriness and an eighties movie-struck melancholy. Put them together and you have a movie in which eighties glamour is being defined. The young writer-director Steve Kloves trips off your bluesy, narcissistic feelings about popular music and commercial-movie emotions; he invites you to laugh if you want to. (You feel the heat even if you're laughing.) The three stars seem perfect at what they're doing—newly minted icons. When Pfeiffer (who does her own singing) delivers "Makin' Whoopee," while crawling over a grand piano like a long-legged kitty-cat, she rivals Rita Hayworth in "Gilda."—P.K. (10/16/89) (Angelika Film Center, and Worldwide Cinemas. . . . ¶ 59th Street East Cinema, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Metro Cinema; through Dec. 14.)

On December 15, the Museum of Modern Art kicks off a tribute to Vincente Minnelli with two remarkable musicals: 1943's "Cabin in the Sky" and 1944's "Meet Me in St. Louis." Minnelli made his name with these movies; he used sophisticated styles and vibrant performers to present simple American fables with unequalled grace and fervor. In his début film, "Cabin," Ethel Waters is a God-loving rural housewife who fights for the soul of her husband, Eddie (Rochester) Anderson, against Rex Ingram's Lucifer, Jr., and Lena Horne's very sweet Georgia Brown. In "St. Louis," Judy Garland and young Margaret O'Brien are the liveliest of Leon Ames' four daughters; they manage to persuade their lawyer father to stay in the cozy Gateway City of 1903, rather than accept a promotion in New York.

These movies share the message—"There's no place like home"—and the exuberance of that other beloved M-G-M musical "The Wizard of Oz." In "Cabin" (which contains tornado footage from "Oz"), Waters imbues her pious hand-wringing with a billowing warmth, while stars like Louis Armstrong and John W. Sublett (a.k.a. Bubbles) have a low good time doing the Devil's bidding. In "St. Louis," Garland exudes a plangent longing and O'Brien a pipsqueak nerviness that cut against any hints of treacle. Here Minnelli brings out the romance of domesticity; in 1948's boisterously charming "The Pirate" (December 17) he revels in the romance of escapism. You can taste Minnelli's seasoned cosmopolitan sensuality in his erratic 1951 Oscar-winner, "An American in Paris" (Theatre 80 St. Marks, December 17); "Love Is Here to Stay," as performed by Gene Kelly and Leslie Caron, is one of the great put-your-head-on-my-shoulder song-and-dance numbers of all time.

The Garden of Delights (1971)—Carlos Saura's comedy about upper-middle-class greed is the story of an amnesiac industrialist (J. L. López Vásquez) whose relatives act out grotesque psychodramas from his childhood, trying to shock him into remembering and telling them the number of his Swiss bank account. The film is elegant in a dark, heavy-lidded sort of way, but Saura has a maddening habit of cutting away from a sequence just when we've got interested in where it's going, and the film lacks impetus. Saura works in a sedate, measured style; he isn't an instinctual Surrealist, and, given the nature and drive of Surrealism, that's the only authentic kind. He's an academic Surrealist: his images don't come from the hidden and unadmitted—they're impeccably planned to be Surreal. There's one brief gloriously redemptive sequence: when the voluptuous Lina Canalejas enters the industrialist's Art Deco bedroom, opens the French windows, and lets the breeze waft through the curtains and her chiffon gown, the film has a trace of magical reminiscence—she brings back all the sexy, elusive movie stars who ever wafted through our imaginations. Written by Rafael Azcona and Saura. In Spanish.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 14.)

Henry V (1944)—Shakespeare's "Henry V" is the story of the playboy Plantagenet who grew up to become a great leader and, at twenty-seven, defeated the armies of France at Agincourt. There, at the last major stand of medieval chivalry, the English archers, outnumbered five to one, cut down the fatally encumbered knights of France. Laurence Olivier once said that it was the sort of juvenile role that you can't play when you're a juvenile—"When you are young, you are too bashful to play a hero; you debunk it. It isn't until you're older that you can understand the pictorial beauty of heroism." He came to it at the right time. His production—it was his first time out as a film director—is a triumph of color, music, spectacle, and soaring heroic poetry, and, as actor, he brings lungs, exultation, and a playful wit to the role. The film has true charm. With Renee Asherson as Princess Katherine, Leslie Banks as Chorus, George Robey as Falstaff, and Ernest Thesiger as the Duke of Berri. The music is by William Walton; the cinematography is by Robert Krasker and Jack Hildyard.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; Dec. 15-16.)

Henry V—This fast-paced version, adapted and directed by its young star, Kenneth Branagh, isn't exultant, like the version made forty-five years earlier by Laurence Olivier. Branagh emphasizes the price paid for war: the bloodshed. And, in keeping with his generation's supposed disillusion with war, he minimizes the play's glorification of the English fighting man. His conception of how to film the play is to look closely at the conniving, the misgivings, the ego wars. (This epic noir doesn't indicate why the French lost at Agincourt.) Branagh is not an overnight great moviemaker; his attempts at spectacular effects strain his inventiveness. But as an actor he has something of James Cagney's confident Irishness; he's intensely likable, with a beautiful, expressive voice, and a straightforwardness that drives the whole film ahead. He and the other performers are so up that you feel their pride in working on true dramatic poetry. It's a company of stars: Paul Scofield as the melancholy French king whose face foretells the doom of his army, Christopher Ravenscroft as the herald Mountjoy, Derek Jacobi as the Chorus, Judi Dench as Mistress Quickly, Robbie Coltrane as Falstaff, Brian Blessed as Exeter, Richard Briers as Bardolph, Richard Easton as the Constable of France, Alec McCowen as Ely, Robert Stephens as Pistol, Emma Thompson as Katherine, Geraldine McEwan as Alice, Christian Bale as Falstaff's boy, and best of all, perhaps, Ian Holm as the chattering Welshman Fluellen.—P.K. (11/27/89) (Paris.)

How to Steal a Million (1966)—An expensive cast in an anemic suspense comedy-romance. Audrey Hepburn is the devoted daughter of a vain, roguish art forger (Hugh Griffith): in order to save him from jail, she persuades a detective (Peter O'Toole) to help her steal a bogus Cellini "Venus" that her father has exhibited in a Paris museum. William Wyler directed, from a rather tired screenplay by Harry Kurnitz. The picture isn't offensive, and it's handsome enough, but it's just blah. With Charles Boyer, Eli Wallach, Marcel Dalio, and Fernand Gravet.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 19.)

The Letter (1940)—Bette Davis's forty-third movie; it marked her tenth year in films, and it is one of her few good vehicles. Somerset

Maugham's melodrama (generally believed to be based on an actual incident) had been a Broadway success for Katharine Cornell and was filmed—memorably—in 1929 with Jeanne Eagels. (Those blessed with movie-loving parents may still retain images of Eagels' corrupt beauty, and of her frenzied big scene when the heroine tells on her husband.) The central figure is the wife of a rubber-plantation owner—a woman of such unimpeachable respectability that she can empty a gun into her lover and get away with it (in the courts, at least, because in Singapore the white ruling class must stick together). Davis gives what is very likely the best study of female sexual hypocrisy in film history. Cold and proper, she yet manages to suggest the passion of a woman who'd kill a man for trying to leave her. She is helped by an excellent script (by Howard Koch) and by two unusually charged performances—James Stephenson as her lawyer and Herbert Marshall as her husband. The cast also includes two formidable women—Frieda Inescort, who seems ineffably absurd as the lawyer's wife, and Gale Sondergaard, whose performance as the Eurasian woman was actually taken very seriously by many people. The insistent music is pure, adulterated Max Steiner. It demeans William Wyler's clear, taut direction and the erotic awareness he brings to the material.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; Dec. 17-19.)

The Little Mermaid—Disney-style kitsch. It's technologically sophisticated, but with just about all the simpering old Disney values in place. They're just slightly updated: the Little Mermaid—a teen-age tootsie in a flirty seashell bra—is like Sleeping Beauty plus tomboy spunk. The film does have a cheerful calypso number ("Under the Sea," by Howard Ashman and Alan Menken), and the color is bright—at least, until the mermaid goes on land, when everything seems to dull out. Pat Carroll provides the voice of Ursula, the Sea Witch; Samuel E. Wright provides the voice of Sebastian.—P.K. (12/11/89) (Cinema II, 86th Street East Twin, Guild, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and West Side Cinema. . . . ¶ Gramercy; through Dec. 12. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and 23rd St. West Triplex; starting Dec. 13.)

The Little Thief—Claude Miller's movie, set in the early fifties, is about a rebellious provincial teen-ager named Janine (Charlotte Gainsbourg). The screenplay (by Miller, his wife, Annie, and Luc Béraud) is based on an original story by François Truffaut and Claude de Givray; Truffaut himself reportedly planned to direct a film of the story. This movie bears recognizable traces of the late New Wave director: it's gentle-natured and sympathetic to the young, and its structure is casual and anecdotal, like the Doinel movies. What it lacks is Truffaut's energy. Miller is a perfectly decent craftsman, and the movie is never unwatchable, but nothing drives it forward from one scene to the next, and Janine's lucklessness and her tough-kid spirit don't resonate as Antoine's do. For Truffaut, the story wasn't the most important thing; it's all that's left of him in "The Little Thief." Also with Didier Bezace, Simon de la Brosse, and Nathalie Cardone. In French.—T.R. (9/4/89) (Lincoln Plaza; through Dec. 19.)

Made for Each Other (1939)—Carole Lombard and James Stewart as plain, ordinary struggling young married folk in New York, having money troubles. The film, written by Jo Swerling and directed by John Cromwell, manages to jack up a little excitement when the couple's baby gets sick and serum must be flown from Utah. The mercy plane goes through a storm, gales, blizzards, thunder, and lightning. You'll be relieved to know that the serum arrives in the very nick of time, and the husband gets a promotion. With Charles Coburn, Lucile Watson, Harry Davenport, Eddie Quillan, Esther Dale, and Louise Beavers.—P.K. (Thalia SoHo; Dec. 20.)

My Left Foot—The greatness of Daniel Day-Lewis's performance as the Dubliner Christy Brown, a victim of cerebral palsy who became a painter and a writer, is that he pulls you inside Christy's frustration and rage (and his bottomless thirst). There's nothing soft or maudlin about this movie's view of Christy: he's anguished and locked in yet excitingly insolent. The movie may tear you apart, but it's the story of a triumphantly tough guy who lived it up, and Day-Lewis's interpretation has some of the sexual seductiveness that was so startling in Olivier's Richard III. This is the first film of the Irish playwright-director Jim Sheridan, who wrote the superb screenplay with another Irish playwright, Shane Connaughton. With Brenda Fricker, Ray McAnally, Fiona Shaw, Ruth McCabe, and Hugh O'Conor playing Christy as a child.—P.K. (10/2/89) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Sea of Love—This romantic thriller, written by Richard Price and directed by Harold Becker, has a simple and rather familiar story: a cop (Al Pacino) investigating a series of murders falls in love with one of the suspects (Ellen Barkin). But the movie isn't entirely predictable; it provides plenty of surprises, odd little riffs that keep us alert. And Pacino is amazing. He's playing a middle-aged, divorced, depressed, semi-alcoholic man who exposes himself to great peril by conducting an affair with a young woman who might be a killer. The actor's face has a saggy, disappointed look now, but there's something hopeful, a wary avidity, in his eyes. In this role, he seems to be startling himself with his own vitality. Barkin is perfectly cast as an ambiguous object of desire; she can look very soft or very, very hard, and the camera doesn't know quite what to make of her. It's a consistently entertaining movie, although Becker's direction has a tendency to flatten the highs in the material. And Price's script, full of sharp dialogue and smart ideas, nevertheless has a few characteristic lapses—most damagingly, a slackening of inspiration toward the end. Also with John Goodman (in good form, as the hero's partner), William Hickey, Richard Jenkins, Christine Estabrook, and Michael Rooker. (The title song, a pop ballad first recorded by Phil Phillips in 1959, is played throughout the movie, and it works beautifully.)—T.R. (9/18/89) (Angelika Film Center, and Worldwide Cinemas. . . . ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex; through Dec. 12. . . . ¶ Manhattan Twin; through Dec. 14.)

Vincente Minnelli

sex, lies, and videotape—Steven Soderbergh's smooth, handsome first feature generates a fair degree of psychological tension out of next to nothing. It's a triangle drama with a cunning little kink in it. The triangle consists of Ann (Andie MacDowell), a beautiful young Southern woman who has "never really been that much into sex"; her husband, John (Peter Gallagher), a sleazy yuppie lawyer; and her younger sister, Cynthia (Laura San Giacomo), who's sleeping with John. The kink is an old college pal of John's, named Graham (James Spader), a soft-spoken drifter who comes to town and changes everybody's life. Graham has sworn off sex, because, he says, it's the only way for him to stay honest: he's impotent, except when he's watching one of his dozens of home videos—all of them interviews he has conducted with women about sex. He's like a retired gunslinger, a laconic hombre who won't pull his artillery out of its holster because he's seen too much killin' already. This is "Shane" remade as a Southern psychodrama. But there's some real conviction in it—a mixed-up fervor that keeps us watching.—T.R. (8/7/89) (Cinema Studio. . . . ¶ Waverly; through Dec. 14.)

Sidewalk Stories—This low-budget first feature by Charles Lane—he's the writer, producer, director, and star—is a sweet-natured fable about homelessness in New York City. Lane plays a young sidewalk portrait artist who rescues a two-year-old girl (Nicole Alysia) after her father has been killed in a fight: the story is no more than a serviceable frame for a series of vignettes about the rigors of life on the street. Very consciously, the film evokes Chaplin: it's shot in black and white; there's no dialogue (until the last three or four minutes); Lane's character is resourceful, tenderhearted, and small (in one scene, he's menaced by a gigantic rival artist played by Tom Hoover, who was once a center for the Knicks); and the humor is of the universal variety, tending towards poignancy. It's easy to see why Lane believes that the Chaplin style is appropriate to today's urban conditions. He's not inventive enough, though—the comic adventures of the artist and the kid don't have the surprise of specific observation, and the absence of dialogue has the unfortunate effect of making all the characters seem a little simpleminded. The movie is never as bad as you fear it's going to be—Lane keeps the action brisk and lively—but you're always aware that it's a bit of a stunt. Also with Sandye Wilson. The cinematography, by Bill Dill, and the score, by Marc Marder, are first-rate.—T.R. (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 12.)

Story of Women—Actually, it's the story of one woman, Marie Latour (Isabelle Huppert), a provincial wife and mother struggling to get by during the German Occupation of France. To help make ends meet, she provides rooms for the use of prostitutes and performs an occasional abortion; bored with her husband (François Cluzet), she takes a young collaborator (Nils Tavernier) as her lover, and then arranges an affair for her husband so he'll stop bothering her. For a while she thrives, but when the French authorities learn of her activities as an abortionist they decide to make an example of her: they condemn her to death, as a demonstration of the moral strength of their subjugated nation. The director, Claude Chabrol, and his co-writer, Colo Tavernier O'Hagan, have drawn their material from the true story of Marie-Louise Giraud, who was executed in 1943. At first, we're grateful for Chabrol's matter-of-fact approach: he respects the ambiguities of his heroine's character. But after a while his objectivity becomes frustrating: it doesn't have the chilling rigor of Louis Malle's 1974 portrait of a collaborator, "Lacombe, Lucien." Huppert, livelier than usual, gives a nice performance, but "Story of Women," finally, seems like just about every other prestigious French movie of the past few years: a well-crafted star vehicle in the guise of something more serious. In French.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza.)

Valmont—A version of the Choderlos de Laclos novel "Les Liaisons Dangereuses," directed by Miloš Forman, from the script he prepared with the writer Jean-Claude Carrière. In the novel, the Marquise de Merteuil and the Vicomte de Valmont, French aristocrats in the late seventeen-seventies, play their sexual conquests with the cold calculation that might be given to war games—they turn innocent people into pawns. Here, their manipulations are so lightweight and offhand there's no sting to them. There has always been the danger that period movies will become intoxicated with jesters and fire-eaters and village fairs. "Valmont" has its share, but it's really into candlelit interiors and pale-rose bodices and rose-and-gold furniture. The story disappears among the cushions. As Valmont, the blandly handsome Colin Firth doesn't have the energy to be a lecher or even to make contact with the audience. With Annette Bening as the Marquise and Meg Tilly as Mme. de Tourvel.—P.K. (11/27/89) (Loews 19th Street East 6, and Regency. . . . ¶ Cinema I; through Dec. 12. . . . ¶ Festival; starting Dec. 13.)

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE attended a luncheon the other day at the headquarters of Helsinki Watch, on Fifth Avenue. The speaker was Zdeněk Urbánek, an energetic, rosy man of seventy-two—a man we would have taken, at a guess, for a retired professor of mathematics, or perhaps a modest dealer in maps and prints. Actually, Mr. Urbánek is a Czech translator, best known for his versions of Shakespeare. He is also an essayist and a novelist; one of the original signatories of Charter 77, the human-rights manifesto issued in 1977; an editor of the popular Czech opposition newspaper *Lidove Noviny* (formerly samizdat, now officially registered); and a close associate of Václav Havel. For the last twenty years, Mr. Urbánek's works, including the Shakespeare translations, were officially banned in his country, but in October, after extraordinary efforts on the part of the United States Embassy in Prague, he was allowed by his government to accept the invitation of an American literary foundation and come to this country for a lecture tour. In the weeks since his arrival, on October 16th, the political situation in Czechoslovakia has, of course, changed nearly beyond recognition, and he addressed the Helsinki Watch luncheon not on his usual subject—problems in translating Shakespeare—but on recent developments at home. Afterward, we had a talk with him.

We began by confessing we didn't know what, other than Shakespeare, Mr. Urbánek had translated.

"Walt Whitman's 'Leaves of Grass,' Edgar Lee Masters' 'Spoon River Anthology,' " he said. He took a sip of coffee from a paper cup and went on with his list, pronouncing the English names carefully. " 'An American Tragedy,' Dreiser, which I must say I love. 'Dry September,' by William Faulkner—the most astonishing story ever written, I think. Dickens' 'A Tale of Two Cities,' though that had to wait twelve years for publication, because the Party couldn't decide. The first part is very strongly for the revolutionaries, you see, but the second part talks quite directly about their atrocities."

We interrupted to express amazement that even a regime that could dither for twelve years over "A Tale of Two Cities" would suppress translations of Shakespeare, and asked how that had happened.

"Ah, you have never lived in a totalitarian state," Mr. Urbánek said, and he laughed. "Not that I recommend it." Before 1964 or so, he explained, he had always been careful to circulate his more outspoken essays and stories only among friends. But in the middle sixties, along with many other writers, he had become bolder and had begun to publish almost all his writing. This period of greater boldness, he added, was the start of the wave that eventually became the Prague Spring. Then, in 1967, Mr. Urbánek addressed a memorable Writers Congress, at which there was much open talk against the Party line. A few months afterward, a commission he had received from the State Theatre in Brno to translate "Antony and Cleopatra" was abruptly cancelled, and in 1970 use or publication of any of his translations or other works was expressly forbidden.

And Shakespeare himself? Was he forbidden?

"He was never blacklisted," Mr. Urbánek said. "But, you know, it's quite complicated. The censorship we were living with was also, unfortunately, self-censorship by the heads of the theatres. They were usually members of the Party, and there were certain plays of Shakespeare's—'Julius Caesar,' for example—that the Party didn't like. From the Party's point of view, it's about the removal of a firm leader, which they consider bad. So, though I translated it in 1964, it was produced only once."

Earlier, at the luncheon, Mr. Urbánek had mentioned "Julius Caesar" in talking about whether there should be trials, or retribution of any sort, for government leaders and others responsible for past human-rights abuses. "People are often surprised that 'Julius Caesar' is called 'Julius Caesar,' because Caesar disappears after fifteen minutes of the show," he had said. "But in fact that is exactly why the play is called 'Julius Caesar'—because after he is removed in a violent way his shadow lies over all the rest of the play; his political influence remains. And that is why there should be no revenge—because revenge has a tendency to perpetuate itself."

We recalled something else that Mr. Urbánek had spoken of during the luncheon—a tradition whereby Czech intellectuals take on the role of politicians. "I think it is not a very fortunate tradition," he had observed. "Not because the intellectuals make bad politicians but because their politics start to exert too much influence on their work. For example, Bedřich Smetana's devotion to the nineteenth-century Czech national revival left him almost no opportunity to do his best work, which was in chamber music. Instead, he wrote operas. There were no Czech operas, and so he felt compelled to compose as many as possible. Most of the librettos were unbelievably bad, yet there are passages of enormous beauty."

We asked whether Mr. Urbánek knew how his friend Mr. Havel was balancing his art with politics these days. Did he have time to write at all?

"I know that he started a new play last autumn," Mr. Urbánek said. "But then came the January demonstrations, and he found himself drawn in—first into the flux of new developments, then into imprisonment. Václav is in an absolute way a responsible man. He was perhaps the main personality who started the Charter movement, and so he feels responsible, both to the members of that small group and to the whole population addressed by the document, for seeing things through. He did actually write a libretto for a ballet while he was in prison in February. One is allowed to write whatever one wants while awaiting trial, you know, though only letters to family are permitted after sentencing. It's very interesting, the ballet—about a clown making fun of himself and of all pretensions." But the play that Mr. Havel began last year had been postponed, Mr Urbánek said regretfully, adding, "I'm afraid he's forgotten by now even what it was about."

But surely Mr. Urbánek must be happy about the changes keeping Mr. Havel so busy now, we said.

"Partly happy," he agreed. "But also full of tension. Because, for all that it has said, the former ruling party doesn't wish to give up so easily. It is like a retreating army maneuvering to stay in power." He went on to tell us, "You know, last week, watching the demonstrations in Prague on TV, suddenly I found myself weeping. On the one hand, for joy. But also from anger, because the people of my country had for so long allowed a handful of others to speak for them—had allowed some of them, indeed, to suffer horribly. Not physically so much, though there was that, too, but in a moral way—being despised by the authorities, being talked to as criminals. Everyone would come home from work or go out to the pub and blame the government—laugh at it, say what fools and incompetents were running it—but almost no one was willing to risk anything."

What if Shakespeare had been alive? Would he have spoken out, signed the Charter?

Mr Urbánek laughed. "I think he would have preferred to express himself through his plays—to subvert the government by other means, by his wit and humor. Whether he would have succeeded is another question."

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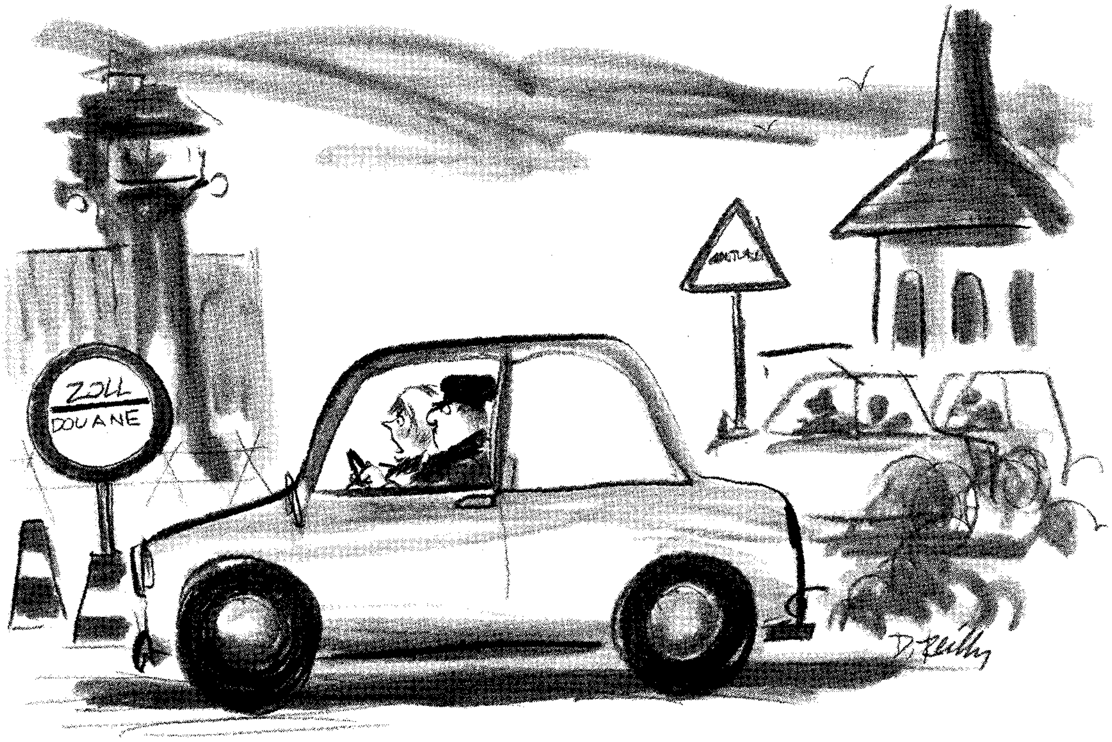
Best Dress

THE story goes that a lady of the Japanese court during the Heian era (794-1185) was fleeing with the infant emperor in her arms, their enemies in hot pursuit. She was attired in the high fashion of the period: layered voluminous robes, each larger and deeper in color than the one beneath, so that at those edges where a bit of each of the robes was visible—neckline, hemline, sleeves—you could see a ravishing spectrum of tints. The lady came to a river, tried to ford it, and, weighed down by her silken cocoon, sank and drowned. Her legend lives on in the name popularly ascribed to her garment: the *juni-hitoe* (pronounced "*june*-ich *toe*-he")—literally, "the twelve layers." The term bears a note of reproach, perhaps, but it also understates: scholars believe that the layers of robes could run to forty. At that time, imposing silhouettes were prized. The *juni-hitoe*, although it is still regarded in Japan as the most elegant and luxurious form of the kimono, is no longer worn exclusively by the aristocracy, and the number of layers has been reduced. A version consisting of several very long undergarments, five unlined robes, a few embroidered or painted lined robes, and an overjacket costs about twenty-five thousand dollars, and anyone with the cash and the willingness to risk walking on slippery rivulets of silk may possess one. When the emperor's son marries, next year, his bride, a commoner, will wear a *juni-hitoe.*

Judith Shahn

Early this month, we attended a demonstration at the Asia Society of how to get into one of these costumes and take a few steps in it without breaking your neck. The demonstration was given by the Hakubi Bridal Kimono School of Kyoto, an organization dedicated to promoting traditional native dress. Slipping backstage before the show, we found the school's headmistress and foremost makeup artist, Fumiko Ishizuka, and her assistant in a dressing room, applying modern foundation to the cheeks and foreheads of two women: the dancer Saeko Ichinohe, who would be performing an ancient court solo in a modified *juni-hitoe* during the program, and Yumiko Mizushima, who was the twenty-six-year-old daughter of the Hakubi School's founder, and would model the traditional, multilayered, utterly undanceable-in version.

As Miss Ishizuka worked to "sculpt" the face before her, she described the Heian makeup style, which the model's and the dancer's makeups were meant to evoke. The true Heian princess, she said, would have had her face and neck slathered with a sticky rice paste to turn the skin an incandescent white. Rooms were dimly lit at that time, and faces needed to stand out; the paste also served to mask the damage wrought by plagues of pox, imported during trade with China. Eyebrows would have been redrawn as thick black crescents, high on the forehead, to give the face an air of childlike alertness. No rouge would have been applied to the cheeks, but scarlet cream, stored in lacquered seashells, would have been used to recontour the mouth in the shape of flower petals. To finish off the look, a darkened beeswax would have been rubbed over the teeth to make them fashionably black, and hide the ravages of decay. (Blackening the teeth, a Heian convention, remained fashionable in Japan through the early part of this century.) Heian-court women did not wear jewelry, which would have detracted from the color at their



"We never go anywhere but West Berlin."

necks and fingertips, but they made their hair part of their costume, wearing it at least long enough to brush the floor while they were standing.

Miss Mizushima had on a wig of black tresses flowing to her heels. We asked her how she ordinarily wore her hair, and she said "Short hair." We were conversing through a translator, but we could understand Miss Mizushima's answer without help; the English phrase "short hair" has passed into Japanese unaltered. Miss Mizushima threw us a dazzling-white smile.

We adjourned to the theatre and watched Miss Mizushima glide out from the wings, stepping on the turned-under hems of long, pleated trousers at the rate of someone walking on snowshoes through a blizzard. The susurrus of silk was audible as far as the last row of seats. She reached center stage, and for the next half hour she stood stock-still, her only movement an occasional flicker of her eyelids, as three dressers—one exclusively to manipulate her hair—smoothly coöperated in layering her with a moderate-sized *juni-hitoe*. A contemporary Western observer's reactions to this process are likely to be mixed. One watches a thin person thicken layer by layer, and a young, active person become immured, so that only her face, throat, and fingertips are left uncovered. Yet the progression of colors gives a visceral delight: first, three big chords, of white, deep burgundy, and apple green; then a cascade of pinks, turning rose turning salmon turning coral, topped by an overjacket with multicolored embroidery. The cadence of color is echoed by the cadence of the construction. As each new robe is put on and secured with a tie, the tie securing the robe beneath is removed, so that finally the entire set of robes is held in place by a single, ornamented belt.

The demonstration proceeded to the accompaniment of a brief, vivid lecture by Tomie Kondo, a Japanese scholar of modern literature and cultural history. At one point, questions were invited from the audience. A woman asked about the tightly closed neckline of the *juni-hitoe;* she had always understood, she said, that a glimpse of the back of the neck was considered the most erotic aspect of feminine dress in old Japan.

"You're right," Mrs. Kondo said. "But the whole thing falls away when you loosen the belt." She went over to Miss Mizushima, turned her so she stood in profile, touched her belt, and tugged at her collars for a moment, and suddenly we could see the nape of a lovely, pale neck, "Just one little belt," said Mrs. Kondo.

Another member of the audience asked how the *juni-hitoe* would have been kept clean.

"It doesn't get so dirty, because you don't move around much," Mrs. Kondo said. "This is not a working kimono. Also, the servants would wipe the floor every day."

After the performance, we asked Mrs. Kondo how it was that the Heian period, despite the restrictiveness of the *juni-hitoe*, had produced brilliant women writers, such as Lady Murasaki and Sei Shōnagon.

"You know, it was called 'the women's era,' " she said. "There was no war. Capital was controlled by women. They were able to control things in government; they could recommend people for bureaucratic positions. Also, in the Heian period the husband moved into the home of the wife. The home was in *her* parents' province, and she had papers of ownership. The household money of aristocratic families came from tenant farmers, and the husband would go out and make the tenants pay. There was no other use for him."

Glorious!

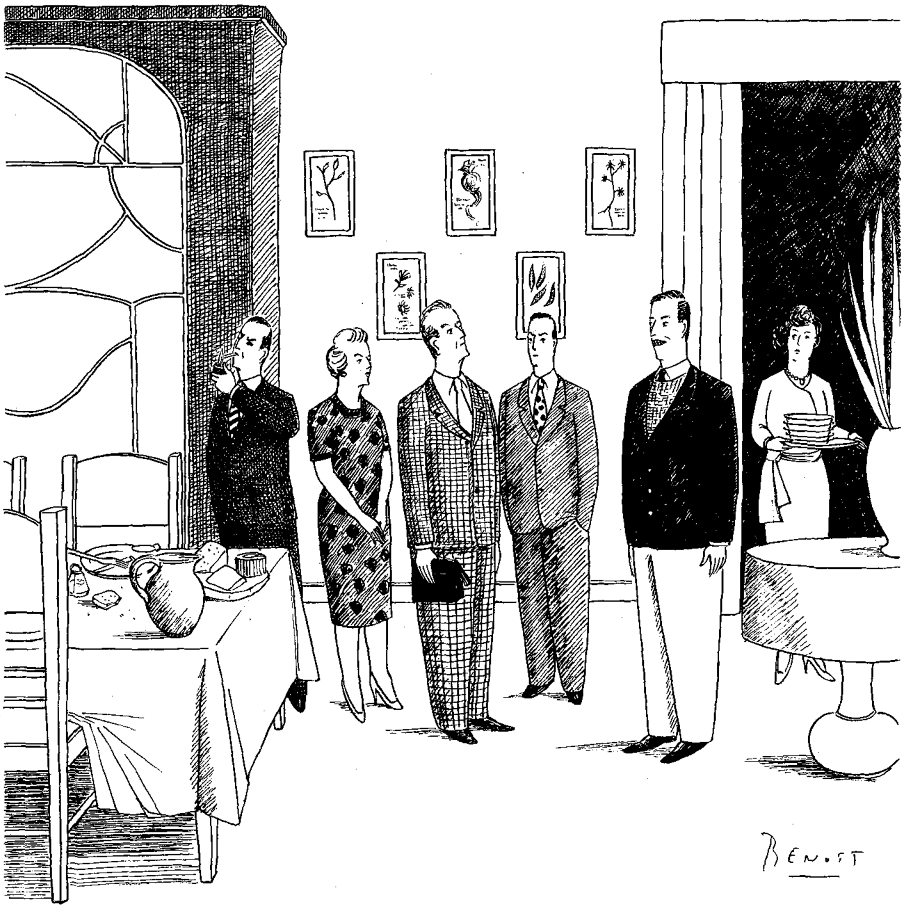
A FEW hours before the start of a concert of Renaissance polyphonic sacred music which was held in a big, vaulted church on the coldest night of the season yet ended with an audience of polyphony lovers hooting and stamping their feet and lighting matches and linking arms and calling out requests, Peter Phillips, the leader of the phenomenally and improbably successful Oxbridge vocal group called the Tallis Scholars, which gave the concert, took time to talk to a friend about the relative merits of the Obrecht and the Lassus "Salve Regina"s; the connection between polyphony and the invention of linear perspective in fifteenth-century Florence; the scandalously unrecognized superiority of sixteenth-century Franco-Flemish vocal music, as exemplified by Gombert; and why it is that somebody whose obsessive concerns these are can in the last years of the twentieth century become a polyphonic *enfant terrible* and entrepreneur.

Peter Phillips is English. He attended Winchester College, and went on to St. John's College, Oxford. He wears blue fawn vests, with striped shirts and club ties and gray flannels, and he is the possessor of the single most beautiful pair of handmade shoes and complementary silk-and-cashmere socks in the history of the early-music revival. He is the sort of Englishman who can ask a friend to meet him "in the rector's study of St. Mary's—I believe that's Forty-sixth Street, off Seventh Avenue," and when the dubious friend at last finds St. Mary's, hidden away among the discount appliance stores and S.R.O. hotels, there is a rector's study and Peter Phillips is in it, with the rector. In addition to leading the Tallis Scholars, Peter Phillips began this year to write a shrewd and passionate column on cricket for the London *Spectator.*

Peter Phillips went downstairs into the church and, settling into a back pew, said, "Oh, my word, England played so badly this year. So badly. Highly professional side but without any élan. Perhaps it's because— Well, I know this will sound terribly chauvinistic, but we have a couple of South Africans and some Caribbean expats, and one wonders if they quite care. I wonder if the Yorkshire County Cricket group don't have the right idea; they only allow Yorkshiremen. You know, I think it's the *Englishness* of our music that attracted our first audiences. Which was a bit of a sport, really, since Lord knows just at the moment I'm not nearly so keen on English Renaissance sacred music as I am on the Spaniards and the Italians and, above all, those really extraordinarily wonderful Franco-Flems. You see, our repertory isn't really a revival repertory. On the one hand, I can prove from cathedral lists that a great deal of the music that we sing has been sung in English churches since the day it was written. Yet, on the other hand, while we seem to have a continuous tradition to draw on, I'm afraid that as far as performance *practice* goes the continuity is a bit of an illusion, since we're still trying to undo the damage the nineteenth century did to English cathedral style. In some sense, all we have is the scores—incomplete and corrupted as they often are—and in some of the repertory we can't pretend to be doing anything but reading off the notes. Sometimes I've a sense that if we were to perform in a *truly* authentic manner no one would enjoy it at all. No speeds, no dynamic levels, no extrovert passion. We'd kill it stone dead."

It was when Peter Phillips was at St. John's that he began to sense that Renaissance sacred polyphony might have a second life as concert music. Even Baroque early music was then a minority enthusiasm, and the performance of *very* early music was still at the stage where its typical exponent was an amateur group named something like The Righte Joyeuse Consorte of Sacryd Musicke. For instance, before Peter Phillips founded the Tallis Scholars he studied with an Oxford don, David Wulstan, whose group was called the Clerkes of Oxenford.

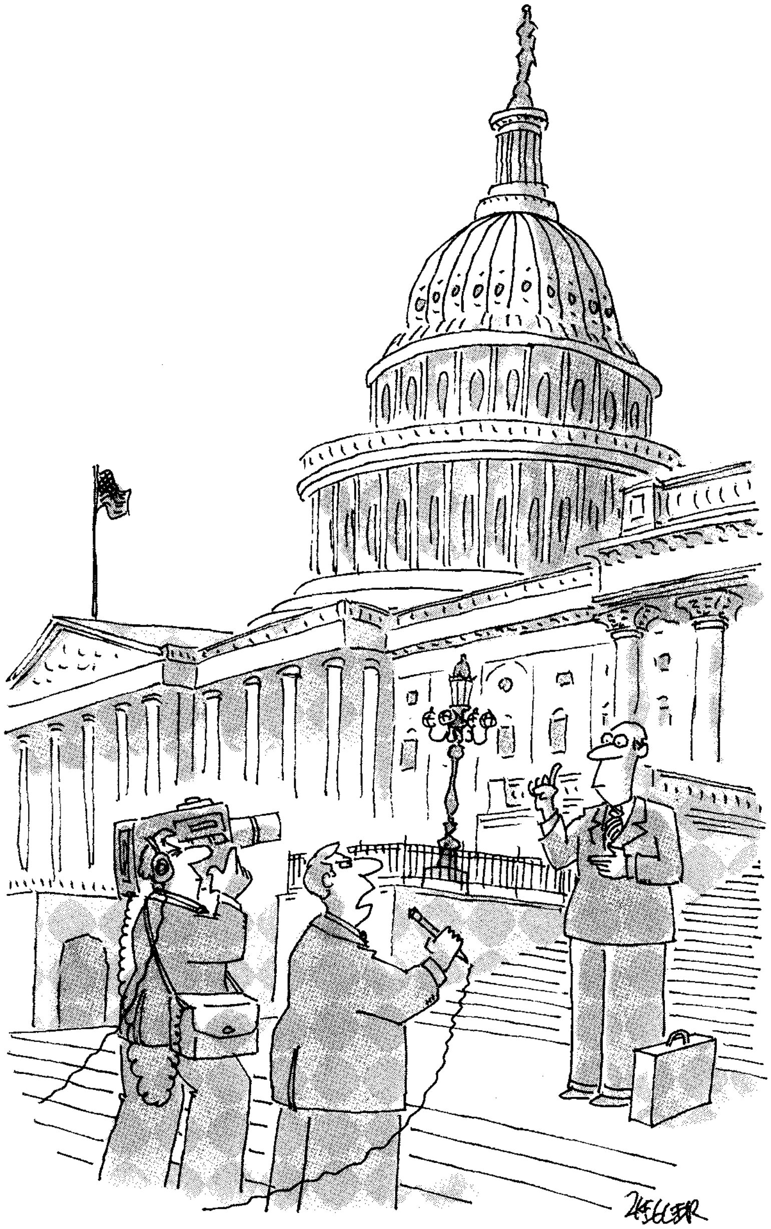
"We fell out, unfortunately," Peter Phillips said. "I think Wulstan felt that I transposed things using his system. Well, of course I did. It's a wonderful system. I mean, no one has greater regard for the Clerkes of Oxenford than the Tallis Scholars do, but did the Clerkes of Oxenford ever really *grasp the market?* The Clerkes of Oxenford opened many doors, but surely it was the Tallis Scholars who walked *through* those doors." Peter Phillips formed the Tallis Scholars from the wealth of polyphonic-minded people who filled Oxford and Cambridge in the mid-seventies, and a few of them, now early-music scholars themselves, are still with the group. "People talk about the Tallis Scholars sound, and surely that is what attracts most people to our music," he went on. "That unearthly, transporting sound, the internal warmth radiating from the tenor part, and then the lovely, burnished glow of the soprano. Now, I know that this will sound terribly chauvinistic. I mean, I've led some really wonderful foreign choirs lately. I was in Finland last month, leading a Finnish choir, and after eight days we *just* had everybody singing more or less in tune and coming in roughly at the



"Is there anyone here who hasn't read the new Umberto Eco?"

same time. I mean, of course, the Finns sang with really splendid enthusiasm, and all that. But nobody's as well trained as English singers.

"Well, after we'd formed the group we couldn't get anyone to record us. We made a recording of the 'Allegri Miserere' for EMI, and we had to pay for it ourselves. It sold a hundred thousand copies, which is really good going for a record whose B-side was taken up with the Mundy 'Vox Patris caelestis.' But EMI didn't seem really motivated, and so in 1981 we set up Gimell Records to record ourselves. A gymel in music marks the place where the voices become twinned—it derives from the Latin *gemellus*, obviously—and it leads to a thicker musical texture. There's a marvellous bit of gymelling in Tallis's great 'Gaude gloriosa,' for instance. When one is following a score and suddenly comes upon the gymel, one's pulse begins to race with anticipation, so it seemed like a suitably rousing name for a new enterprise."



"Hey, do you want to be on the news tonight or not? This is a sound bite, not the Gettysburg Address. Just say what you have to say, Senator, and get the hell off."

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Gimell has since recorded twenty-one albums of Renaissance sacred vocal music performed by the Tallis Scholars, and has sold four hundred thousand records. A couple of years ago, a Tallis Scholars recording of two Josquin Masses became the very first early-music record ever to be named Record of the Year by the magazine *Gramophone*.

The Tallis Scholars now perform less often in England than they do elsewhere, Peter Phillips said, and the revival of early-Renaissance sacred vocal music has reached a point where the music that first made the reputation of the Tallis Scholars now seems to the group rather undemanding. "It's a *little* saccharine, I'm afraid. I mean, popular, and all that, but not what I really like. We began with Protestant music. Then we made our Palestrina records. Palestrina's like Mozart, pure and naïve and perfect. Any blemish, any cheapening, one note out of place, and everyone can hear it. When we sing Palestrina, I always think of those really wonderful early-Renaissance paintings—Fra Filippo Lippi and so on—where these beautiful linear figures, each perfect in itself, are set out in space one against another, so that they seem to call to each other across a deep perspective. And it's astonishing to think that perspective was born just at the time when polyphony was flourishing, and in the same place—Florence, in the fourteen-thirties. But what really sets my imagination going is mid-sixteenth-century Franco-Flemish polyphony. So austere! So wonderful! Clemens and Gombert—a *really* major figure, Gombert—and then Obrecht and Brumel. We've recorded Brumel's great earthquake Mass, 'Et ecce terrae motus'—'and the earth moved'! Glorious! I sometimes feel as if a whole crowd of major polyphonic figures were clamoring for us to recall them to life. I mean, there's a lot of really awful music in Handel, but when did Palestrina write a bad note? We've just begun to hear the marvels of Josquin. The list is absolutely endless: Mundy and Taverner and Victoria and Verdelot and Lassus. Whereas, with the Baroque, once you've got past Bach and Handel you find yourselves with the likes of Vivaldi and Telemann. Telemann—now, *there's* a really second-rate composer."

Peter Phillips still likes giving Christmas concerts, as long as they're not too Thyse Yool, on the one hand, or too Good King Wenceslas, on the other. "Put together a really popular concert—a few *real* medieval carols, some really fine Marian motets, an outstanding Mass, and a setting or two of the 'Ave Maria,' " he says. "Well, one could go on giving a concert like that year after year until He returned, I suppose, and requested some quite different program."

THANKS FOR THE MEMORY

Two years ago I was driving to Pebble Beach from Palm Springs to play in Bing's pro-amateur tournament at Pebble Beach. I got into my car with Freddie Williams, and we started for Los Angeles. Between Beaumont and Riverside I was pushing it along at about seventy-two. The highway was wide open, nobody in sight, but it was raining a little and I went into a skid.

We turned around, bounced into a ditch, rolled into an orchard and ended up against a tree. Both of us were thrown out. I felt that there was something wrong with my left shoulder, so I stood ankle-deep in mud and practiced my golf swing. The swing wasn't so hot. We left the car and hitch-hiked back to Riverside, and I went to see a doctor. He stretched me out on an X-ray table and took some pictures.

When he'd looked at them, he said, "You're not going to play any golf for eight weeks. You've got a fractured clavicle."

Following that layoff, I went back East, stopping off at the Bob-O'-Link Golf Club in Chicago, where I'm a nonresident member, to have a crack at the course. I got together three friends, Dick Snideman, Dick Gibson and Hugh Davis, and we teed off.

I had a seventy-four for the eighteen holes. It's one of my best scores. The payoff was that on the eighth hole—158 yards—I had a hole in one. You may think that a busted clavicle is a hard way to improve a score, but if you're willing to try it, it could work. It did for me.—*"Have Tux, Will Travel: Bob Hope's Own Story," by Bob Hope as told to Pete Martin (1954), pp. 225-26.*

It was 1950, and I was making the movie *Fancy Pants* with Lucille Ball. Dick Gibson and I had planned to play after the day's shooting had been completed at Paramount. I had one scene left, in which I was riding a horse.

These were close-up shots, so instead of a real horse they used a prop horse, a mechanical gadget. The director wanted more action, so they loosened the straps on the horse and speeded up the action. I was flipped backwards off the horse, head over teakettle. They carried me off the lot in a stretcher, and as they put me into a car, I said, "Right to Lakeside, please." I wound up in Presbyterian Hospital for eight weeks. It was a long time to be away from golf.

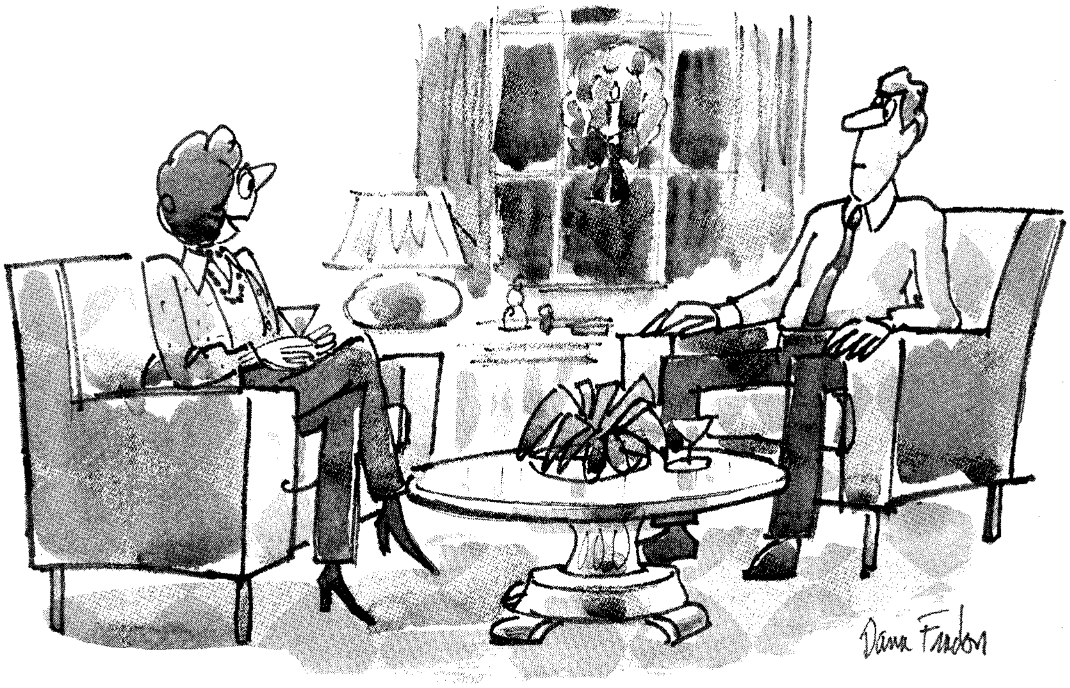
The next time I played was at Bob O' Link, a men's club in Chicago. The others in the group were Dick Gibson, Hugh Davis and Dick Sniderman. We had started on the back 9, so by the time we reached the 8th hole, which was our 17th, the bets were rolling. I hit a little faded 5-iron on the hole, which measured 150 yards, and knocked it into the cup for an ace. There is still a plaque on that tee commemorating that feat. I also shot 74 that day, which wasn't bad for a refugee from the hospital.—*"Bob Hope's Confessions of a Hooker: My Lifelong Love Affair with Golf," by Bob Hope as told to Dwayne Netland (1985), p. 112.*

PEOPLE always seem surprised when I tell them that Dan Quayle was the man who introduced Coca-Cola to Asia in 1906. But it's true. I was touring the Far East at the time for Underwood Deviled Ham, in a group that included Stella Stevens and the late President Ike Eisenhower's father, Dick Snideman. We stopped to play a little jewel of a course in Burma, which is what they used to call Ceylon, and there I met the now Vice-President, who told me of his accomplishments for the soft-drink industry and American business in general. He and I were in a foursome which included Pearl Bailey, the humanitarian Albert Schweitzer, and the chairman of the American Can Company (now Primerica), Mr. William Howard Taft. I had either just been run over by a car or had just run over someone else in a car. Albert Schweitzer—who by the way is one of the nicest guys you'd ever want to meet—and I had a side bet going: dollar a stroke, quart a hole, winner does the loser's yard. By the time we reached the seventh, which was our sixteenth, the bets were rolling pretty good. Pearl Bailey, who can hit a golf ball farther than any person I've ever seen, made a perfect little shank shot off a cow or bull of some kind, directly at the flag, which was beyond a group of people hired specially for the occasion, which included Dick Gibson from Paramount and the gals from Air-India publicity. Tee to green, the distance was 18,000 meters—about 20,000 yards. TV's Ned Beatty, the only man in the American military to predict the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, noticed that I'd broken a spike on my left golf shoe, and he offered to take me up in his reconnaissance helicopter so that I could have better traction for my swing and wouldn't have to walk so far. We took off, and when I was above the flag, I lifted a gentle chip shot, meaning to put enough backspin on it to stop it just by the hole. Instead I knocked the ball into the whirling rotor blades, which chopped it into eighteen little pieces. Somehow, each one of those little pieces went into a different hole around the course. I not only had a one on that hole, I had a one for the whole course! Today there is a plaque on top of something commemorating this event.

GIFT WRAP
Suzanne

That was 1926. 1927 I worked for the phone company. Ditto 1928. In 1929 came the Crash, and everything changed. I was working as a hoofer for Zwieback Toast in the old Palace Theatre on Broadway when I got a call from William Lear, chairman of Lear Jet Corp.: would I like to come out and make a movie? Would I! I ran over myself with my car, hopped in, and drove straight to Hollywood.

In my life I have been blessed with a fabulous bunch of friends who love the game just as much as I do, and I put Bill Lear at the very top of that list. He was just a nice, nice man, and a day doesn't go by that I don't think of him. Bill met me at the airport with Dick Sniderman, Freddie Williams, and the people from Cannon Towel, and the next day we started production on a picture called "The Bear," by William Faulkner, starring the wonderful Mexican comedian Cantinflas, Dorothy Lamour, and yours truly. They had a great big prop bear which was motorized and which I was supposed to box with in the climactic scene. The stunt director, Dick Gibson and Hugh Davis, wanted more realism, so for the last scene the Hamm's Breweries people loaned us their real grizzly. He sure went to town on me. By the time the scene was over, pieces of my scalp and cheekbone were AWOL, and I had a fractured clavicle. Weak with loss of blood, I practiced my golf swing. When I came to, I was hitchhiking to Chicago, where I'm a nonresident member. A doctor there strapped me to a mechanical X-ray table and turned up the juice until I glowed like the marquee at Caesars Palace. Then he slapped me into a men's hospital for eight weeks.



"I'm thinking of granting you a Christmas pardon."

The next time I played was in Bing's Nabisco Pro-Amateur sponsored by Johnson's Wax at a golf course someplace. I was in a foursome that included Lt. Dan Quayle, Pearl Bailey, Dick Sniderman, and what's-his-name, the fat guy. Even though it was frowned on, we had a bet going, a reverse Nassau, where the player with the lowest last number on his card pays the opposite of what everybody else pays him, and by the time we reached the seventh, which was our fourteenth, all the wallets were out. As a gag, the guys from Sperry Rand had substituted an electric golf ball which went right into the cup no matter where you hit it, and I teed up with the thing and it went into the hole and then just kept on going into a lot of other holes around the course, I believe.

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I MAKE it a point to get out on the links three hundred and sixty-five days a year, no matter what. I don't know anyone else in the entertainment industry who can say the same. I've played in England where it was so foggy that even the seagulls were flying on instruments, and in Africa where it was so hot that.

I was visiting Syria in 1967 as a guest of the Arab-Israeli war with Freddie Williams, Ariel Sharon, Lucille Ball, and University of Texas Longhorns' football coach Darrell Royal, and someone suggested we go play this little course about four miles from the front lines. Well, I'm a sucker for sand—I've been in it most of my golfing life—and that whole region of the world is one big sand trap, if you ask me. So I said sure, and pretty soon we were barrelling along in a converted half-track troop carrier Ariel had found somewhere. I was driving, and the vehicle registration was in a coffee can on the dashboard, and suddenly it rolled off and then out the open front door, and we went into a skid, bounced over Dick Gibson from Paramount, and ended up in a pond. I stove up my neck pretty good.

Lucille Ball, a terrific gal who I loved as if she were a friend, immediately put me in her car and took me to a hospital where they were filming "Fancy Pants," starring Lucille Ball. They had an X-ray table with straps on it, and the doctor buckled me in and turned up the juice. The thing started bucking and prancing around, and the next I knew it flipped me onto my back like an insect. The doctor took one look at me lying there and said, "You've got a fractured clavicle." Then he stretched me out on an X-ray table for eight weeks. Lucy, God bless her, did not play golf, but she sympathized with my predicament: on the following afternoon I was scheduled to play in the Sam Giancana–Underalls Palm Springs Open. Yet here I was, half a world away and laid up in a hospital to boot. Lucy sat down and thought for a while, and then she came up with a solution that was pure Lucy.

Ten years passed. My Desert Classic Tournament, excuse me, my *Chrysler* Classic Tournament was drawing a good crowd and sensational ratings, and the Timex people had agreed to sponsor me. I was playing every day, don't forget. I generally teed up with a Dean Martin's–drinking joke. The guys from Jimmy Dean Pork Sausage always brought a camera crew, and I kidded around, pretending like my putter was a pool cue. This one particular time I sort of remember happened either in California or someplace else. I was with people I had played with before or knew from another context. Dick somebody. We decided to start at the last hole and then play the previous one, and so on. We got all ready, and then we teed off.

The payoff was over half a billion dollars, just for me. It's one of the largest amounts of money there is. To give you some idea, the average professional golfer votes Republican his entire life for scores which work out to far less. On top of all that I got the houses, the cars, the dough from Texaco, and an international recognition factor that can't be measured in dollars and cents. You should try it yourself sometime. Bust a clavicle and lie around a German P.O.W. hospital for eight weeks and then escape to the West and play thirty-six holes at Inverness with nothing for breakfast but a Clark Bar. Fall from a plane, hit a fir tree, bust a clavicle, and play Winged Foot with some of the top-ranking daytime stars and the guys from the Village People. Play Pebble Beach: try and hit straight drives in that wind off the Pacific with 5,000 sailors on the U.S.S. Coral Sea two miles offshore and a whole lot of water hazard beyond them, while Stella Stevens (as a shapely Wac) saunters by and your buddies hoot and whistle and comment on your club selection. You might do better than you think.

—IAN FRAZIER

THE GOOD FIGHT

LIZA's friend Dutton has just told her he is convinced he is turning into a woman. After he says it, Liza looks up, confused. They are in a sports bar, a smoky, dark tunnel of a place festooned with pennants and jerseys tacked to the walls. She's never been here before. After she picked Dutton up at O'Hare, they took the train into the city, found his hotel, and went into the first bar they saw. She notices now that he has ordered whiskey, which is new. Both Dutton's father and brother died alcoholics.

"What are you talking about?" she says. "What do you mean?"

"I mean I drive by her house at night. I drink coffee in the window of the corner restaurant near her work."

"Oh. You mean you're becoming a victim."

"Yes. Exactly."

"Well, that's depressing. It's depressing to hear you think that's what a woman is."

He touches her hair, his fingers lingering at her temple. "Sorry," he says. Then he leans over to kiss her.

They have been friends for ten years, so his kiss quiets her. She stirs her drink, a gin drink, a summer drink—though it is a week past New Year's and bitter outside. When she looks up, he is watching her. "Maybe you are becoming a woman," she says. She shakes her head. "Men don't touch women like that anymore, you know, not good men, not with that kind of ease. They're frightened to death, I think, that their hand on a woman's arm, even at the small of her back, is too proprietary. Women, though, can touch anything. We've never owned anything. No one suspects we ever will."

Dutton watches her closely as she talks. She can't remember his ever being so attentive to her. It makes her feel odd, guilty of something unnamed. "I'm forty-three years old," he says. "Why is this happening to me?"

She doesn't tell him why it's happening, because he knows. He is in love with a twenty-year-old girl—a tall, erotic blonde named Serena. Earlier, on the train, he showed Liza her picture. "She's beautiful, isn't she?" he said.

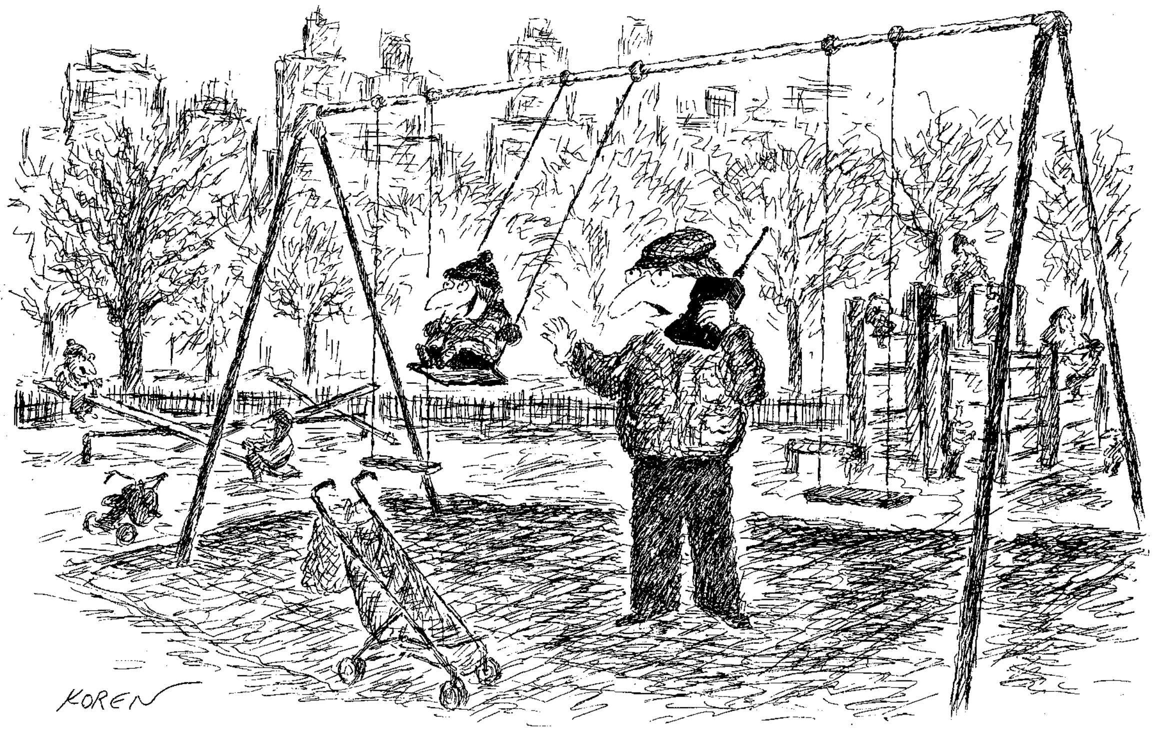
She was. She was like a figurine, lean and muscled in a skimpy tank top, curled up precisely next to a bare radiator. The radiator was white, her teeth were white, the sun shone through the undraped window behind her and made her hair glow white. Liza could see, though, the tension in her joints, in her knees and curled toes. Taut with self-consciousness, her head inclined toward the camera to reveal the fine line of her cheekbone, she also revealed that for her surfaces mattered. This was a girl for whom illusion was a gift, like second sight.

Liza gave the picture back to him, and he slipped it into a compartment of a handsomely stitched and supple wallet. Dutton wore stylish clothes—razor-creased pleated pants, a loose linen shirt, and a thin, dark tie. He combed his hair, still thick and brown, straight back from his face, which, though still handsome, told the truth: he was forty-three years old. He had grown too tired or wise to lie. This is what Liza admired most about Dutton. He did not lie anymore. He did not lie to women. Over the years, as their love rearranged itself into a kind of intimate friendship, Dutton had always been frank about some loneliness he had, a loneliness that sounded distinctly male, a loneliness eased only by wonderful women, he said, by making love with these women.

"You know," she says now, "when I saw Serena's picture I thought of what old men always say when they see a picture of some fresh young girl. They always say, 'Well, she's gonna break a lot of hearts,' and then everyone feels warm. But maybe what they mean is something more serious—you know, like what old generals must feel when they review enemy troop movements, that mixture of fear and hope for the good fight and then the disappointment of their own distance from it. Maybe that's what they mean."

"War."

"Maybe. I like to



"Listen to me, John. Tell them this is our final offer. Let 'em know we'll take an option at twenty-five million over five years—not a penny more, not a minute longer! If they balk, stall them for time and get back to me."

hope not, but probably I should give that up."

"I think so. For now, anyway. For a while." He puts his hand over hers and squeezes it, because her husband is also in love with a twenty-year-old girl—a Japanese girl, new to this country—whom her husband met in the English as a Second Language class he teaches. Liza has never seen her carefully posed in a photograph, but she did see her in a courtroom, earlier today, during the pretrial motions for Liza and her husband's divorce. The girl sat quietly in the front row of the spectator section, her hands crossed over a tiny straw pocketbook in her lap—a small, delicate woman with eyes as dark as the inside of a chimney. When Liza saw her, she was glad Dutton was not flying in until the night. It would have been a mistake for him to see her secrets this clearly. She wasn't sure she could bear to hear him speak honestly about them. Watching the girl, Liza believed no one should be allowed to witness divorce proceedings but the unhappy, fractious principals, all of whom looked equally drawn, humiliated, worse for the wear. Even the wives of rich men, women who walked to the bench with their heads high, chins jutted out, pursuing their entitlement—even they lingered a bit too long over their furs, folding them, patting them, sometimes stroking them during a long delay the way one would stroke a sleeping child.

In the courtroom, Liza's husband fluttered between the Japanese girl and his lawyer. Once he stopped to crouch in front of the girl, to take her small hands in his, as he explained something to her. The girl did not speak. She seemed to communicate by lowering her eyes, parting her lips. She looked more aggrieved, more a victim, than any of the others in the courtroom, and Liza, watching her, felt rage throb in her throat and limbs. In that rage, she felt huge, ungainly, American. She hardly felt like a woman at all, and that was a problem, she knew. Her attorney had told her to wear something feminine that day—something simple, but pretty; no severe business suit, he'd said—because her husband had amended his petition. Her husband had decided that since he would soon be remarried, and since his future wife, unlike Liza, would be a full-time homemaker, he had grounds to pursue the sole legal custody of his and Liza's three-year-old daughter.

"Do you need to call about your child?" Dutton asks. He has been watching her again.

"She's with them this weekend," Liza says, looking at her watch. "She's sleeping now." She arranges the folds of the dress she chose to wear that morning—a loose emerald-green dress with a long, flowing skirt—and then she looks up at Dutton, noticing under his jaw the meticulous razor line that shapes his close-cut beard. "Dutton, I don't think I'm going to be able to sleep with you tonight."

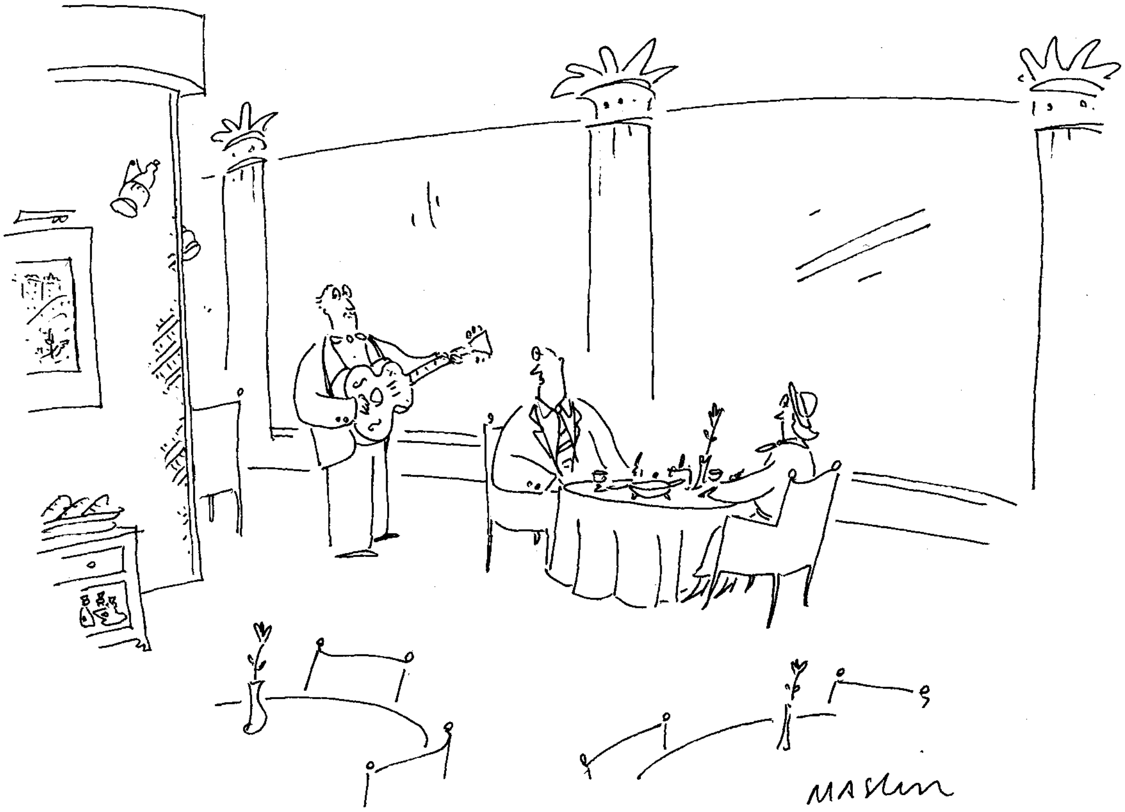
He squeezes her hand again.

"Really," she says.

He lets go of her hand but leans closer to her. "You're talking too much, Liza. Terror makes you talk too much. You shouldn't. It makes up your mind before you do."

Liza looks away from him, out over the bar. This is an odd place for her to be. Near the door, a ticker-tape machine reports the latest sports scores. There are two televisions—one showing a car race, the other a basketball game—and scattered everywhere are backgammon and chess boards, men bent over them, squinting. Most of the patrons are gathered around a man throwing darts. Liza can tell by the man's face that he is a serious dart player and that he is losing. His mouth is firm and his eyes are clear but faraway, as if he's looking beyond the target to his fate. He reminds her suddenly of a boy named Bobby she loved in high school, a boy whose mother used to cry every night on the front stoop, a bottle of bourbon tucked between her ankles; a boy whose face nearly always looked like that.

"She doesn't talk at all," Liza says,



"We dine a cappella."

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looking back at Dutton. "He told me. She knows maybe thirteen words of English."

Dutton holds up his empty glass to signal the waiter.

"Thirteen words, maybe twenty," Liza says. "Imagine. What could they be?"

"When I try to talk to Serena, she repeats whatever I say. I say, 'I love you,' and she says, 'You love me.' Sometimes it's a question. Sometimes it's a statement. Is that mystery or is that incoherence?"

"I'm not sure." Liza looks back to the dart player. "You're finding that out, I think." The player has finished his game. He takes some folded bills out of a shot glass and slips them into the shirt pocket of another man, then picks up a drink and walks to the back of the bar. "No. Forget I said that. She's twenty years old, Dutton. The only mystery is how much she doesn't know."

When Liza was twenty years old, she didn't know anything. One day out of the blue Bobby showed up on her doorstep holding an embroidered poncho he'd brought back from Central America, where he had been in the Peace Corps. "I didn't know I was bringing this back for you," he told her. "But now I think that I was." She'd been intrigued and moved by the way those words sounded—so honest they frightened her. She made love to Bobby that night—something she'd been afraid to do when she was in love and in high school. That night, she was afraid not to. The foreign intricacy of sex made no sense to her, but she trusted him. She had, in her mind, the sound of him telling the truth. When it was over, he took her face in his hands. She knew he saw confusion. "You don't have to worry," he said. "This is important. This matters."

"You know, Dutton," she says now, "I've always been moved by the way people in love talk to each other. Haven't you? How can a man love a woman without language?"

"You're an abstract woman, that's why." He touches her hand again and smiles. "You talk too much. I told you that."

She smiles back at him. "A lot you know. You're in love with a woman who repeats whatever you say."

"In bed, Liza, people don't talk."

INCARNATED

In that country he was an officer of cavalry.
He used to frequent good families, even the Countess P.
He had boots well polished, a breakfast served
By his orderly, a smart boy from a village.
Girls. More of them than anywhere, the garrison was huge.
Some of them on their own, in rented rooms,
Others in the care of a polite madam
Who greets you under a pink lampshade
And recommends the hot Irma, the milk-white Katherine.
A horse dances under him at a review, bells ring,
The clergy strolls in a procession, children pour a powder of flowers.
Life there was as it should be. The seasons
Decked the streets with brightness, with the copper of leaves, with white.
Peasants from the vicinity, in mouton overcoats
Belted with colorful wool, in bast shoes,
Thongs on the leggings, displayed their products.
Nothing beyond that can be said. He lived, once,
On the pages of chronicles, under a different wind,
Under a different conjunction of stars, though on the same
Earth, which, as they say, is a goddess.

—CZESLAW MILOSZ

(*Translated, from the Polish, by the author and Robert Hass.*)

• •

She takes her hand out of his then and looks away from him. Suddenly tired, she wants to go home. She wants to find her daughter, carry her out to a cab, and ride the familiar road home. But that's impossible, and even if it were possible it would not ease her. The familiar haunts her now—braiding her daughter's hair, stooping to tie her daughter's shoe. The more routine the gesture, the more she is shaken by how deeply loss could touch her. That is why she asked Dutton to come, she realizes, because he is not a part of her jeopardy. She wants to believe her jeopardy has bounds, that there is some part of her life that cannot be touched.

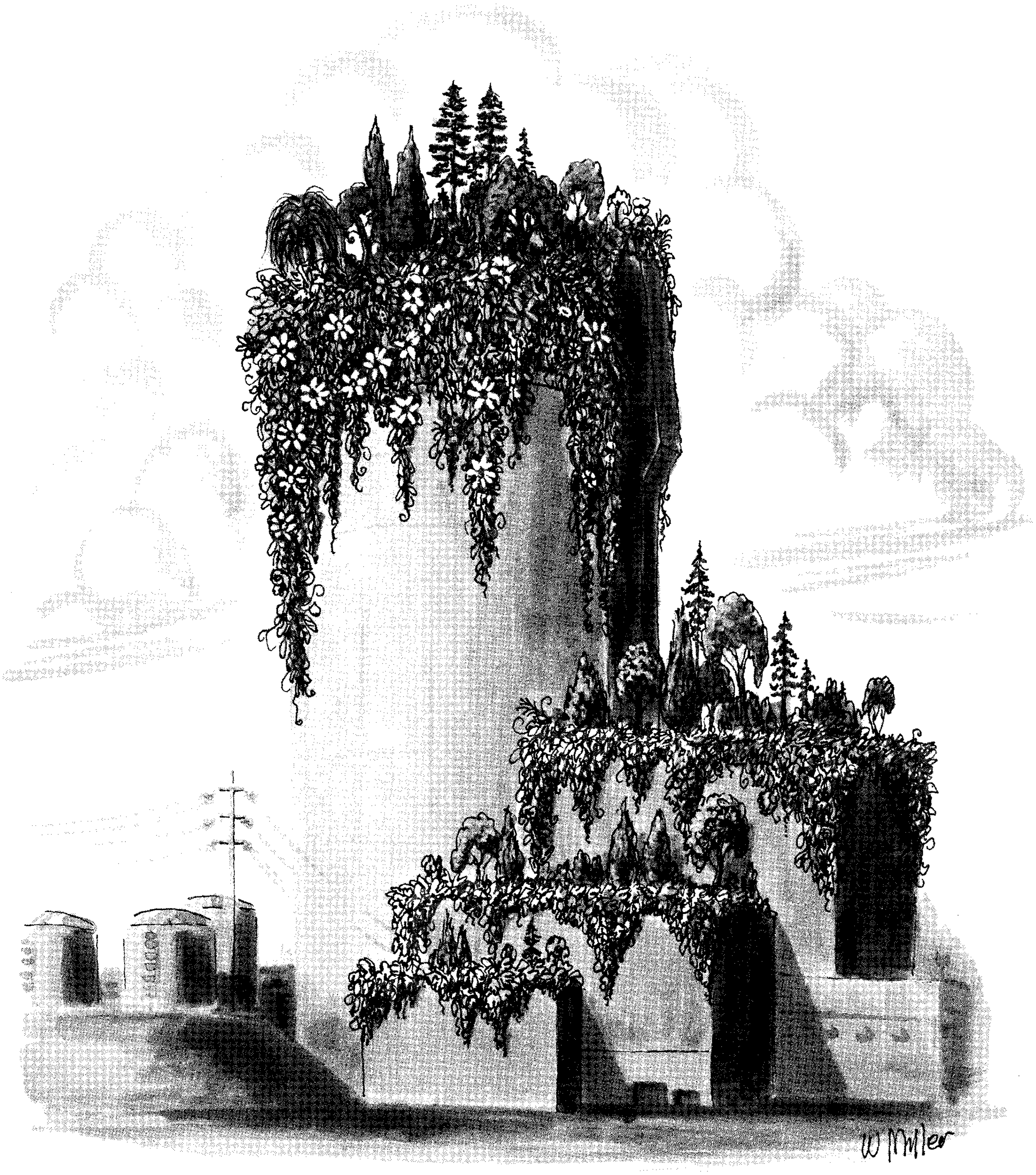
Dutton slides his chair next to hers and pulls her close, closer than they should be in the front of this bar. She shuts her eyes and feels him run his hand along the underside of her wrist. It's true; his touch does ease her. It eases her as much as anything he's said tonight. Maybe this is what terror will teach her, that the language of feeling is unspoken, a language of gesture, of limbs and organs. She opens her eyes, looks at Dutton, and he stops touching her. Then she knows that still she wants him to say something.

d. ehrenberg

"Maybe we should go back to the hotel. You've had a terrible day. You're tired. Sleep next to me, at least. I'll hold you. Someone should hold you."

"Not yet, no." She looks around the bar. Men are laughing, talking, leaning back in their chairs, as smooth and polished as a roomful of actors. "We should have dinner or something. There's a restaurant I know down the block."

HE helps her on with her coat and they go. At the door, he pulls her close again, under his arm. Outside the night is cold. Gusts of wind off the lake blow snow that fell that morning into their faces. They walk along the building to the end of the block. As they step away from its shelter at the corner, a powerful wind hits them so hard that



THE HANGING GARDENS OF SHOREHAM

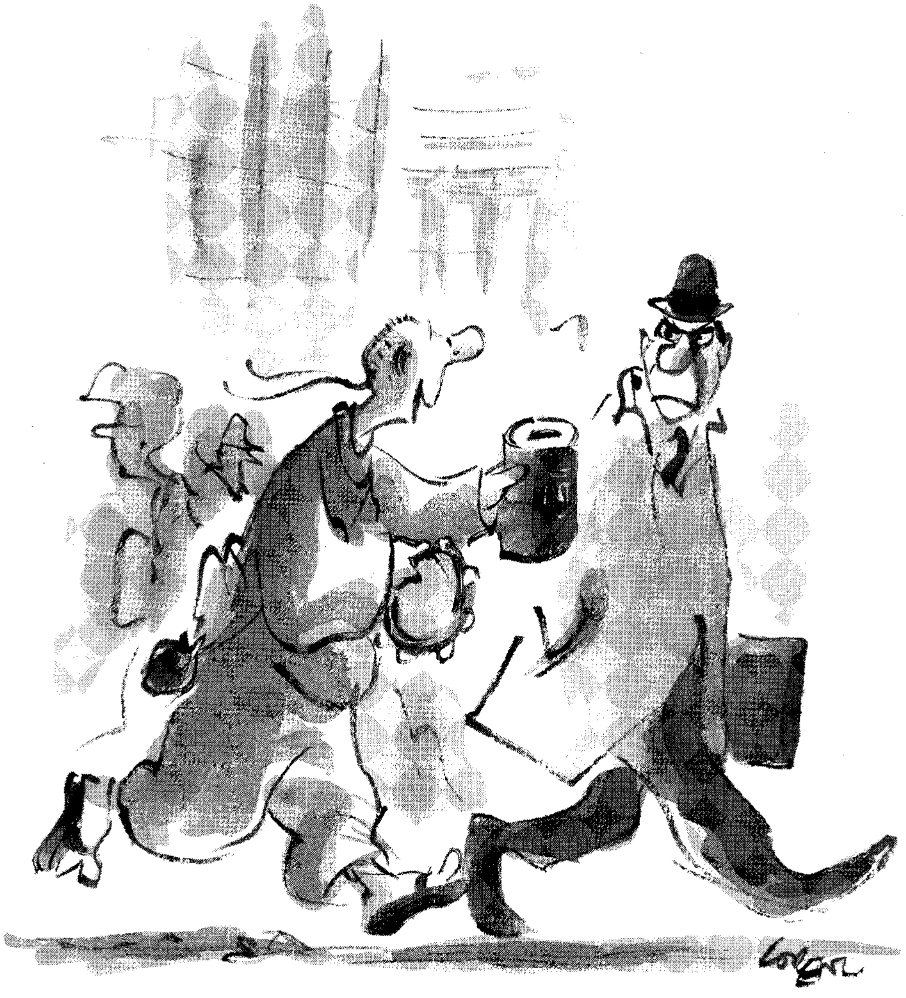
• •

Liza stumbles on the step down to the street. Dutton catches her before she falls, but for a moment the ground swirls beneath her feet. She thinks she might have to sit down on the curb. Next to her, Dutton stands quietly in the cold, his hand under her elbow. She looks at him, and then he puts his arms around her, presses her head to his shoulder. "I'm all right," she says into his ear. "Really I am. I'm glad you're here, Dutton." He relaxes when she says it, then pulls her closer, and she thinks, Words do ease us. They comfort us. Maybe they protect us in a way, rescue us from the agony of what our bodies feel.

Down the block the place Liza knew isn't there anymore, and so they go into a Greek restaurant across the street—a loud, happy place, still decorated for the holidays with tinsel and hanging tissue-paper stars. A slight man with sleek, dark hair motions them toward a cloakroom, then seats them in a corner booth near the bar.

Dutton orders bread and cheese and a bottle of dry white wine, which Liza drinks slowly. The place is still busy with a few large parties and crisscrossing waiters carrying plates of cheese, which they flame at the table while the crowd shouts, "*Opa!*" Liza leans into Dutton's shoulder and rests her head against the back of the booth. The wine warms her. Dutton eats carefully, with one hand, so she won't have to move. He brings a small forkful of cheese to her mouth, but she refuses, shaking her head, raising her glass. She leans deeper into his shoulder and looks across the restaurant at a young girl, maybe eleven or twelve, with shining hair and eyes. When the waiter brings a platter of cheese, her parents and two elderly women and a little boy who might be her brother sing "Happy Birthday" to her. Other diners turn, the girl smiles, and the waiter lights their cheese with a flourish, holding it high above the table for an instant like a blessing.

In the next moment, the tissue-paper star above the family is on fire. One of the elderly women gives out a strange shrill cry, and the young girl looks at her in horror, unaware of the fire over her head. Her father sweeps her out of her chair and toward the front door just as pieces of glowing ash flutter down on their table. Most of the diners stand silent, holding their napkins. A few back away from a small trail of flame that travels the room along a crêpe-paper streamer. Dutton takes Liza's glass out of her hand, but they sit still in their booth as the waiter who had lighted the cheese stands on the girl's empty chair, bats the star to the floor, and stomps on it. Across the room, another waiter does the same with the crêpe-paper streamer. The slight man who met Liza and Dutton at the door appears from the kitchen holding a fire extinguisher. He smiles when he sees what the waiters have done. "*Opa!*" he says, raising the extinguisher. "*Opa!*" The crowd of diners hesitates a moment, then begins to applaud. Next to Dutton, Liza begins to cry.



"May we enlist your support, sir, in healing our wounded planet?"

"Here," Dutton whispers, taking her hand, drawing her to her feet. "Come here." He steers her between tables into the alcove full of coats, pushes past a rack of them to a private corner. "Here," he says again. He hands her his handkerchief, but she's not crying now, her tears replaced by a deep, sorrowful exhaustion. She leans against an emergency exit and feels the weather outside, stony and cold against her back. In the dark of the alcove, she can't see Dutton's expression, but she knows he is watching her again with that acute attention. She is frightening him. She should say something. Before she can, he moves closer, presses against her, his warmth and yielding weight a strange contradiction to the steel door behind her. He touches her chin, pushes her hair behind her ear. She feels his breath, light and alert, on her neck. He draws his hands down her shoulders to her elbows and wrists and then to her waist, where he holds her. She feels then what Dutton has been talking about all these years. She feels the exact relief of his hands. Every place he touches is a place where her sorrow is not. For a moment, she is happy. She puts her arms around him. As she leans into him, away from the door, she feels his loneliness, too. In the curve of his chest, she feels herself occupying its space. Staring over his shoulder, she knows also, suddenly and sadly, that it will return, unchanged, her sorrow, his loneliness. This is only one moment. What she is learning under his hands is not the kind of knowledge that forms a path in the mind; it won't lead her anywhere.

She stares over his shoulder at the darkest corner of the alcove, at the two walls and the shadow of their juncture. "I love you, Dutton," she says suddenly. When she says it, she doesn't know why she is saying it, or even if she's lying, but he pulls her closer, he clutches her, and she realizes that the longing for a woman to speak these words to him has provoked much of his life, and now, at least, he has heard them. —JANET DESAULNIERS

ANNALS OF POLITICS

THE JOHNSON YEARS: BUYING AND SELLING

KTBC

ON February 16, 1942, in his room at the Town House Hotel in Los Angeles, Lieutenant Commander Lyndon Johnson was writing a letter to a secretary in his congressional office back in Washington. "I waked up worrying about money," he wrote.

Lyndon Johnson had been worrying about money most of his life. The lack of it, after his father's sudden financial failure had plunged the family into a morass of debt from which there was no hope of escape, had been responsible for so much of the insecurity and fears of his youth. His election to Congress, in 1937, had seemed only to intensify his fears—particularly, say friends with whom he discussed his financial situation, the fear of ending up like his father, who had also been an elected official—six times elected to the Texas Legislature—but had died penniless, in the humiliating job of a state bus inspector. So many times since Lyndon had come to Washington, he told these friends, he had seen former congressmen who had lost their seats—as, he predicted, he himself would inevitably one day lose his—working in poorly paid or humiliating jobs; again and again, he harked back to an incident he could not get out of his mind: while riding an elevator in the Capitol one day, he had struck up a conversation with the elevator operator—who told him that *he* had once been a congressman.

When, during his years in Congress before the war, he had been given small opportunities to improve his financial situation, he had accepted them eagerly. In 1939, the paternal, immensely wealthy newspaper publisher Charles E. Marsh, fond of Johnson (and of grandiose gestures toward young men), offered him a nineteen-acre tract of Austin real estate, at the giveaway price of twelve thousand dollars; Lady Bird borrowed the money from her father to buy it; Brown & Root, the Texas contracting firm that had been bankrolling (and benefitting from) Lyndon Johnson's career, graded and landscaped the tract and built a road out to it—and, for the first time, the Johnsons owned property. Johnson had sought further opportunities; hearing that one of two businessmen he casually introduced to each other at an Austin party in 1940 had later bought a piece of Austin real estate from the other, he asked the seller for a "finder's fee." The startled businessman refused to give Johnson anything, saying he had played no role in the transaction beyond the social introduction. Considering the matter closed—the transaction, the businessman recalls, was small, and the fee would not have amounted to "more than a thousand dollars, if that"—he was astonished, upon opening his front door to pick up his newspaper early the next morning, to see his congressman sitting on the curb, waiting to ask him again for the money. And, when he again refused, "Lyndon started—well, really to beg me for it."

A ten-thousand-dollar-a-year salary such as he drew as a congressman was considered adequate by other young men in Washington, but it did not even make a dent in his needs. The suits that he had custom-tailored, at Lentz–Linden, in San Antonio, were the most expensive they sold—a hundred and ninety-five dollars apiece—and he bought several at a time. His sophisticated and elegant mistress, Alice Glass, had taught him to turn the length and ungainliness of his arms to advantage by wearing custom-made shirts with French cuffs, and these shirts—monogrammed—arrived at his apartment in boxloads. His cufflinks had to be solid gold, and so did his watch; his shoes had to be of the softest leather—custom-made—and his boots, custom-made, were hand-tooled. He wanted not only maids but a masseuse. He liked to give gifts, to pick up checks in expensive night clubs—possession of the resources to do so was very important to him. In the same letter to the secretary, O. J. Weber—in which he underlined his "worrying" about finances by writing, "I would like to have a list of all unpaid bills that have come in and we will clear with you before they are paid"—he also asked for news about a new shipment of custom-tailored shirts he had ordered to wear with his Navy uniform (which had also been custom-tailored). With increasing urgency, Johnson had been importuning George R. Brown, co-owner, with his brother Herman, of Brown & Root, to find him a business of his own, and Brown had felt certain that if a substantial opportunity was offered Johnson would leap at it.

Passionate as was Lyndon Johnson's desire for money, however, it was cold beside another desire—as became apparent when the offer came. During a vacation with Johnson and Brown at the Greenbrier Hotel, in West Virginia, in the autumn of 1940, Marsh, wanting to free Johnson from financial worries, offered to let the thirty-two-year-old congressman buy his share in a partnership with the oilman Sid Richardson without a down payment, and pay for it out of subsequent earnings. Johnson understood that the offer was worth at least three-quarters of a million dollars, but after weighing it for a week he declined with thanks, politely but firmly, explaining that he couldn't be an oilman; if the public knew he had oil interests, "it would kill me politically."

Brown and Marsh had thought they had measured Johnson's political ambitions, had thought measuring them was easy, for Johnson was always talking about how he wanted to stay in the House until a Senate seat opened up, and then run for the Senate, about how the Senate seat was his ultimate goal in politics. Never had he mentioned any other office, nor did he mention one during that week at the Greenbrier. But since being an oilman couldn't hurt him in his safe congressional district, or in a Senate race in oil-dominated Texas—since there was only one office for which he would be "killed" by being an oilman—during that week Brown and Marsh realized what Johnson really wanted, and how much he wanted it. Money and power—he wanted both. But the depth of his need for one was as nothing compared to the depth of his need for the other. As long as the path to his great goal lay open before him, he refused to risk a detour, even for wealth.

The war, however—and his defeat in the 1941 senatorial election—blocked the path. For the first five months after Pearl Harbor, despite his pledge to Texas voters that if war began he would immediately enlist and be "in the trenches, in the mud and blood with your boys," he had remained on the West Coast, having what his aide John Connally describes as "a lot of fun" while devoting his energy to lobbying for a powerful wartime position in Washington. But President Franklin D. Roosevelt, while paternally fond of the young Congressman, may have considered a high administrative post inappropriate for someone whose only administrative experience was as one of forty-eight state directors of the National Youth Administration; his attempts to obtain what intimates called "something big" in Washington were rebuffed.

When, after finally going to the South Pacific and flying as an observer on a single bombing raid (a mission for which he received the Silver Star from General Douglas MacArthur), Johnson returned to Washington, in July, 1942, he had his eye on the job of Secretary of the Navy. In October, 1942, while the man in that job, Frank Knox, was away from Washington on an inspection tour for the President, Johnson planted with Walter Winchell, Drew Pearson, and other friendly columnists the rumor that Knox was about to resign and he himself was in line for the post. Pearson wrote that if Johnson was made Secretary he would be working with MacArthur. "Lyndon Johnson as Secretary of the Navy, Douglas MacArthur at the helm—that ought to be a good combination." And George W. Stimpson, the Washington correspondent for several Texas newspapers, wrote that the suggestion of Johnson's appointment "has caught on like wildfire." The wildfire, however, was limited to credulous journalists; Roosevelt was still willing to chat with Johnson over breakfast but was apparently unwilling to consider giving him a high wartime post. Next came mysterious leaks (from Johnson, to reporters) of an imminent "secret government mission" to London—the kind of liaison mission that Harry Hopkins was performing between Roosevelt and Winston Churchill, perhaps. ("Johnson," the Associated Press reported, "has been conferring almost daily at the War, Navy Department and the White House.") But there was no mission to London, either.

MAN, THAT IS BORN OF WOMAN

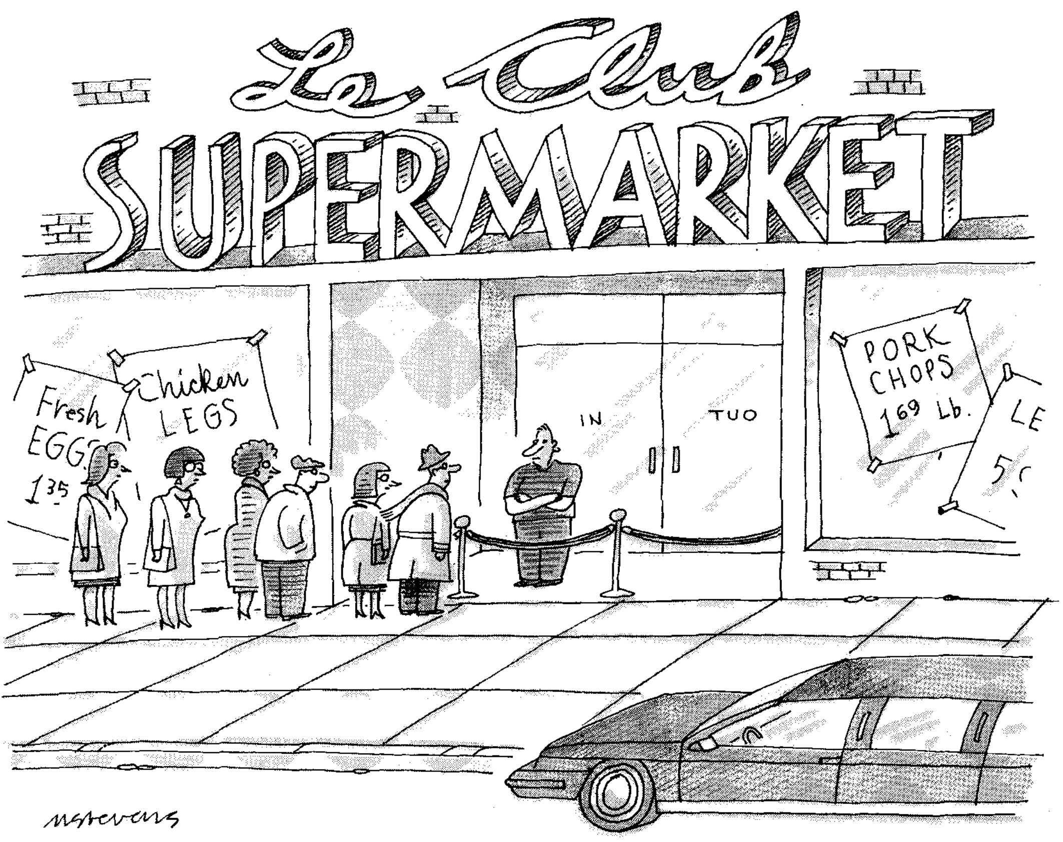
It is in slow choking
that leaves flare.
And that single spider strand
flung between shrubs
catches nothing
but sun splinters.
Each leaf an hour:
shudder against the regulation blue.
Warm palm on granite:
it's only my own
pulse cantering
as it did against your
cold and stiffening hand.
All around me, life
grips: the oak-leaf stem
holds hard the throttling twig,
lichen and moss seize
the Precambrian ledge, wild
grapevine strangles
the beech: my
hand, gripping
this granite glacial
shelf, could clench as surely
an altocirrus wisp,
as freely
let it go.

—Rosanna Warren

• •

ONCE Johnson realized that he was not to be given a high position in the war, his change in attitude toward it was dramatic. In O. J. Weber's words, "he regarded it as an interference with his agenda." He resented its demands on his staff, but, despite his influence with Under-Secretary of the Navy James V. Forrestal, he was defeated in a string of engagements with young aides, who, otherwise totally loyal to his service, persisted in regarding service to their country as a higher priority. Weber, for example, was so determined to serve that, having failed a Navy eye examination, he had been drinking "gallons of carrot juice" in an attempt to improve his vision and had applied for enlistment as an Air Force communications cadet. But every time he was notified to report for duty, Weber recalls, Johnson would say, "Well, I just can't spare you right now. I'll call someone and have him take care of it." Weber says, "This happened two or three times, and I really wanted to get in the war." The young secretary outmaneuvered Johnson by telephoning the colonel in charge of enlistments and suggesting that the next time he received one of the Johnson-initiated telephone calls he should say that Weber was vitally needed in the Air Force. When a young Austin attorney, Charles Herring, who replaced Connally when he left for combat duty, told Johnson that his number had been called in the draft Johnson attempted to persuade him not to go, insisting that the opportunity of working in Washington was too good to pass up.

Then when Herring said that his orders had already been cut, Johnson said, "Hell, I'll cancel that right now." And when Herring insisted on serving his country, Johnson exploded. "You're crazy!"



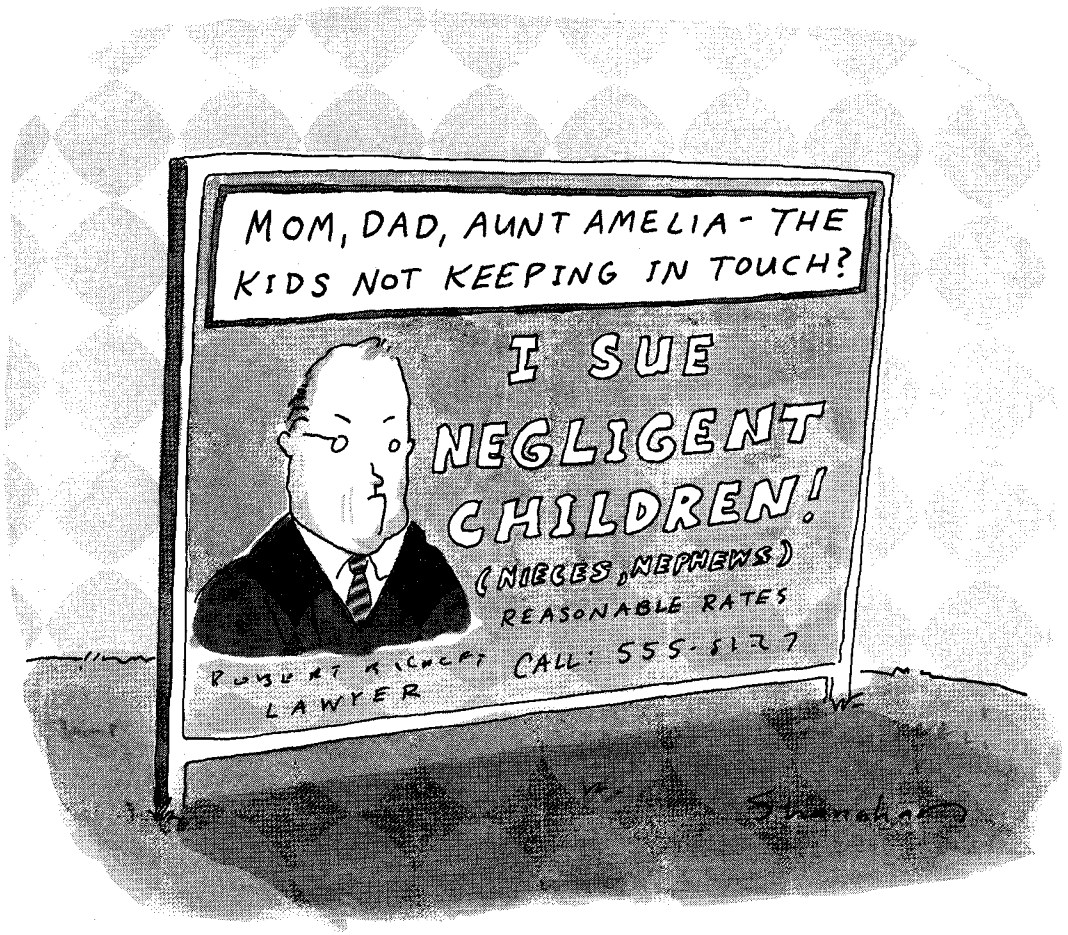
NOT long after Johnson's return from the war, Roosevelt disappointed him in another matter. Johnson's possession of a measure of political influence that lifted him above the ranks of other junior congressmen was based on his fund-raising efforts during the 1940 elections. In a stroke of inspiration, he had seen in the moribund Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee an opportunity for personal political advantage. Obtaining an informal post with the committee, he had arranged for newly rich Texas contractors and independent oilmen to make contributions to it, with the stipulation that these funds be distributed at his discretion. This control over money urgently needed by congressmen running for reëlection had given him their gratitude and, in the House in general, a new respect—the first respect he had had that wasn't based on his relationship with Roosevelt or Speaker of the House Sam Rayburn; his role with the Campaign Committee had given him his first taste of national power of his own, and he had expected to perform the same role in 1942.

But Edward J. Flynn, the Democratic National Chairman and a longtime Roosevelt intimate, was determined to shift this power to his own candidate, a vociferous California wildcatter named Edwin W. Pauley, who had access to the same money that Johnson had. When in 1942 Flynn solicited Texas contributions, there was some reluctance—Brown & Root and liberal businessmen, such as Stanley Marcus, of the Neiman-Marcus department store, again refused to give except through Johnson—but after it was explained that handling all contributions through the National Committee would be more efficient, most of the big Texas contributors followed Flynn's suggestion.

Roosevelt appears to have wanted Johnson back in his 1940 role, but Roosevelt at war had little patience with politics. Only his direct intervention could have forced Johnson on Flynn, and that intervention was not forthcoming. It had been money—campaign contributions to which he alone had access and over whose distribution he had discretion—that had given Johnson his first lever to move the political world. Now that lever had been eased. A single scene in 1944 dramatized the loss of prestige Johnson had suffered. At a boisterous Democratic dinner in Dallas, at which Pauley announced to loud cheers and rebel yells that Texas had raised more for the Party that year than any other state but New York, Johnson had to sit watching as Texas State Democratic Treasurer Harry L. Seay presented the Californian with a fifty-thousand-dollar check—a check that represented the combined contributions of men who had once channelled their checks through *him*.

In the House of Representatives, his path was also blocked. His lack of interest in the legislative work of that body had been striking before the war. As far as "real" speeches were concerned (speeches of more than a paragraph or two in length that were actually delivered in the House instead of merely being inserted in the *Congressional Record*), during the four and a half years in which he served in the House before the war, he had made only two of them: in 1937, a brief memorial tribute to his predecessor; in 1941, a speech advocating the extension of the Selective Service Act. He had introduced only one "national" bill, or bill that would have had an effect outside his own district—a bill introduced after Pearl Harbor to create a wartime job for himself by merging the National Youth Administration and the Civilian Conservation Corps into a single agency, to whose chairmanship he hoped to be appointed. He was remarkably silent not only in the well of the House but on the floor, refusing conspicuously to commit himself on issues not only in debate but in informal discussions in the cloakrooms or behind the brass rail at the rear of the House chamber, where much quiet lobbying was done.

Now, in the beginning of 1943, he broke new ground for himself, introducing a piece of national legislation—with the exception of the self-ag-


MOM, DAD, AUNT AMELIA - THE KIDS NOT KEEPING IN TOUCH?
I SUE NEGLIGENT CHILDREN!
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grandizing N.Y.A.-C.C.C. merger proposal, the first such bill he had introduced in almost six years in Congress—and rising on the floor to argue for it.

This fight ended in fiasco. Johnson's bill, a Draconian measure that would have curbed absenteeism in war plants by requiring the immediate drafting of any worker absent from work too often, fell under the jurisdiction of the House Labor Committee, but Johnson introduced it instead in his own committee, Naval Affairs, without the courtesy of consulting with Labor Committee Chairwoman Mary T. Norton, of New Jersey. When Mrs. Norton learned about the bill—after the Naval Affairs Committee reported it out favorably—she angrily confronted the Naval Affairs Committee chairman, Carl Vinson, who had to admit in embarrassment that he had incorrectly assumed that the Labor Committee had surrendered jurisdiction. She then demanded that the Rules Committee, which controls the flow of legislation to the floor, not allow the bill to reach the floor, and it died in the Rules Committee. Following this debacle, Lyndon Johnson did not make another speech in the House during the rest of the war. He did not introduce another bill.

The House of Representatives was an oligarchy. A bare score of men—the Speaker, the Majority Leader, the Whip, and the most powerful committee chairmen—held genuine power in the four-hundred-and-thirty-five-member body, and admission to ruling circles was strictly by seniority. A handful of favored younger congressmen, such as Johnson and Wright Patman, were granted entry to Rayburn's "Board of Education," a hideaway on the ground floor of the Capitol where a select group of leaders met for late-afternoon drinks. But while these younger congressmen could drink with these men they couldn't rule with them.

During his youth and early political career, it had been noticed that Lyndon Johnson needed—with a compelling need—not merely to lead but to dominate, to bend others to his will. As a boy, a friend recalls, "if he couldn't lead, he didn't care much about playing." This now proved to be as true in the House as it had been on the vacant lots of Johnson City. Throughout the war, he had even less to do with the legislative work of Congress than he had had before the war. Moreover, while before the war Johnson had been a dynamic and effective congressman within his own Tenth Congressional District, improving the lives of his constituents through rural electrification and other intra-district public-works projects, wartime shortages of materials now brought such projects to a virtual halt. Work for the Tenth District was limited largely to servicing the requests of individual constituents, and Lyndon Johnson increasingly delegated this work to his staff.

Johnson's attention and his energies focussed now on the goal from which he had previously turned away. As long as the road to governmental advancement had been open, he had deferred his desire for money. But now that road was blocked. The deferring was over. From the acquisition of political power, Johnson turned to the acquisition of money. And he grabbed for the new prize as eagerly as he had grabbed for the old.

If the prize was new, however, the arena in which he sought it was the old arena: the political arena. Inexperienced in business, Lyndon Johnson displayed, at least for some years, little business expertise. But he didn't need any, for the basis of his business enterprise was not business but politics. His first step, in fact, was a case study in the use of political influence to amass wealth.

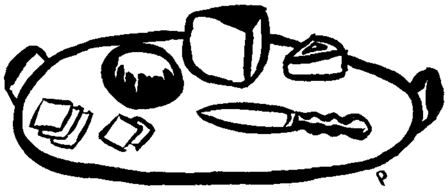
THE instrumentality was a radio station—KTBC, in Austin.

In few businesses was the role of government as crucial as in radio, for not only were the very licenses that allowed the use of the airwaves granted, and periodically renewed, only at the sufferance of the Federal Communications Commission but the F.C.C. possessed virtually unchallengeable authority over every aspect of a station's operations.

KTBC proved the point. Although radio was a booming business in 1942, the Austin station wasn't participating in the boom. The application filed with the F.C.C. in December, 1935, by its owners—a University of Texas law professor, A. W. Walker, and two attorneys, Robert A. Stuart and Robert B. Anderson (who became Secretary of the Treasury in the Eisenhower Administration)—for an F.C.C. construction permit, the first step toward obtaining a license, wasn't even approved until nineteen months of bureaucratic red tape, which included six separate hearings, had elapsed. And although the owners had requested permission to operate virtually twenty-four hours a day, the permit they finally received, in July, 1937, allowed them only to share a frequency, 1120 kilocycles, with WTAW, the station of Texas A & M College, eighty miles from Austin; the F.C.C. granted KTBC only the daytime hours, denying it the evening hours, the most valuable time on radio; KTBC was to be only a "sundowner," a station required to go off the air at sundown, as early as five o'clock during the winter months in which radio listenership was highest because inclement weather kept families inside. Given the lack of evening hours, it was almost irrelevant that 1120 (later changed to 1150) was too high on the dial for widespread reception, because in the Austin area that end of the dial was already crowded—with the city's other station, KNOW, and with two powerful San Antonio stations, WOAI and KTSA, whose signals, much stronger than KTBC's, drowned out the Austin station except on a narrow frequency, and limited its range to the area immediately around the city. A sundowner had little chance of obtaining an affiliation with a national network. Businesses that wanted to advertise on the popular evening network shows would advertise on either KTSA, which was part of the popular CBS network, or on WOAI, which was an NBC network affiliate.

There had never been much money behind KTBC. The three owners had started it with an investment of only twenty-seven thousand dollars, and that had all been spent. Its "headquarters," situated over the Austin School of Business in a small building on Colorado Avenue, consisted of a studio, a control room, three small offices, and a classroom that the station was allowed to use as a reception area when the school, as KTBC's lease put it, "does not have a class actually reciting there"; since the station could not afford the rental for even such modest facilities, it gave the school three hundred dollars' worth of airtime a month in exchange. KTBC's only other physical plant consisted of an antenna and transmitter on a plot of land north of Austin. The station's management was similarly makeshift. So amateurishly produced and written were its own shows that local merchants had little incentive to advertise on them. And they didn't. Each year, KTBC's financial picture worsened: in 1942, advertising revenues totalled $26,795, expenses $34,026, and by the end of 1942 the station's debts amounted to more than nineteen thousand dollars; the station had been kept afloat during 1941 and 1942 only by five thousand dollars in loans from Professor Walker, loans that consumed the last of his available capital. Employees were wondering from day to day when the station would go off the air for good. Better management would not have made much difference, however. So long as the conditions imposed by the initial license—the restrictions on its hours and its unfavorable location at the crowded end of the dial—remained, the station could never be very profitable.

But conditions could be changed, and changed quickly. For the restrictions on KTBC were, after all, restrictions that had been imposed by government. Walker, Stuart, and Anderson (and James G. Ulmer, a Yale graduate and radio entrepreneur who owned several Texas radio stations, and who had been given some form of interest in KTBC in return for his managerial expertise) wanted to change the severe restrictions on its operations; the reasons for KTBC's problems, Walker would say, were simply that "we did not have a network affiliation and we couldn't operate at night"; Ulmer was later to say that he had "completed all the engineering" data necessary for a contemplated application to the F.C.C. for a change to a lower frequency and longer hours, but ran into more F.C.C. delays unrelated to that change. And when, in frustration, the three owners tried to sell the station, they found that the F.C.C. wouldn't even let them do that. In December, 1939, they had given an option to J. M. West, a wealthy oilman, rancher, and publisher of the Austin *Tribune*, to purchase KTBC for fifty thousand dollars, contingent on the required F.C.C. approval of the transfer of the station's license to him. But in February of 1940 the F.C.C. replied to the transfer application by revoking KTBC's license, stating that it had learned that Ulmer had a "hidden interest" in the station. The three owners responded that the F.C.C. was mistaken, that Ulmer's interest did not extend to stock ownership. Wanting to make the point moot, however, since their only interest in the station now was to sell it, they made arrangements within a month, on March 25, 1940, that would "eliminate any monetary profit of any kind to which . . . Jas. G. Ulmer might ever become entitled to from the proceeds of the sale of said capital stock," although he would continue to manage the station. They then agreed to sell KTBC to West for twenty thousand dollars—plus twelve thousand dollars to cover the station's debts at the time. Confident that they had certainly met any conceivable objection to the sale, the three owners again asked the F.C.C. to permit the change of ownership.



The owners of KTBC may have moved quickly, but the F.C.C. did not. It moved, in fact, not at all, for more than a year; although the commission was finally to concede that Ulmer had indeed "completely . . . relinquished any . . . interest which he may have had" in the station's ownership, it did not issue this ruling for fifteen months, during which KTBC was operating under a series of temporary licenses as hearings and bureaucratic complications dragged on. And when, on June 26, 1941, the F.C.C. gave KTBC a regular license, it nevertheless did not approve the transfer to West—this time because he was a newspaper publisher, and the agency had recently decided to hold hearings on Order 79, an over-all policy that would bar newspaper publishers from owning radio stations; until these hearings were completed, the F.C.C. said, all applications from publishers were being placed in a "pending" file. Nor did the delays stop there. In August, West died, leaving his option to his two sons, Wesley and James, and a conservative Republican businessman from Austin, E. G. Kingsbery. When the three men petitioned the F.C.C. for a ruling—*any* ruling, favorable or unfavorable—on the transfer request, so that they would at least know where they stood, the commission returned the petition, saying that it had been submitted in incorrect form. In 1942, KTBC was still snarled in red tape. By refusing to allow nighttime hours, the commission was making operation of the station economically unfeasible for its owners, but since the commission had refused for almost three years to rule on the Wests' option to purchase the station, and the option remained in force, the owners couldn't sell it to anyone else. The F.C.C. was, in effect, forcing them either to operate at a loss or to close down, thereby surrendering their license. But closing down would mean that Professor Walker would never get his five thousand dollars back; in addition, there was now also a four-thousand-dollar loan one of West's sons had made to keep the station going, a debt the owners felt obligated to repay.

They were frantic to sell. Walker wrote to F.C.C. Chairman James Fly directly. He told Fly of the "hard struggle to keep this station on its feet." Only his loans had done so, the professor wrote, and "I have gone the limit of my personal ability" and could make no more. He was expecting to be drafted momentarily. There was, he said, no alternative to selling; he pleaded with Fly to allow the transfer of KTBC's license to the Wests. But the F.C.C. still refused to approve the sale. Fly's only reply to Walker was that Order 79 continued to preclude F.C.C. consent to the proposed sale of KTBC.

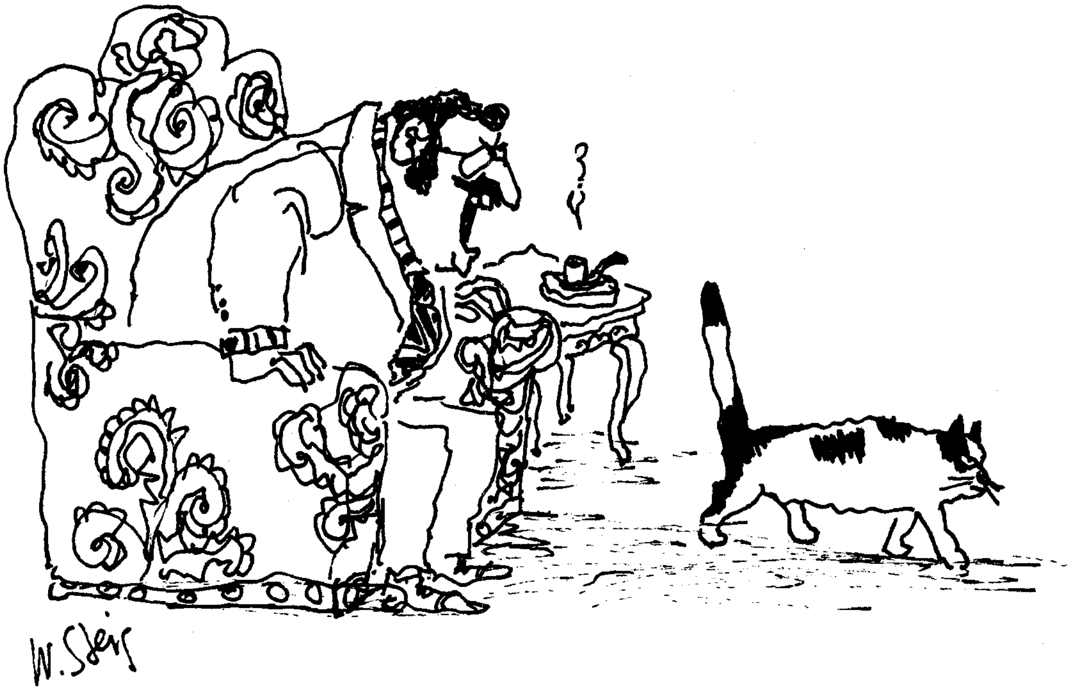
Ulmer was also frantic. West, increasingly intrigued by radio's potential, had offered to buy all Ulmer's radio stations, for seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and to allow him to continue managing them. But, determined to have an outlet in the state capital, the oilman made his offer contingent on F.C.C. approval not only of their sale but of the KTBC sale as well: if Ulmer obtained F.C.C. approval of the KTBC sale, the whole deal was on; if not, it was off. And Ulmer's money was running out.

Then, in 1942, Ulmer made a fatal misstep: he decided to retain an attorney who was known to have influence with government agencies, and the attorney he chose was Alvin J. Wirtz.

Wirtz had once been a state senator from the little Texas town of Seguin. He never told anyone the circumstances under which he had suddenly left Seguin in 1934, as feeling was running high among farmers who felt they had been cheated out of their land by a law sponsored by their own state senator; in the words of an attorney familiar with the episode, Wirtz had been "run out of town." He had come to Austin, where, that episode unknown, the big burly lawyer and lobbyist became known for his easygoing charm, his broad, ever-present smile, his soft-voiced, calm, avuncular manner, and, among the few men who knew him well, for a technique as smooth as his drawl—he was the kind of lawyer who would, after agreeing on a contract with another attorney who believed Wirtz was his friend, slip into the contract as it was being retyped a sentence that altered its meaning (and would quietly gloat about it: "My dear Lyndon, I have not called his attention to the fact, but . . .")—as well as for a ruthlessness that startled even hardened Austin political operatives. ("He would gut you if he could. But you would probably never know he did it. . . . He would still be smiling when he slipped in the knife.") Lyndon Johnson was to call him "my dearest friend, my most trusted counsellor."

Ulmer and Wirtz had dinner one evening in Austin's Driskill Hotel, and Ulmer explained the situation at KTBC. The big man with the easy smile could not have been more sympathetic. By the end of dinner, Ulmer thought he had retained Wirtz to represent the State Capital Broadcasting Association before the F.C.C.; he was later to say that they had even agreed on a ten-thousand-dollar retainer: twenty-five hundred dollars down, a thousand dollars a month for five months, and the balance upon F.C.C. approval. Wirtz told Ulmer to meet him at his office the next morning at nine o'clock.

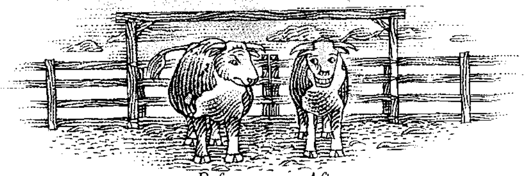
But Ulmer did not know the man he was dealing with. At nine in the morning, Ulmer was in the waiting room of Powell, Wirtz, Rauhut & Gideon. The secretary told him that Senator Wirtz hadn't come in yet, so Ulmer sat down to wait. He waited for some hours, from time to time looking at a picture displayed on the wall—a picture of Congressman Lyn-



"And I can get along without you!"

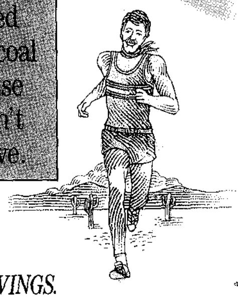
What's The Skinny On Beef?

Well, that's just it. The latest word on fat is less. Less at the ranch and less in the meat market. Which is remarkably good news for everyone who thought all they had to look forward to was poached blowfish. So start the charcoal or light the broiler. Because now, eating skinny doesn't mean you have to starve.



MEANWHILE BACK AT THE RANCH.

We haven't exactly been staring at the sagebrush while the rest of the world ran to aerobics class. Leaner breeding, skinnier feeding and closer trimming are making things definitely okay at the corral.



OF CALORIES AND CRAVINGS.

A lean, trimmed 3-ounce serving of beef averages just 200 calories. Some cuts have even fewer. Just check out the "Skinniest Six" below.

MODERATION IN ALL THINGS.

Beef, chicken or fish, the suggested serving size is 3-ounces, cooked. Raw, just think of a quarter pound of lean beef per person. Then think teriyaki, fajitas, kabobs, satays....

SKINNY BEEF SALAD.

For a salad you won't wish was something else, toss in a few strips of tender sirloin along with the green stuff. P.S. It also works with leftovers.

BEEF

*Figures are for 3-ounce servings, cooked and trimmed.**
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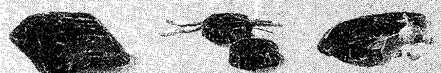
ROUND TIP	TOP LOIN	TOP ROUND
6.4 gms total fat*	7.6 gms total fat*	5.3 gms total fat*
(2.3 gms sat. fat)	(3.0 gms sat. fat)	(1.8 gms sat. fat)
162 calories	172 calories	162 calories

Beef.
Real Food For Real People.

Source: U.S.D.A. Handbook No. 8-13

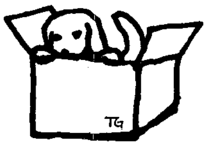


EYE OF ROUND	TENDERLOIN	SIRLOIN
5.5 gms total fat*	7.9 gms total fat*	7.4 gms total fat*
(2.1 gms sat. fat)	(3.1 gms sat. fat)	(3.0 gms sat. fat)
155 calories	174 calories	177 calories

don Johnson, bearing a fond inscription. But Senator Wirtz never arrived. Finally, the secretary said that perhaps Ulmer should come back in the afternoon. And when he returned in the afternoon the secretary apologized; Senator Wirtz, she said, had unexpectedly been called to Washington, and indeed had already left. She told Ulmer that Wirtz would be staying at the Mayflower Hotel, and Ulmer tried repeatedly to telephone him there, leaving messages. Wirtz never replied. In fact, Ulmer never heard from him again.

Ulmer never heard from the F.C.C. about KTBC, either, and neither did the station's owners, or the holders of the option to purchase it, the Wests and Kingsbery. They did, however, hear from someone else: the man whose picture was on the wall of Wirtz's office.

Kingsbery was a conservative Republican and a tough businessman, but he was also a father. In 1941, Johnson had given his son, John, one of the coveted appointments to the United States Naval Academy, at Annapolis. "He knew there were two ways through to me, my family and money, and, of those, the most important was my family," Kingsbery was to tell Texas journalist Ronnie Dugger. Now when, just before Christmas in 1942, Kingsbery was asked to call on the Congressman, he brought him a present: a quart of pure cream. That was not, however, the type of present Johnson had in mind. Alluding to the appointment of Kingsbery's son, and then to Kingsbery's option on KTBC, the Congressman asked Kingsbery to give him the option. If he ever lost an election, he said, he would be out of politics, and "I have no means of making a living. I want to get into some business." Kingsbery was not particularly eager to exercise his option ("I understood the station was bankrupt") but felt an obligation to the deceased J. M. West not to do anything West's sons would not approve. He also felt, however, that he had an "obligation" to Johnson for his son's appointment, and he told him, "I'll recommend that they give it to you, and then we'll be even."



Johnson wanted someone more influential with the West brothers than Kingsbery to join in this recommendation; he wanted George Brown—in fact, he wanted even more than a recommendation from Brown.

Fearing that the ultra-conservative Wests would not want to sell this medium of public opinion to a "liberal," Johnson decided that the identity of the purchaser should be concealed; he proposed that Brown act as a front for him and pretend to the Wests that Brown & Root was the buyer. However, Brown, unwilling to deceive friends, later recalled that "I told him he should do it himself"—that is, persuade them to sell. He knew Lyndon could persuade them, Brown was to say with a smile; convincing liberals that he was a liberal, conservatives that he was a conservative—"that was his leadership, that was his knack." Brown did not overestimate his man. He arranged for Johnson to meet the West brothers in Suite 8-F of Houston's Lamar Hotel, the Brown & Root suite, which was the late-afternoon gathering place of the city's conservative rulers, led the three men to a room across the hall, and shut the door behind them. "He went in there, and in an hour he had convinced them" that he wasn't a liberal, and "had them liking him," Brown recalled. Wesley West later told a friend, "I didn't like Lyndon Johnson, but, by God, I went over there, and he's a pretty good fellow." They agreed to give him their option to purchase KTBC. (In later years, Johnson propagated the story that he had made a Christmas Day visit to the West ranch to arrange the sale; he may have gone to the West ranch, but the crucial meeting was in the Lamar—a place Johnson avoided mentioning whenever possible, since to anyone familiar with the Browns it would be proof of his link with them.) Forty years later, George Brown, old now, almost blind, holding an interviewer's arm as he walked up to 8-F to take a nap after lunch, stopped and pointed to the door across the hall. "Right there, right in that room, is where he bought the radio station," he said. The Wests agreed to surrender their option on one condition: that the F.C.C. approve the sale, which would be made not to Lyndon Johnson but to Mrs. Lyndon Johnson.

On January 2, 1943, Mrs. Johnson mailed Wirtz a check for seventeen thousand five hundred dollars to be placed in escrow for the sale, and deposited seventy-five hundred dollars in her account in the American National Bank to be applied against the station's outstanding debts; when she had made those payments, she had apparently used up almost all her available cash.

On January 18th, the West brothers agreed to sell their option to her for seventeen thousand five hundred dollars "subject to the approval of the F.C.C." On January 23, 1943, Mrs. Johnson filed an application (filled out by Wirtz), asking the F.C.C.'s consent to a transfer of control of KTBC from the old owners to her. On February 16th, the Secretary of the F.C.C. wrote, "The consent of the Federal Communications Commission is hereby granted." The Wests—first the father, then the sons—had been attempting for three years to obtain such a consent. Mrs. Lyndon Johnson had obtained it in twenty-four days.

BECAUSE KTBC was purchased in his wife's name and she became president of the company and was active in its affairs, Lyndon Johnson was able to maintain for the rest of his life that the company, which was eventually to consist of a galaxy of radio and television stations, was not his but hers—all hers and only hers. Asked at a press conference during his Presidency about a possible conflict of interest, he said there could not conceivably be any in his case, "because I don't have any interest in government-regulated industries of any kind and never have had. . . . All that is owned by Mrs. Johnson." He did not own the company, he said, and he derived no income from it. He did not, he said, participate in its affairs and played absolutely no role in its decisions or operations. He repeated these assertions over and over, in unequivocal terms: "I have never received any funds or cast any votes with it." He had his lawyers repeat them: "It was her station; don't let anyone tell you to the contrary," said Leonard H. Marks, an attorney who was an assistant to the general counsel for the F.C.C. until 1946, when he entered private practice, in which he represented the Johnson interests. And his spokesmen: "As you know," George Reedy, one of his White House press secretaries, said, "the President stated shortly after he took the oath of office that he had no television holdings. . . . As the American people know, the President had devoted all of

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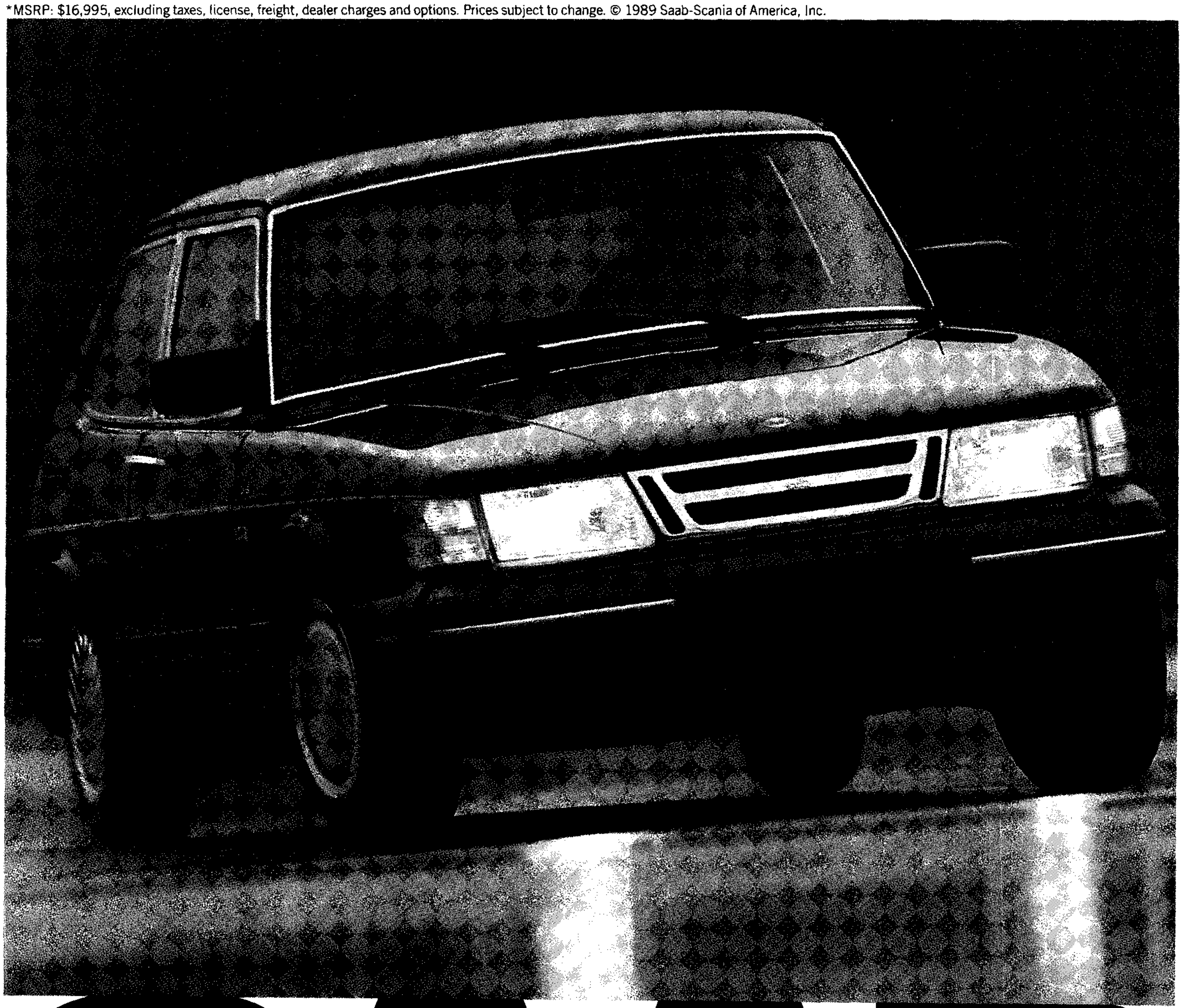


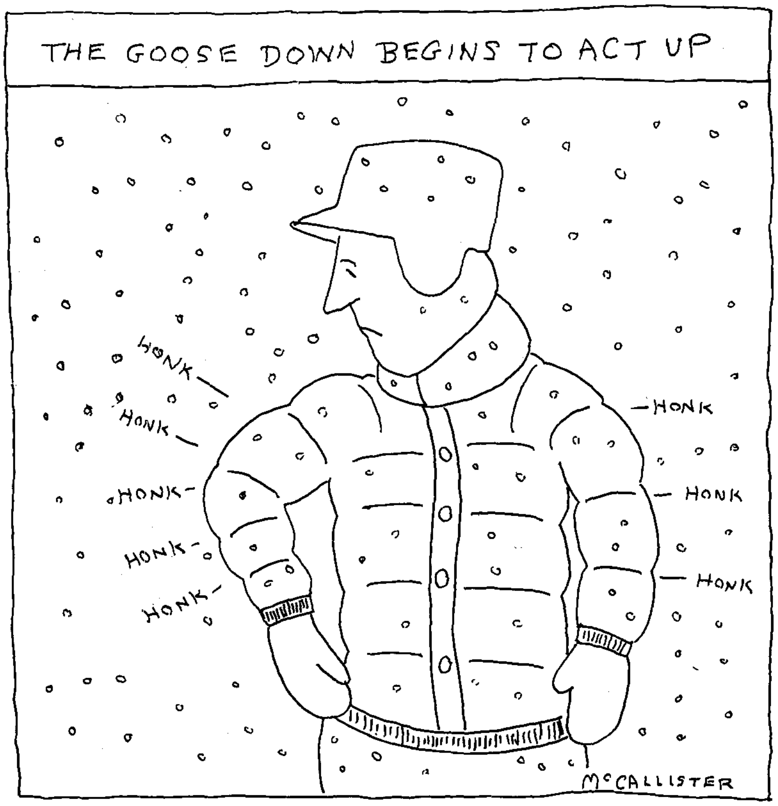
SAAB

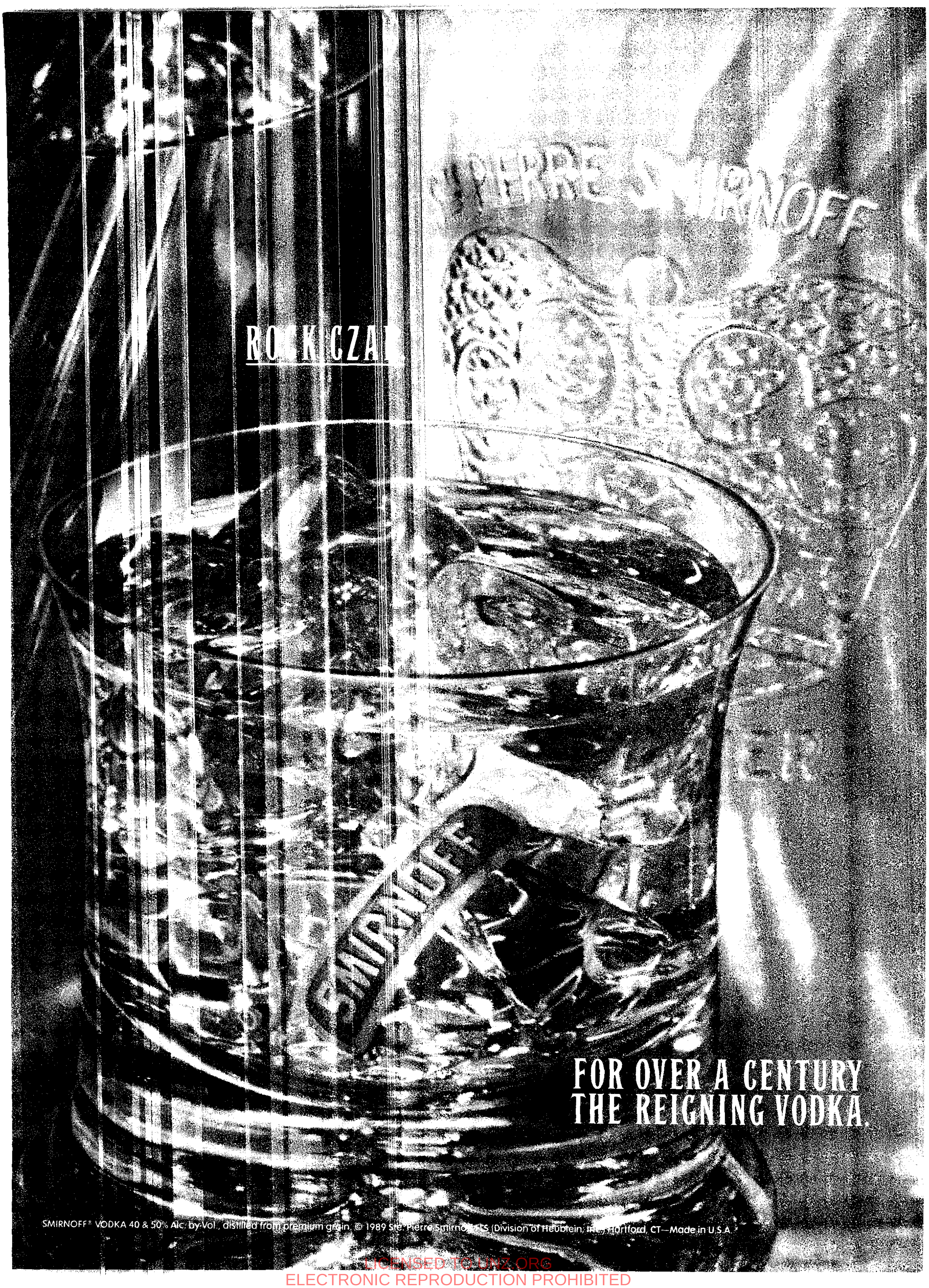
his time and energy to the public business and he is not engaged in any private enterprise directly or indirectly." And his old friends: Elizabeth Wickenden Goldschmidt says, "I remember Lady Bird sitting there at their dining-room table in Washington with all the books of the station laid out in front of her. She really worked very hard at running that station and she was a very astute businesswoman." During the Johnson Presidency, a number of reporters attempted to probe the Johnson empire. But their efforts were hamstrung by inadequate access to Johnson family financial records (which continues today), and by the reticence of KTBC employees, Johnson political aides, F.C.C. commissioners and staff members, and Austin businessmen; members of all these groups have become dramatically more candid in recent years. Moreover, during the nineteen-sixties journalists did not have access to memoranda and letters that can be found today scattered through a score of different files in the Lyndon Baines Johnson Library, in Austin. Despite these obstacles, during the Johnson Presidency the enterprise of a handful of journalists—most notably ground-breaking efforts by Louis M. Kohlmeier, of the *Wall Street Journal*, John Barron, of the Washington *Star*, and William Lambert and Keith Wheeler, of *Life*—raised doubts about Johnson's assertions. But as Johnson responded to their articles with his own estimates of his assets, estimates far lower than theirs, and with forceful reëmphasis of his assertions, his estimates and assertions were often repeated without much analysis by the bulk of the press, and the findings in the few pioneering articles became blurred in the public consciousness. In an "exclusive" article, one typical of the prevailing tone of press coverage, *U. S. News & World Report* stated in May, 1964: "This is a success which Mrs. Johnson scored on her own, while her husband was deeply involved in affairs of the House and Senate."

Johnson was especially emphatic about his role in dealing with the F.C.C.: he said he had no role. And this, too, was repeated by the press, at least in part because it had no choice. As *Life* reported, "the FCC leans to a defensive attitude concerning its treatment of the Johnsons' radio-tv interests and insists that the President—either as representative or senator—has never tried to affect agency rulings. There is no evidence that he did intervene by word or deed." The *Wall Street Journal* stated that "FCC public records show not a single intervention by Representative, Senator, Vice President or President Johnson in quest of a favor for his wife's company."

But although in 1942 and 1943 Lyndon Johnson's political influence was not great, it was quite strategically situated in regard to the purchase of a radio station. The Congressman was at the center of a Washington social circle that included great liberal figures—Supreme Court Justices Hugo Black and William O. Douglas, and Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes—and a group of remarkable younger men who clustered around them. In this "very close-knit group," in which, as one of its members, Virginia Durr, puts it, "there was a great intertwining of both personal and governmental relationships," three members were intimately connected with the government agency whose approval of the purchase would be necessary. Clifford Durr was an F.C.C. commissioner, one of seven members of the board that ran the agency. Attorney J. Ervin (Red) James, like the Durrs a native of Montgomery, Alabama, was Durr's chief assistant at the commission. And as for Lyndon Johnson's bluntest tool, Roosevelt's former aide Thomas G. (Tommy the Cork) Corcoran, barely a year into private practice but already becoming known as "the greatest wire-puller in history," he had many wires to pull in the F.C.C., including some that ran all the way to the top: both the commission's chairman, James Fly, who was a contemporary of Corcoran's at Harvard Law, and its former chief counsel, William J. Dempsey, who was a Corcoran protégé, owed their appointments largely to his influence. (Dempsey's predecessor, insufficiently responsive to a telephone call from "Tommy Corcoran at the White House," had found himself dismissed on twenty-four hours' notice.) And while Dempsey was now in private practice (sharing an office suite with Corcoran, both men representing private clients before a notably accommodating F.C.C.), many officials still at the top of the F.C.C. were indebted to Corcoran for their jobs: the agency had, in the knowing Washington term, been thoroughly "Corcoranized."

Johnson could also employ a weapon much more blunt than Tommy the Cork—and much more powerful. Sam Rayburn, who was to say, "In politics, an honest man does not get rich" (and who proved the point: his savings at his death totalled fifteen thousand dollars), was as much a symbol of integrity in Washington as Corcoran was a symbol of the use of influence. Johnson, able to manipulate the grim-visaged Speaker as no one else could, was able to use Rayburn's name—feared


THE GOOSE DOWN BEGINS TO ACT UP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throughout the capital—even though Rayburn might not be aware it was being used.

While radio stations were regulated by the F.C.C., the F.C.C. was itself regulated—by Congress, which gave all the regulatory agencies their money and their powers. As Drew Pearson and Jack Anderson later wrote in "The Case Against Congress," "the antennas of most commissioners are sensitive to the faintest signals from Capitol Hill." At no agency was this sensitivity more acute than at the F.C.C. "Of all the watchdogs," Pearson and Anderson wrote, "the Federal Communications Commission seems the most eager to sit up and beg or roll over and play dead at the command of Congress." And while the commissioners' antennae were sensitive to signals from congressmen, the antennae of commission staffers were sensitive to the relay of such signals from the commissioners. Albert A. Evangelista, who during the nineteen-forties, as an engineer in the F.C.C.'s Standard Broadcast Division, handled preliminary applications for radio-station licenses, says that the process "was different when a congressman intervened." When a congressman got in touch with a commissioner about an application from a favored constituent, the commissioner would "route it to the right department." As Evangelista recalls, "If it was 'congressional,' it would get priority. When we got referrals from a congressman, that was something I had to work on right away." James E. Barr, who in 1943 was a senior engineer in the F.C.C.'s Standard Broadcast Division, says that "what you were afraid of" was that if you did not act favorably or fast enough on an application in which a congressman was interested, the congressman "would call a commissioner, and the commissioner would call and say, 'Put 'em on the air.' There was a lot more political influence in those early days."

And sensitivity had never been higher than it was at that moment. If there was a single year of maximum susceptibility to congressional pressures at the F.C.C., it was 1943, the year in which Lady Bird Johnson bought her radio station. In 1943, the commission was fighting with Congress not over increases in its budget or definitions of its power but for its very existence.

Having learned that Representative Eugene Cox, of Georgia, ranking majority member of the Rules Committee and a leader of the House's Southern bloc, had used a twenty-five-hundred-dollar "legal fee" from a Georgia radio station to purchase stock in the station, F.C.C. Chairman Fly had announced in January, 1943 (the month, as it happened, in which Mrs. Johnson submitted her application to the commission), that the station's license would not be renewed without a public hearing. Cox's response was to call the F.C.C. "the nastiest nest of rats to be found in this entire country." Charging that Fly was "guilty of a monstrous abuse of power" and was "rapidly becoming the most dangerous man in the government," Cox proposed the establishment of a House committee to investigate the F.C.C. "Gestapo"—and around Cox's proposal crystallized Congress's long-building resentment of the New Deal and "bureaucratic dictatorship." The House named Cox himself chairman of the investigating committee—thereby, as T.R.B. (Richard Strout) wrote in *The New Republic*, "putting a judicial wig and robe on an accused man to try his own accusers." For the next six months, from January to July, 1943, the Cox committee conducted an investigation characterized by the questioning in secret of witnesses who were summoned without warning and were denied not only counsel but even access to transcripts of their own testimony. Against editorial criticism—"indecent," *The New Republic* said, and the Washington *Post* editorialized that Cox "has perverted and distorted the important investigative functions of Congress in an attempt to intimidate those who exposed his own corrupt practices"—Congress closed ranks; indeed, a second committee, the Communist-hunting Dies committee, began to focus on the F.C.C. "All around Washington," Robert D. Leigh, director of the commission's Foreign Broadcast Service, was to recall, "we heard it whispered that the F.C.C. would get it in the neck. We wondered where the axe would fall and how deeply it would cut." Then, in February, the F.C.C. learned that the axe might cut very deep indeed: an amendment added to an appropriations bill proposed eliminating all appropriations for the F.C.C., "thereby," as Representative Jerry Voorhis, of California, put it, "cutting the commission off without a cent, thus in effect abolishing it." As Voorhis, a liberal, wrote, "all the confident forces of conservatism and reaction were arrayed behind that amendment," and "those forces constituted an unquestioned majority in the House." The F.C.C. had, in fact, only one real hope on Capitol Hill, and it was Sam Rayburn, who was to recall, "I wrote the law that passed the Federal Communications Commission. . . . I was in on the borning," and who had proved more than once (most recently a year and a half before, in the extension of the Selective Service Act), that, because of the respect in which he was held and because of the unique force of his personality, he could stand on the triple dais—alone against a majority of his colleagues—and bend the House to his will. Lyndon Johnson was "Sam Rayburn's boy"—that was common knowledge in Washington. The F.C.C. could be expected to be sensitive to any requests from Sam Rayburn's boy. Furthermore, the Rayburn connection aside, the F.C.C., so short on allies in Congress, could be expected during this life-and-death struggle to be particularly sensitive to a congressman who was actively and energetically fighting on its behalf.

And that was precisely what this congressman was doing. During the month in which Mrs. Lyndon Johnson was applying to the F.C.C., Lyndon Johnson, who had never before displayed great interest in that agency, was making himself its champion.

The assistance he gave was discreet, secret—and crucial. He didn't communicate with Durr directly. "Lyndon sort of kept away from me," the F.C.C. commissioner recalled. "We didn't talk about it." But Johnson communicated with Durr's chief assistant, Red James, in late-night telephone calls, during which, speaking in code—Rayburn was "the bald-headed fellow," House Majority Leader John McCormack "the Irishman," Cox "the chairman"—Johnson provided inside information vital to the F.C.C. on the direction of the next congressional attack, and advice on what the commission could do to counter it. "He was sort of acting as a spotter—telling us where to put the next shell, and giving us Sam Rayburn's reactions," Durr recalled. Nor was Johnson's assistance

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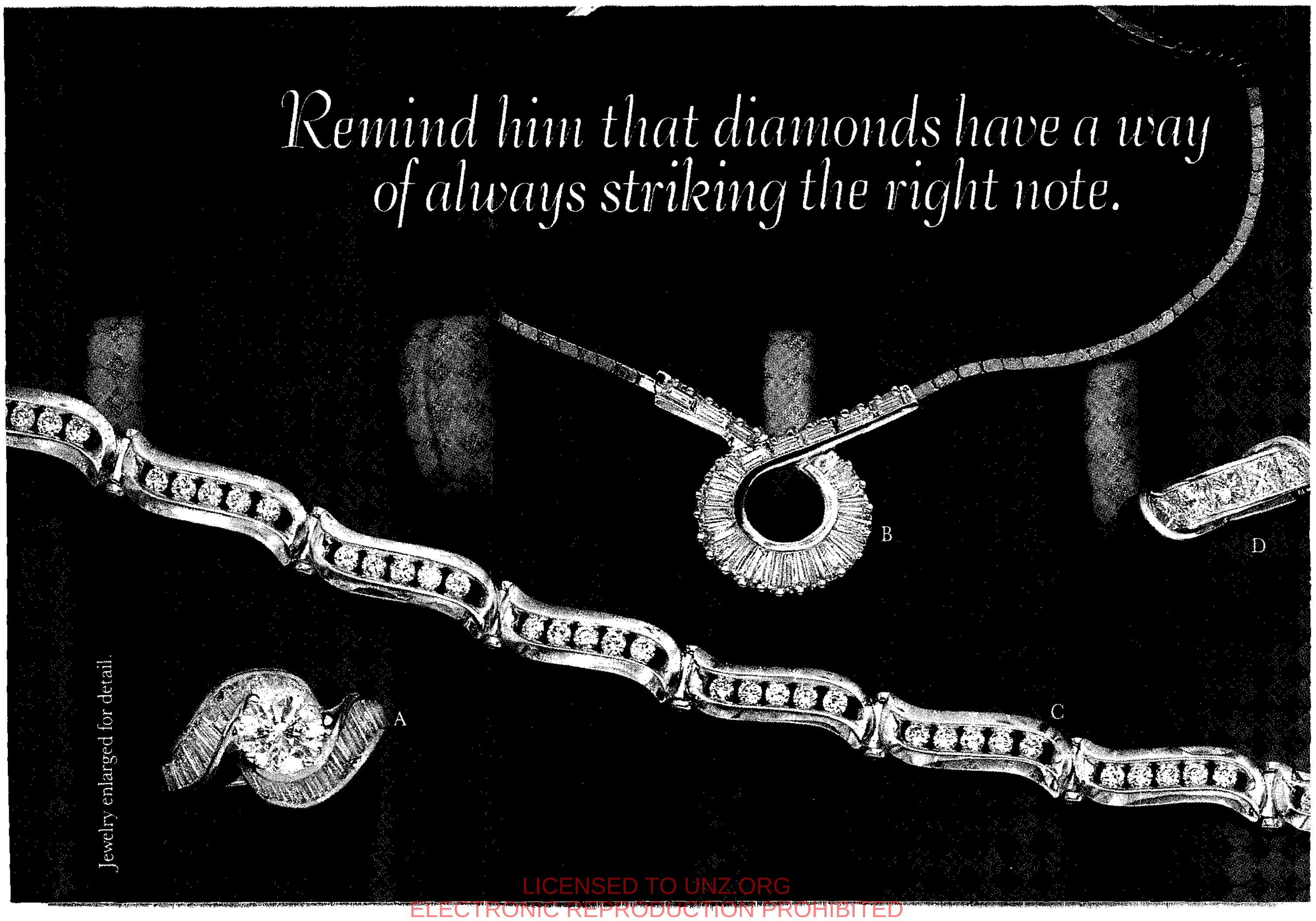
to the commission limited to information and advice. As the House massed more and more solidly against the F.C.C., the commission's only hope seemed to be Rayburn's intervention, and Johnson was working to procure that intervention, playing on the Speaker's feeling that Eugene Cox's investigative methods (and his twenty-five-hundred-dollar "legal fee") were bringing his beloved House into disrepute; trying to overcome the Speaker's reluctance to set aside tradition and interfere in the internal workings of a committee. And on at least two occasions, when the F.C.C.'s cause looked particularly desperate, he succeeded in persuading Rayburn to come to its defense. At one particularly pivotal point, when the commission learned that Cox was planning to make public an extramarital affair that Chairman Fly was reportedly having, James, in an attempt to head Cox off, took "this up with L.B.J."—who took it up with Rayburn. Johnson reported Rayburn's reaction to James: the Speaker had called Cox in and told him, "Now, Gene, there ain't gonna be no sex in this investigation. You understand me, Gene. There ain't going to be no sex." Cox was a power in the House, but Rayburn was Rayburn, whom no man crossed; Cox's plans to publicize Fly's alleged affair were dropped—abruptly and completely. Then, in what was to be characterized as an "unusual and bold step" to procure Rayburn's help, Durr sent two petitions not to the Cox committee but directly to the Speaker, setting out the facts about Cox's twenty-five-hundred-dollar "retainer" and asking the Speaker to remove Cox as the committee's chairman. And one midnight James was awakened by a phone call. "This voice says, 'All right, no names, no names. But today the bald-headed fellow met with the Irishman and the chairman. He said this: "You've been my friend for thirty-five years, but I can't stand this any longer and you're going to have to step down!" ' " Cox was Rayburn's friend, but the House was Rayburn's love, and Cox was sullying its reputation. Cox abruptly announced his resignation from the investigating committee; as soon as he finished, Rayburn left the dais, stepped down into the well of the House, and praised him, asserting that "my confidence in his honor and integrity is unshaken"—words that were the price Sam Rayburn had to pay to preserve the honor and integrity of the House.

On February 17, 1943, moreover, Rayburn saved the F.C.C. from more than an investigation. As the amendment effectively "abolishing" the commission was about to be overwhelmingly approved, the Speaker again stepped into the well for one of his rare speeches. His force seemed to fill the House Chamber. He had been the author of "the bill to set up the Communications Commission," he said. "Before that time there was chaos in communications. . . . I do not appeal to your prejudices or to your passions . . . but I do want to counsel with your reason. . . . There is only one agency in the United States of America, let me say to you, that has any control whatsoever over the air of the United States. Do you by your vote . . . want to strike down that only agency?" The amendment was defeated: although the F.C.C.'s budget was slashed by twenty-five per cent as a punitive measure, the


Remind him that diamonds have a way of always striking the right note.
A
B
C
D
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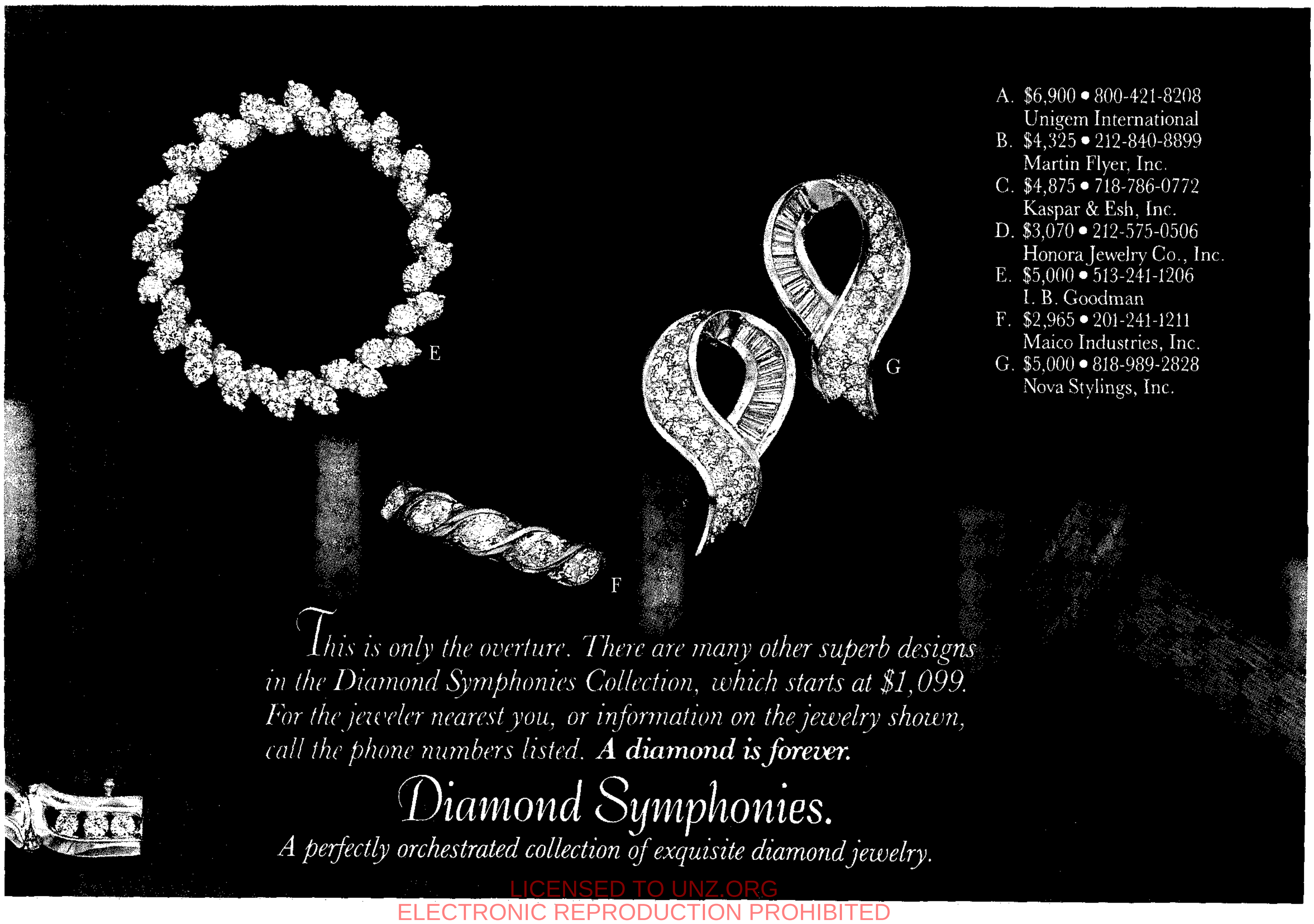
commission remained in existence.

Johnson was championing the F.C.C.'s cause not only in the Capitol but in the White House. When the Administration persisted in paying more attention to the war than to the F.C.C., he attempted to make it understand that, as the Presidential aide Jonathan Daniels was to put it, "the Cox committee investigation is a big job which is being ignored as a little thing" when in fact it was actually an anti-Roosevelt plot. "As I got it from Johnson," Daniels wrote in his diary, "anti-New Deal lawyers . . . hope to use this investigation of the F.C.C. as a take-off for smearing the whole Administration or the important people in it."

ALL during this period, Lyndon Johnson was seeing F.C.C. Commissioner Clifford Durr socially in the evenings and on Sundays, sometimes at Durr's home, sometimes at his own. As was the case with the Cox investigation, he may have "kept away" from Durr so far as furnishing him with details of the KTBC application was concerned. Durr, a courageous Southern liberal (returning to Montgomery after his term on the F.C.C. ended, in 1948, he and his wife would spend their lives fighting for civil rights there, often representing clients too impoverished to pay a legal fee), was the champion on the F.C.C. of higher standards of programming—increased public service, for example, and fewer commercials. In the handling of more mundane matters, he often relied on Red James, a strikingly more pragmatic lawyer, whose later career would be intermittently intertwined with Johnson's, and Durr appears to have been unaware of many of the circumstances surrounding the KTBC application. And Johnson was, of course, seeing Red James, too—indeed, throughout this period he was quite frequently bringing to see James the attorney who was handling the KTBC application. "During all this period of time, Alvin Wirtz used to come to Washington," James was to recall in an oral-history interview. "I regarded Alvin Wirtz very highly, and he and Lyndon Johnson and I would get together and have a highball and go out to dinner, just shoot the bull about things, occasionally go over to Lyndon's house. . . . I would be working maybe at the F.C.C. Along about 4:30 in the afternoon I'd get a phone call from L.B.J. and he'd say, 'Alvin has come to town. He wants to see you and wants you to come on over and we'll have a couple of drinks.' " ("Did Wirtz represent them in the F.C.C. matters?" James was asked. "Yes. I'm sure he did.") And, of course, this was the period during which Johnson was making his late-night telephone calls to James. Whatever the reason, when Durr and James are discussing KTBC in their oral histories, even while Durr is saying, "I never got any pressures at all from [Johnson]," there emerges, not only in James' own words but in Durr's as well, an attitude that the journalist Alva Johnston was to describe disapprovingly as "government between friends."

Whenever, in later years, Durr was asked about the KTBC application, he was quick to point out that it was in Lady Bird's name, and to say that "Lyndon never had a thing to do with it":

> Bird came to me and said there was a chance to buy this radio station in Austin,



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> and as I recall she said for about twenty-two thousand dollars. She either had the money or could borrow the money on this inheritance she had of the Autauga County property. She could raise that much money, and she wanted to know whether I thought it would be a wise investment. So I gave her some figures on the earnings of well-run stations at the time. They were making an awful lot of money. . . . I heard generally around the F.C.C. that this was a very poorly run station. I remember our engineers complaining about the engineering operations and getting all frequencies and things of that sort. I told her that it seemed to me if she could get that station on its feet and get it well managed, it ought to be a very good investment.
>
> Now, there wasn't any skulduggery that I ever saw at the F.C.C. It was more or less the routine approval of the purchase of a station. Those had to be approved by the F.C.C., but nobody else was in the picture.

There was nothing wrong with Lady Bird's visit, Durr said. And James, whom Mrs. Johnson also used to visit, makes the same point: "She used to come down to see me quite often to discuss matters, as she had a perfect right to do, unless they were adversary matters."

The KTBC application was indeed in Mrs. Johnson's name, and the deep affection in which she was held by members of the Washington circle because of her unfailing graciousness and thoughtfulness undoubtedly smoothed KTBC's path, but Mrs. Johnson was not the moving force in KTBC's initial dealings with the F.C.C. The prime mover in these early dealings was her husband, operating, as he did in so many maneuvers in his early career, through Alvin Wirtz. After Mrs. Johnson's visits, however, Durr and James spoke to lower-level F.C.C. staff members about KTBC—which, whether Durr and James intended it or not, would have signalled the staff members that their superiors were personally interested in the matter.

Not that all staff members needed to read such indirect signals. Lyndon Johnson may not, as Durr and James maintain, have been talking to them directly about KTBC, but his contention that he never intervened with the F.C.C. would have fallen strangely on the ears of James Barr, who, as an official of the F.C.C.'s Standard Broadcast Division all during the nineteen-forties, had to pass on some of Mrs. Johnson's applications. One day, while he was considering one of these applications, his telephone rang; when he picked it up, he found Mrs. Johnson's husband, Congressman Johnson, on the line. "He wanted to get a radio station, and what I remember is he wouldn't take no for an answer," Barr recalls. "I can still hear him when I tried to explain. 'Now, Mr. Barr . . . Now, Mr. Barr . . .' The thing that impressed me was that he was on a first-name basis with Red James." And although Johnson, Durr, and James were reticent about telephone calls they may or may not have made, or influence they may or may not have used, Tommy Corcoran was never reticent about anything. "I helped him out with that"—the KTBC application—"all up and down the line," he said.

With Fly?

"I told you—all up and down the line," he said.

That statement cannot be verified, but on everything Corcoran said about Lyndon Johnson's early career which *could* be checked he proved to be reliable. When he was asked whether the fact that Lyndon Johnson was a congressman, a congressman important to the F.C.C., had helped his wife obtain a radio license, Corcoran reacted at first only with silence, and a look of contempt that someone should have to ask so obvious a question. Finally, he growled, "How do you think these things work? These guys"—F.C.C. staff members—"have been around. You don't have to spell things out for them."

Moreover, about one significant point (of which Durr said he was unaware) Durr is incorrect. If "nobody else was in the picture" that wasn't because nobody else wanted to be. While J. M. West had been eager to enter the radio business, his sons and Kingsbery had not seemed to care one way or the other. Apparently feeling that Wirtz's silence was a signal that the sale to the Wests was never going to receive F.C.C. approval, and fearing that behind-the-scenes maneuvering might be taking place in Washington, James Ulmer, representing the station owners, had, in 1942, let it be known in the Austin business community that if a new, firm offer for KTBC was received the West option might be circumvented, surrendered, or sold for a token amount. Several Austin businessmen thereupon expressed interest in KTBC, at the same time that Mrs. Johnson was doing so. One prospective purchaser was William Drake, a lumber-company president who would later become mayor. Other businessmen recall that Drake was quite determined to acquire the station. Edward Joseph, one of the city's leading realtors and the owner of a clothing store, says, in an oral-history interview given to the Johnson Library, "Bill Drake . . . made an offer on the station. . . . He made an offer on it, but Lyndon just reached out and got it out from under him." Joseph adds that "because of that . . . they sort of fell out and for a long time they were on the outs because of that." Another businessman, more sophisticated in the ways of politics than Drake, took his experience with the F.C.C. and Johnson more philosophically. He was William J. Lawson, a former Texas secretary of state, who, by 1942, had become a successful businessman in Austin. In partnership with two other businessmen, Lawson had recently acquired an F.C.C. construction permit, the first step toward obtaining a license, for KBWD, a five-hundred-watt station in Brownwood, Texas, and it had proved to be a lucrative business deal. Obtaining a permit for a station in Brownwood, he had found, was simple. He had simply sent in the application, and back—very quickly, as he recalls—had come F.C.C. approval. The two businessmen (impressed by the financial possibilities of small radio stations—"This thing's a gold mine!" one said), bought out his share even before the license for KBWD was granted—for what Lawson considered a handsome profit. In 1942, Lawson recalls, "I wanted to do the same thing in Austin, with KTBC." But when, after making a tentative agreement with Ulmer, Lawson sent the F.C.C. a preliminary inquiry ("not even an application—it never got to the application stage") as to how to proceed, he says that "before I could get anything done, I got this odd letter—a form letter [not] even a dictated letter" that had the effect of discouraging him from proceeding further. Lawson says he telephoned a veteran Capitol Hill

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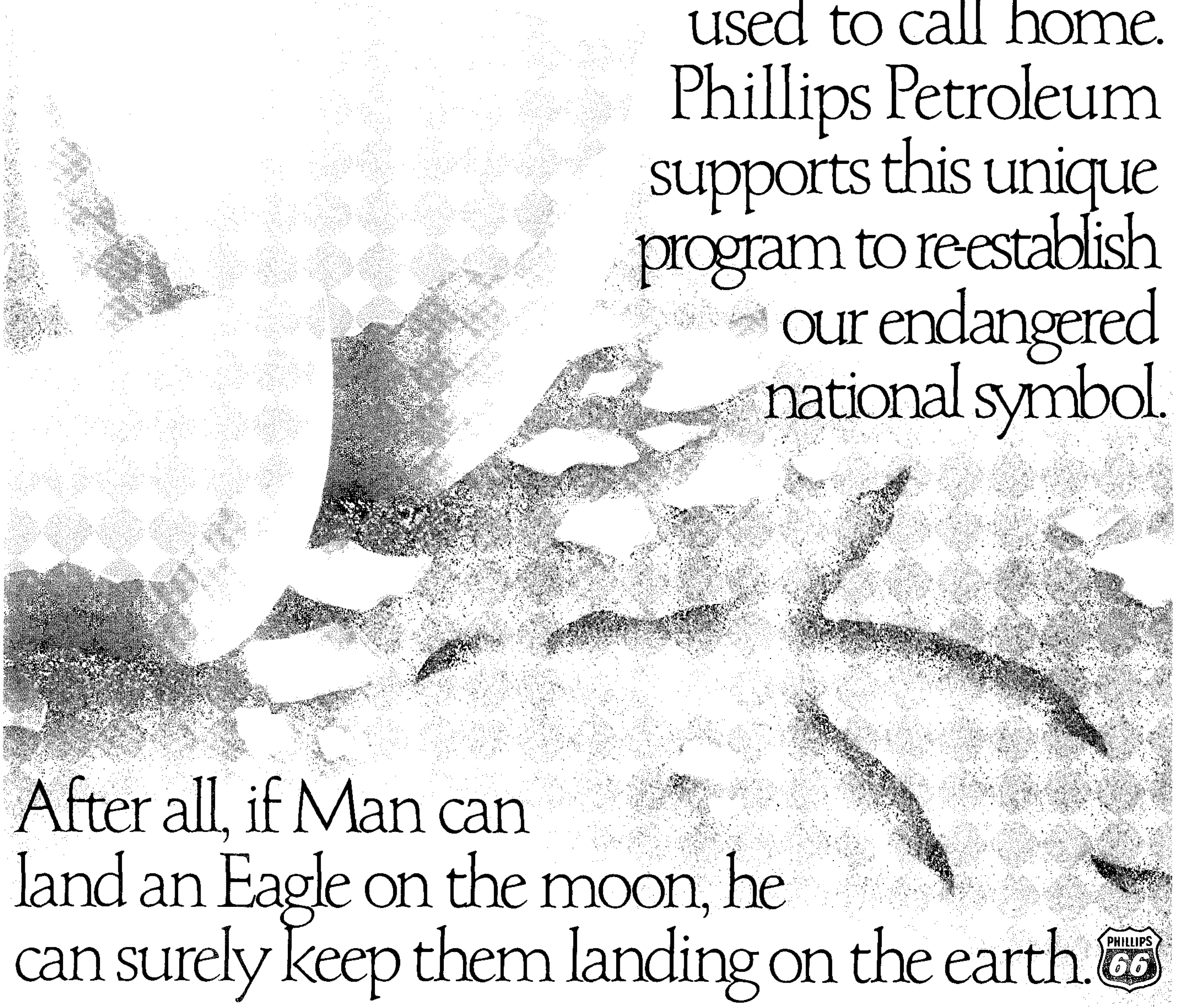

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PHILLIPS 66

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staff member, D. Roland Potter, and asked him to find out from his contacts at the F.C.C. what had happened. And he says that when Potter called back he reported that his contacts had told him that “ ‘Congressman Johnson was in to see us.’ . . . They said that Congressman Johnson had indicated an interest in the license, and based on the information he had given them, I [Lawson] was financially unstable.”

“Their excuse didn’t make any sense,” Lawson says. “They had already issued me one [permit], you know.” Why would they find him suitable for one station and unsuitable for another? His financial situation, he says, had only improved since the Brownwood application. Being no political neophyte, he knew that Johnson had beaten him, and he dropped any further effort to obtain KTBC. “I never made an issue out of it, because I would have been fighting with the Congressman, and he had already made his point with the commission,” he explains.

Despite Durr’s assertion, therefore, other prospective buyers *were* in the picture—or, rather, might have been, if not for what Lawson believed to be Lyndon Johnson’s entrée, his access to the commission’s ear. Johnson, Lawson believed, had told the commission that Lawson was “financially unstable.” Untrue though this statement was, it may have been accepted at the commission, because there was no one to refute it.

In courts of law, to the extent that only one side in a case has access to a judge justice is diminished. The power of regulatory agencies such as the Federal Communications Commission is, in not a few respects, the power of a judge. But in the case of KTBC the other side was not heard by the commission. The Johnson side could get appointments with an F.C.C. commissioner and a top F.C.C. staff member to discuss the Johnson application in person; the opposing applicant could get only “a form letter [not] even a dictated letter.”

WHATEVER the explanation, the shift in the F.C.C.’s attitude toward KTBC was dramatic after Lady Bird Johnson submitted her application to purchase the station. The five years during which the original owners had been dealing with the F.C.C. had been five years of delays and unfavorable rulings—of slowness in every aspect of the bureaucratic process. From the moment the owners agreed to sell to Mrs. Johnson, all rulings were favorable—and slowness was replaced by speed.

The speed was evident not only in the fact that her application to buy KTBC, submitted to the F.C.C. on January 23, 1943, was approved on February 16, 1943—in just over three weeks. It was evident also when, later in 1943, she applied to change the conditions under which the station operated. For the previous owners, changing the restrictions had seemed an insuperable obstacle. For Mrs. Johnson, changing the restrictions was no obstacle at all. In June of 1943, she applied to the F.C.C. for permission to operate twenty-four hours a day—at a new frequency, 590 on the dial, a frequency so much more desirable than the old that the move alone would transform KTBC into a much more viable, and valuable, property. Not only would it make KTBC the first station that Austin listeners could get on their dials but 590 was at the opposite, uncluttered, end of the dial from 1150, an end so uncluttered in the Austin area, in fact, that KTBC would now be heard not only in Austin but in no fewer than thirty-eight surrounding counties throughout central Texas. Her application, abetted by a Wirtz-engineered application for daytime hours submitted by WTAW earlier that same month, was filed with the F.C.C. on June 25th. It was approved on July 20th.

Was Lyndon Johnson’s influence responsible for the change? Mrs. Johnson, Red James emphasizes, “had a perfect right” to “discuss matters” with him “unless they were adversary matters.” There was an adversary in this matter, because, as James himself discloses, in another part of his oral history, the frequency that Johnson “wanted to change over to” (590) was a frequency “where the dominant station was WOW in Omaha, Nebraska,” and KWOW’s broadcasts had previously reached south into Texas—a fact that KWOW used in selling advertisers airtime. “I think his lawyer talked to the lawyers for WOW and asked them if they would oppose it if he applied to go on that frequency,” James has said. “They were a little upset about this.” But, as James’ own statement thus confirms, the fact that there was an adversary did not deter James from discussing the matter with Lyndon Johnson. And it didn’t deter James from discussing the matter with other F.C.C. officials.

And it didn’t deter James from giving Lady Bird Johnson advice as to how to proceed—advice that may have carried with it the strong implication that the judges before whom her application would be argued if the adversary opposed her would not be wholly unsympathetic to her cause. James was to say that he discussed the case with a top F.C.C. counsel and engineer:

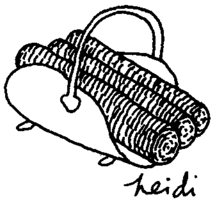
> They looked at the thing and said, “We don’t see any particular problems about it.” And I told Mrs. Johnson that, I told Lady Bird. I said, “Why don’t you apply for it? You know, if they set you down for a hearing, so they set you down for a hearing, in a consolidated proceeding.” So they applied for it and got it. The commission granted it.

“They applied for it”—not strange that the Johnsons decided to do so after the chief aide to one of the judges told them in advance, “Why don’t you apply for it?” The hearing would be a quasi-judicial proceeding, and a judge is not supposed to hear one side of a case without the other side having an opportunity to respond—but that had been done. In addition to the lawyers for WOW, at least two other persons were upset at the changes granted KTBC. Five years later, on May 20, 1948, after running into James Ulmer at a broadcasting convention, Leonard Marks, a Washington attorney who had left the F.C.C. and was now representing KTBC (and who in 1965 would be appointed director of the United States Information Agency by President Johnson), reported to Johnson that Ulmer was saying “that he had completed all the engineering on 590 and that you came in and stole it from him.” (Ulmer added, according to a memo from Marks, that he would not write the story, “but whether he did so or not, somebody else probably would.”) Also angry was Elliott Roosevelt, the President’s son, who had gone into the radio business in Texas in partnership with oilman Sid Richardson. (Elliott’s relationship with his father was strained at this time and he was receiving no help from the White House with his radio interests.) On August 31, 1943, after having lunch with Elliott, John Connally reported to Johnson that an angry Elliott had said during the lunch that "there was a controversy when KTBC got nighttime operations . . . but that Mr. Johnson had the skids greased with the commission."

Was Johnson's influence—influence that translated into access to inside information and advance information—even more deeply at work? Had he known in advance something that no one else knew? Had he known, even before his wife bought KTBC, that if she bought it the F.C.C. would change the conditions that had handicapped the station in the past?

Lady Bird Johnson bought KTBC in February, and in June made her application, the application that was so rapidly approved, for the change in hours and frequency. That was fast enough. But had Lyndon Johnson known even before June that such an application would be approved? In April, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson asked Harfield Weedin, a Dallas radio announcer who had been the m.c. of Johnson's travelling road show in the 1941 Senate campaign, to become manager of their new station, offering him a ten-per-cent share of the profits. Weedin was reluctant to accept, because he felt that under the existing F.C.C. restrictions on the station's operation profits were unlikely. "You couldn't really make much money with just a daytime station," he says. But, he also recalls, Johnson assured him that "if I took the job, I would not be bothered with that"—the restrictions were going to be lifted "very shortly." Johnson, he says, told him, "Look, the frequency is going to be changed. We're going to go full time. I have it in the works right now." He specifically told Weedin that the lifting of the restrictions was "all set," and Weedin believed him, because, Weedin says, Johnson understood that the restrictions were an insurmountable handicap. "Frankly," Weedin says, "I don't feel he would have bought it if he didn't know he was going to get those changes." The Johnsons' meeting with Weedin took place only about two months after they bought the station, but Johnson was saying that the changes that would transform it were already "all set"—as, indeed, they very shortly proved to be.

Whether or not Lyndon Johnson had known of the changes in advance, they totally transformed the property his wife had purchased. Its frequency and its broadcasting hours were different now; only its call letters were the same. Otherwise, within months of the time Mrs. Johnson had bought a station so cheaply, that station no longer existed. (And at the earliest possible moment—as soon as the war ended and necessary materials became available—the transformation became even greater. In 1945, the F.C.C. allowed KTBC to quintuple its power, from a thousand to five thousand watts, a change that meant the station could be heard in sixty-three counties.)

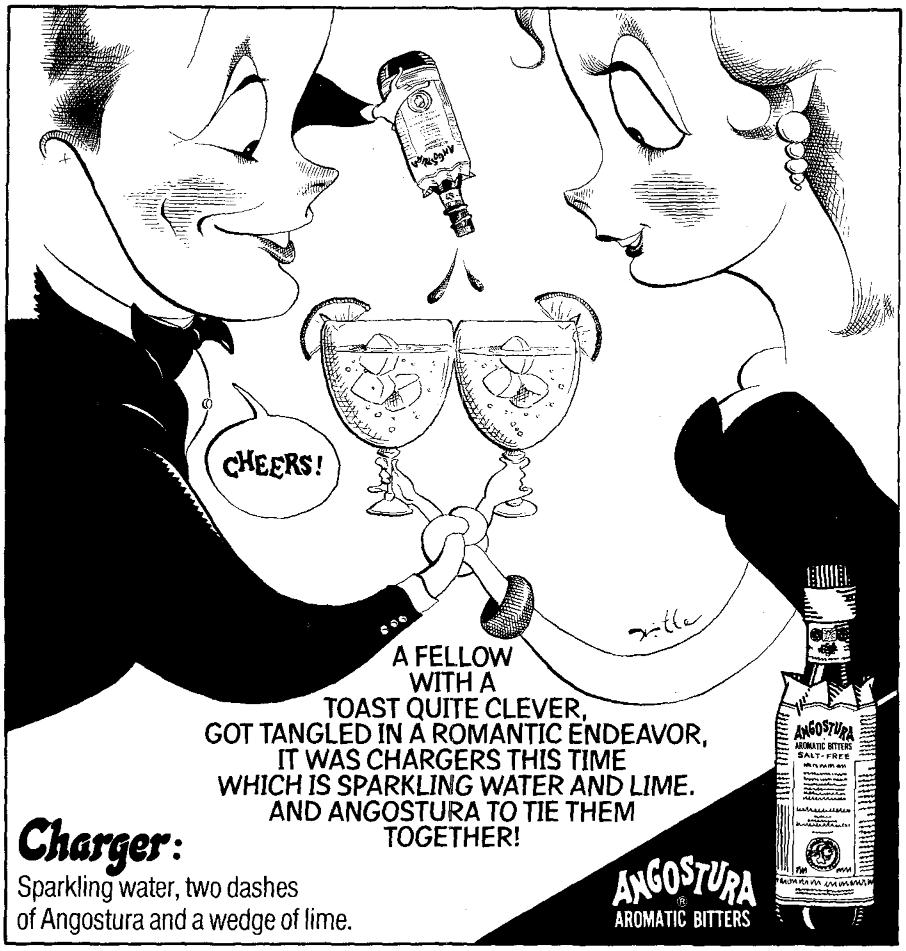


And if others had known that the station could be totally altered, would it have *been* so cheap? Might there not have been other bidders for so desirable a radio property? And would those other bidders have been as easily deterred as William Lawson had been? Indeed, would *Lawson* have been so easily deterred? Would the original owners have been willing to sell—to sell for so little—a twenty-four-hour-a-day station that was first on the dial and boomed out all over Austin and throughout central Texas? Would the owners have had to sell, if the property they owned had been the property into which it had been so rapidly transformed by the F.C.C.?

But no others knew—no others *could* know for sure, just as they couldn't be advised by a key figure in the F.C.C. that they shouldn't worry unduly about a conflict with KWOW. And so there were no other bids for KTBC, and the owners of KTBC were willing to sell cheap.

MRS. JOHNSON flew down to Austin, where, a station employee recalls, she "took one look at the layout and said, 'I don't know much about radio, but I do know about cleaning house.' She bought a pair of coveralls, a bunch of brooms and mops, and some soap, and for a solid week she worked on that little walk-up, two-room radio station until it fairly sparkled." She studied KTBC's contracts with its advertisers to determine how much airtime the station owed them and how much money the advertisers owed the station. She began trying to straighten out its books, which were a mess. In the legend that would be repeated to reporters year after year, these efforts were what turned the fortunes of KTBC around. "She worked eighteen hours a day for five months before we brought the station into the black," the employee says. Mrs. Johnson herself says, "The staff was infected with a sense of failure and uncertainty, and sloppiness had become a way of life in that little area, so we just gave it a good thorough cleaning up. I think it kind of improved everybody's spirits. It certainly did mine."

Meanwhile, Mr. Johnson was also taking steps on behalf of the station. During these early months, he flew up to New York, where he called on William S. Paley, the president of the CBS radio network, and asked for a CBS affiliation, which would allow KTBC to carry the network's famous, nationally known shows, on which advertisers would be more eager to purchase time than on local shows, and for which higher rates could be charged. "This is life and death to us," he wrote a former aide, Gene Latimer. At the time of his visit to Paley, the F.C.C. was determinedly attempting to reduce the networks' control of independent stations, and Paley was leading an almost frantic fight to persuade Congress to reduce the F.C.C.'s authority over them by amending the law—Sam Rayburn's law—that had established the commission. This was only the latest in a series of running battles between the networks and the F.C.C.—battles in which the networks were continually appealing to Congress for help. Did the fact that this applicant for an affiliation was a congressman—"Sam Rayburn's boy"—have anything to do with CBS's decision in the matter? Paley later cast the story in folksy terms. Paley told David Halberstam that Johnson had simply appeared in his office one day without an appointment. As Halberstam relates in "The Powers That Be," Paley's secretary "announced that there was a very tall Texan waiting out there in a big hat and boots who said he was a congressman." Paley went out to meet him, and the Texan, according to Paley, said, "Mr. Paley, I have this here ticket for a 250-watt station in Austin and I'd like to join as a CBS affiliate." Paley said he sent the tall Texan to Frank Stanton, the CBS director of research, who also handled some affiliate matters. Stanton, Halberstam reported, looked at a map, found



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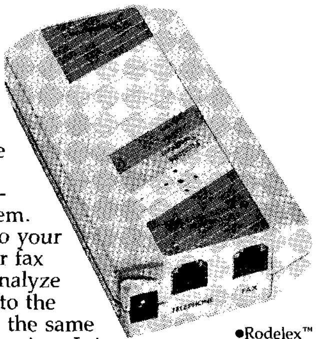

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there was room for an affiliated station in Austin, and gave Johnson the affiliation.

Journalists may have regarded this story skeptically, but they felt they could not disprove it. In fact, however, it is possible to contrast CBS's decision in favor of Johnson with that made previously in the case of a noncongressional radio-station owner in Austin. According to both Harfield Weedin and longtime Austin radio newsman Paul Bolton, later vice-president of KTBC, such an owner had applied for a CBS affiliation several times. Weedin and Bolton say that the other Austin radio station, KNOW, had been energetically attempting for years to secure that affiliation. Every attempt had been rejected by CBS, because the network already had an affiliate—KTSA, in San Antonio—that could be heard in Austin.

CBS'S decision in regard to Lyndon Johnson's request may have had nothing to do with his political influence. But his political influence had a great deal to do with many of the advertisers who bought time on KTBC.

The backers who had arranged for money to be contributed to his political campaigns now arranged for money to be contributed to his radio station. Brown & Root gave him some advertisers. Johnson told Harfield Weedin to go to the Houston offices of the American General Insurance Company, which had most of the contractor's insurance business, and American General's president, Gus Wortham, purchased fifteen minutes of airtime every night. Why did American General advertise on KTBC? "We twisted his arm," George Brown recalled years later, with a smile. The New York attorney Ed Weisl, Sr., the chief financier of Johnson's campaign-funding efforts in the Northeast, who was powerful in both political and entertainment circles, gave him some advertisers. The Interstate Theatres chain, for example, bought fifteen minutes a night.

Many of these advertisers were—or during this period would become—connected with Everett Looney and Edward A. Clark, principals in the Austin law firm of Looney & Clark. Ed Clark was coming to be known, as Alvin Wirtz was already known, as a lawyer to go to in Austin if you wanted something from the federal government. Clark, a power in his own right, had never been intimidated by Johnson; he was too independent to take orders from any politician—and too astute: of all the men with whom Lyndon Johnson was associated in Texas, Clark was the one who, over the years, acquired and held the most power. He expressed the same philosophy as Herman Brown: if he invested in—"bought a ticket on," in his phrase—a politician, he wanted a return on that investment. And, through the radio station, he was to get it. What Johnson wanted was advertising revenues; what Clark wanted was recognition as a lawyer with influence in Washington—and both got what they wanted.

One of the powerful Texans with whom Clark would be associated for years was Howard E. Butt, of Corpus Christi, owner of the statewide H.E.B. chain of grocery stores. "I knew Mr. Butt's interest in politics," Clark says, and, he recalls, he knew Butt needed someone to help with problems he was having with federal agencies in Washington—particularly, during those wartime years, with the Office of Price Administration. So, Clark says, he advised Mr. Butt to advertise on KTBC. Because the station's records have not been released, it is difficult to learn any details about Butt's advertising, but it may have been done through companies whose products were sold in H.E.B. stores and who would advertise on KTBC and mention H.E.B. in their ads. In a letter written on October 27, 1943, Clark told Johnson, "I am today writing to Corpus so that Howard Butt will contact the advertisers whose products he sells at his stores in Austin so that he will have an opportunity to get coverage here." Butt soon found out how wise Clark's advice could be. In 1944, when the O.P.A. was limiting each distributor's number of cases of grapefruit that could be harvested and packed in the Rio Grande Valley, Johnson intervened and persuaded the agency to allocate Butt a hundred and fifty thousand extra cases. "I was happy to be able to call Mr. Howard Butt after our conversation [about the grapefruit] today," Clark wrote Johnson on February 3, 1944, and, indeed, everyone involved got something out of this arrangement: Butt got a hundred and fifty thousand extra cases of grapefruit, and the profits from selling them; Clark got recognition as an attorney

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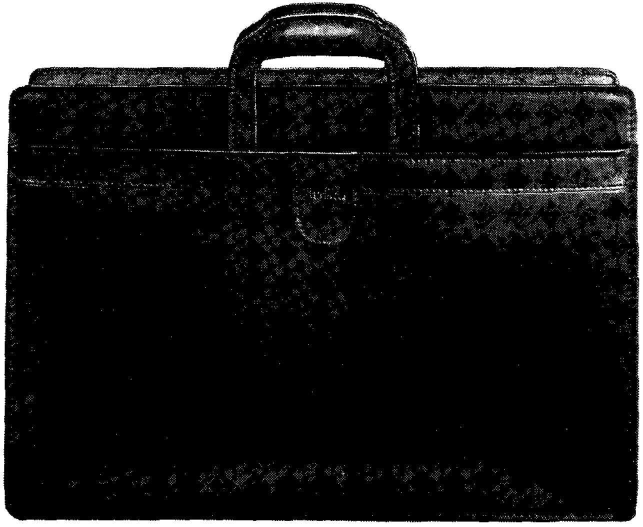

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with influence in Washington; KTBC got advertising revenues.

Butt's was not the only company that Ed Clark advised to advertise on KTBC. Clark already had a connection with the General Electric Company, and on October 27, 1943, he was able to write Johnson that General Electric's popular "World News Today" program would be going on KTBC. "Thanks for the wonderful job on GE," Johnson replied. "That's the most important thing that has been accomplished lately." Among Clark's contacts were major oil companies, who worked together to exert political influence in Washington; one was Gulf Oil—Gulf wasn't a client of Looney & Clark, Clark says, "but I had friends there. I spoke to them about it [advertising on KTBC], and they understood. This wasn't a Sunday-school proposition. This was business."

Not all the advertisers came through Clark. Wirtz was on a retainer from Humble Oil, a subsidiary of Standard Oil. Humble sponsored football games on the CBS network, under an arrangement in which Humble selected the stations that carried the games. KTBC was selected. Wirtz had other clients that wanted things from the federal government, and they, too, began to advertise on KTBC.

Local businessmen who wanted to obtain—or keep—contracts with the Army camps near Austin, or with the huge Bergstrom Field Air Force base, got the idea, which was soon being openly discussed in the Austin business community. As one businessman puts it, "everybody knew that a good way to get Lyndon to help you with government contracts was to advertise over his radio station." One example was the Jaques Power Saw Company. For one period, the only period for which records are available, the Jaques Company sponsored a six-day-a-week half-hour program. The purpose of the ads was not, this associate says, to attract business from listeners; Jaques did little business in Austin, the associate says. Rather, it was to enable Jaques to sell power saws to the Army and the Navy for use all over the country. In 1948, moreover, the company wanted to expand and needed a $1.25-million loan from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. When the application was filed, Johnson quietly spoke to at least one member of the R.F.C. board, Vice-

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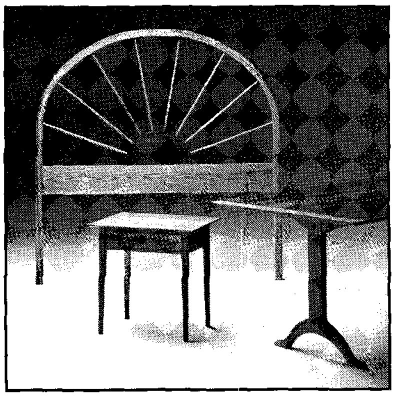

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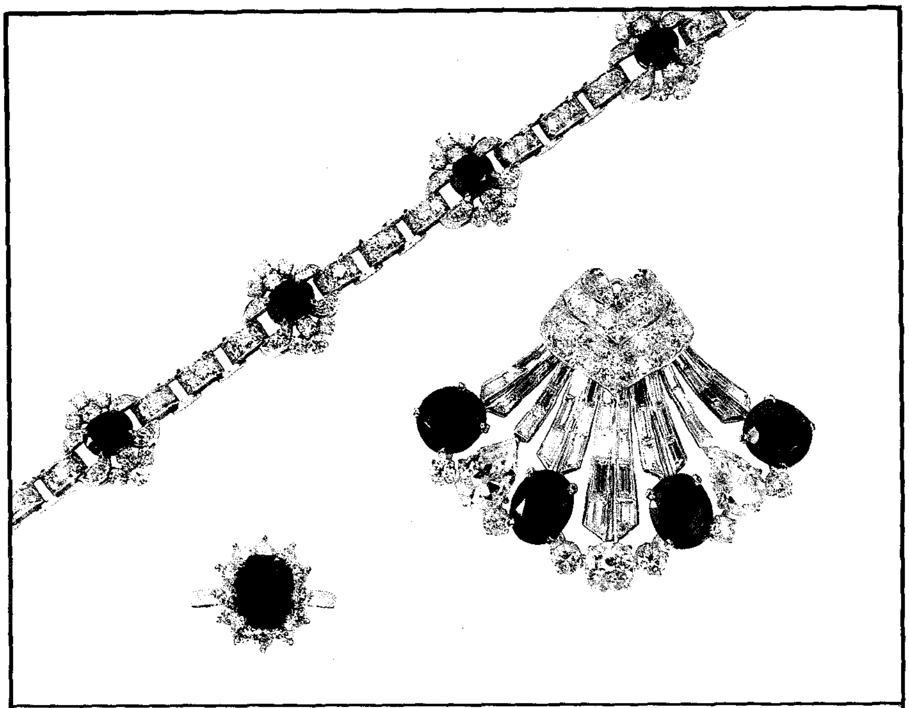
Chairman Harley Hise, about it, and instructed his aide Walter Jenkins to make subtle follow-up calls to remind the R.F.C. that the Congressman wanted the loan approved. Jenkins did so, and, as he reported to Johnson in a memo on May 20, 1948, as soon as the next meeting of the R.F.C. board ended, Hise hurried to a telephone and called Jenkins to tell him that the loan had gone through. (Jenkins communicated the good news to Jaques through its attorney, Everett Looney, of Looney & Clark.) Other businessmen observed the pattern and followed it. Although they were ostensibly buying airtime, what they were really buying was political influence. They were buying—and Lyndon Johnson was selling.

LYNDON JOHNSON was always to maintain that his wife's radio interests were totally divorced from politics, and that he, the politician in the family, had absolutely nothing to do either with acquiring KTBC's license or, once it was licensed, with its operations. And Mrs. Johnson was indeed an integral part of the business. David Benjamin, who had been a salesman for KTBC under the previous ownership and stayed on, was impressed with the speed with which Mrs. Johnson brought order to the previously chaotic activities of the station's salesmen. "Mrs. Johnson knew who I had called on" and the results of the call, Benjamin says, "and she complimented me" or urged him on to greater efforts. Elizabeth Goldschmidt was not the only member of the Johnson circle who expressed admiration for Lady Bird's diligence, energy, and business acumen. Leonard Marks says (after emphasizing that "It was her station—don't let anybody tell you to the contrary"), "Over the years, as the station prospered, I would go up to visit them at their home on Thirtieth Place on a Sunday. . . . She would have the reports of the week's sales, the list of expenses, and we'd go over them. She could read a balance sheet the way a truck driver reads a map."

Twenty years later, as First Lady of the United States, Mrs. Johnson would be renowned for her poise and considerateness. The same qualities were apparent in her dealings with her employees at KTBC. When, during the Johnsons' stays in Austin, her husband would bring business associates home,



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often at late hours and with little advance notice, invariably there would be a warm meal, and a warm smile, waiting for them. In later years, moreover, Mrs. Johnson's role in the station's management greatly expanded, and her husband, in making major business decisions, began to rely more on her judgment, to a point at which Walter Jenkins, who was active in KTBC's affairs, said, in words echoed by members of the Austin business community, "I believe he came to trust her judgment almost as much as his own." Ed Clark himself says, "He trusted her judgment because she was never emotional, always calm. He would get angry. . . . He would get mad, cuss. She never got emotional. She—'This is too small to get mad over.'. . . She was always cool. Weighing things just on the basis of what made sense in business." Nevertheless, Mrs. Johnson's ability as a businesswoman was not the crucial factor in the acquisition of the station, or, once it was acquired, in its early growth. It was Lyndon Johnson, not Mrs. Johnson, who negotiated with E. G. Kingsbery for his option to purchase the station. ("I'm not sure I even knew there was a Mrs. Johnson," Kingsbery was to say.) It was Lyndon Johnson who negotiated with the West brothers. It was Lyndon Johnson who telephoned James Barr at the F.C.C. Broadcast Bureau and "wouldn't take 'No' for an answer." It was Lyndon Johnson who saw William Paley and Frank Stanton in New York. It was Lyndon Johnson who dealt with Ed Clark, and who procured an extra hundred and fifty thousand cases of grapefruit for H. E. Butt, and who similarly worked within the government on behalf of other businesses that bought advertising time on KTBC. If Lyndon Johnson had worked at politics for years to achieve power, he was working at politics now to make money.

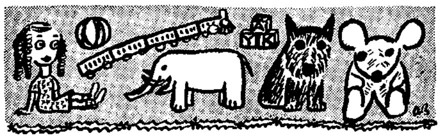
In these early years, Mrs. Johnson's judgment was not taken much into account. Clark, after praising the abilities he observed in her in the nineteen-seventies, was asked if he had dealt with her much in the nineteen-forties. "No," he said. He paused. Then he said, "It wouldn't have made any sense to discuss these things with her [during the nineteen-forties], when she wouldn't have had anything to do with making the decision."

In those days, Lyndon Johnson took an active role in every aspect of KTBC's operations. Here is a letter to KTBC sales manager Willard Deason—one of many similar letters to be found in files in the Johnson Library—from the man who played "no role" in the affairs of the radio station:

> Now, Bill, I am convinced that we can put some permanent business on the books this week and next week if we will plan and concentrate on a specific few. Last week none of our sales were really permanent, and the total sales for each person was very little more than his pay-check for the week. When this happens, we slip back and have trouble coming up.
>
> Show Jesse the attached letter I have written Jacob Schmidt and suggest to him that you or he, or both of you, go with Sam and see Mr. Schmidt personally. I had hoped you would present the deal you showed to Buttrey's to Yaring's after you had reduced it in half and would make some transcriptions of eight or ten word spots taken from Yaring's advertisements for them to listen to. I note instead you have pitched a Sunday program. I think Schmidt should be approached by asking him to give radio a fair test. In order to do this, he should give us a percentage of what he is now spending on the paper. We could do a better job for him, and we should contend to him that we can and will if he will give us a long-term opportunity. My idea would be that you and Jesse and Sam ought to get some Uncle Ezra transcriptions and some spot transcriptions taken from Yaring's newspaper ads and ask for a thirty-minute meeting with Joel Simon, Leon, and Mr. Schmidt. You could do this because I requested you to if you think it would be easier.
>
> I think we can and should sew up Ben Greig, Lawler, Prewitt, Schmidt, Yaring's, Red Arrow, Reynolds-Penland, and Swearingen-Armstrong in the next few days. Is there any chance of getting any Steck business?
>
> Sincerely,
> LYNDON B. JOHNSON
>
> P.S. Bill, I don't know who Jim can help us with, but I should say Levine's, Louie, Lave's, and Ginsberg's if he is still on the other station.

IN recruiting a staff for KTBC, Johnson was using methods he had previously used in recruiting his political staff. In Austin, as in Washington, charm and promises were deployed to persuade a man to leave his job and go to work for Johnson.

When handsome, ambitious Harfield Weedin—already, at twenty-seven, the program director of prestigious WFAA, in Dallas, and a well-known radio personality throughout Texas—arrived in Austin, the Johnsons showed him KTBC's offices and equipment. "I have seen run-down radio stations in my day, but never anything to compare with KTBC," Weedin has said. "The studio was a shambles, and the equipment . . . was third and fourth, maybe even fifth, hand. . . . My initial reaction was just so awful I wanted to turn and go back to Dallas." But then, he has recalled, Johnson began to talk: "She was there, but he did most of the talking." And, he says, "he did quite a sales job on me."



The Congressman assured Weedin that the station would have not only unlimited hours ("Very shortly . . . they would go full-time") but unlimited funds ("No money would be spared to make it Austin's leading station"). He promised Weedin an employment contract that would give him not only security but ten per cent of the station's profits—a promise that appealed to the young man, since it would mean he was no longer merely a salaried employee. And Johnson promised Weedin something that meant even more to him: a title—general manager—and the authority that went with it. "They would turn it over to me to operate as I saw fit. . . . I could do anything I wanted to in order to make it the station of their dreams."

"This was more like it," Weedin was to say. The more Johnson talked, the more Weedin felt that "here was my great opportunity—a challenge that could pay off in the realization of my one remaining ambition: to be the manager of a successful radio station." Weedin asked for the Johnsons' assurance that he would be in charge, explaining, as he recalls, that since neither of them knew anything about the radio business he had to be able to make decisions on his own. And the assurance was given: "They gave me carte blanche to do whatever I wanted to do, because I explained to them that's part of the deal. . . . 'Otherwise I won't take the job.' "

And then, once the man had gone to work for Johnson, there came—in Austin, as in Washington—the change. It wasn't abrupt, because Lyndon Johnson, initially unknowledgeable about radio, was forced to rely on the knowledge of those he hired. At first, therefore, Weedin found himself dealing primarily with Lady Bird, and Lady Bird ("She is the most wonderful person in the world," he says) was "helpful mostly by giving me encouragement." Weedin did the hiring: he persuaded a friend—John Hicks, another young, ambitious announcer in Dallas—to come to KTBC as chief announcer and program director. The vision which had been given to Weedin of unlimited funds for equipment turned out to be an exaggeration; he quickly found out, he recalls, that "Lady Bird did not have the unlimited funds I thought she had." There was not, in fact, enough to buy even a new, urgently needed transmitter. But Weedin persuaded another friend, a crack engineer from Dallas, to come to Austin and repair the old one. Then the station moved to new offices, in the Brown Building. To save money, Hicks recalls, "we literally hand-carried that station from the business college; Lady Bird—she worked like a horse that day." (Her husband? "The Congressman was never around when you had work like that.") Weedin realized that "the most important thing was to get the station out of the red—but quick." To do so—to make the most of his "great opportunity"—he poured his talent and youthful energy into every phase of the station's operations. He hired two new salesmen but supplemented their efforts by going out as a salesman himself, although selling was not his field. The repaired transmitter and the new 590 frequency gave KTBC a powerful, clear signal, and to make sure the station sounded professional Weedin himself delivered those newscasts that Hicks couldn't, so that KTBC had "professional voices." Establishing new rates for advertising, he persuaded KNOW, the other Austin station, not to undercut them, so that both stations would get more revenue. He selected and bought the records for the music shows. He designed new stationery and promotional material for mailings. To make contacts with the Austin businessmen to whom he was trying to sell time, he put on quiz shows at luncheons of the Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions, and other clubs, even delivering a five-minute "newscast" at Rotary meetings. His days began at six, because at seven-fifteen the "Wake Up with Weedin" show went on the air, and by that time he had to have written a newscast from the incoming Teletype. As soon as he signed off, at eight-thirty, he discussed the day's work with the salesmen and dealt with the station's correspondence. By ten-thirty, he was out on the streets, calling on prospective clients, rushing back to the station to handle any problems. At six and again at eight o'clock, to give a rest to Hicks, who had been doing the announcing and newscasts all day, he did fifteen-minute newscasts, and then, fourteen hours after he had left for the station, drove home—to handle more business. "This was the toughest schedule I had ever had in my life," he recalls. But for a while "all of us had that wonderful feeling of accomplishment," he says. "And also as we looked at the profit side of the ledger . . ." By August of 1943, KTBC showed its first profit—eighteen dollars. By October, the monthly profit was hundreds of dollars. And after the CBS programs began coming through, that autumn, it was thousands.

Gradually, however, the "wonderful feeling" faded, for the vision of "unlimited funds" to improve KTBC was not the only promise that was not being honored. The promised written contract, with its ten per cent of KTBC's

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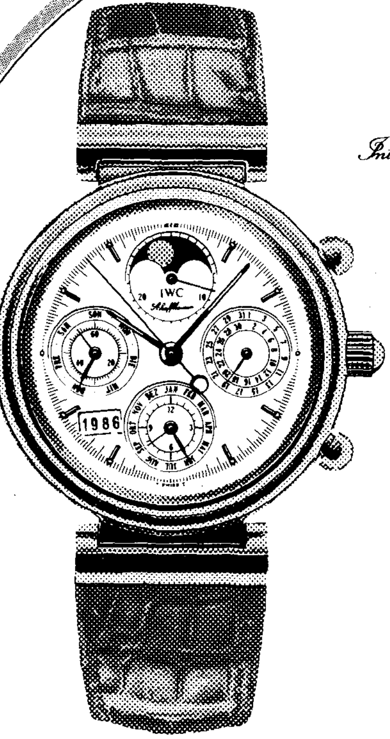

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profits, did not materialize. During the first six months of the Johnson ownership, the Congressman did not come to Austin often, but when he did Weedin would bring up the subject and the Congressman would stall. "Lyndon would never give me a contract, because he could never decide if the ten per cent was before or after taxes," Weedin says. In 1944, despite the station's substantial profits, Weedin was still receiving no money other than his salary—that inadequate salary, which he had agreed to accept only because of the promise of a share of the profits.

But, while the percentage had not been forthcoming, the other important promise that had motivated Weedin to come to KTBC—carte blanche, the assurance that he would really be in charge—had for a time been kept. As the station became stronger, however, that began to change, too.

"Once we got into the fact that we were making money and it looked like we were really on our way," Johnson's interest in the station intensified, Weedin says. He felt that the change was due to the Johnsons' realization that "this thing was a hell of a lot—a great money maker, and it was going to be bigger and bigger." Whatever the reason, "I did not have the carte blanche at the end of that time that I had had in the early days." When Johnson was in Austin, he would come into the station and check the books. "Lyndon really took over. He was the one who made all the decisions. She wouldn't ever, I don't think, dare to tell me to do something without checking with Lyndon."

There was a more serious, if less tangible, source of tension between the two men. During the 1941 campaign, Weedin had become a fervent admirer of Lyndon Johnson: "He must have sold me, or somebody sold me, or I sold myself on doing whatever I could to get him elected. . . . I became a thorough Lyndon Johnson follower." For a while after Weedin went to work at KTBC, this admiration grew even more intense—he believed that Johnson would be President of the United States someday; he proudly hung Johnson's picture on the wall of his office. Weedin's attitude toward Johnson was that of a younger man toward an older man who is his hero. Now, however, Johnson was not Weedin's candidate but Weedin's employer, and a new element entered the relationship. Attempting to define it, Weedin says, "The minute he walked in, he'd take over the room. . . . He had a tremendously commanding presence, and as everyone says, the one-on-one thing, he was fantastic." He speaks of Johnson's "domination," saying, "He never let up on that at all. He was a completely overwhelming man in person." And, he says, Johnson "intimidated" him: "He was the only person who could ever make me nervous." During their discussions about the station, Johnson would "grill" him, he says:

> Whenever he would come in, I would be so up on things that I wanted to tell him that were going on, I'd done so much homework on everything to report to him that I was a bundle of [nerves]. And I'm not a nervous man, but I was a bundle of nerves going in to talk to him. And he would start to ask a question and I would answer him before he would finish the question, because I knew what it was. And that used to infuriate him. He said, "Let me ask the question before you answer!" And the thing that made him mad, it was always the question he was going to ask, and I could answer it just from the first couple or three [words].

No matter how admiring, respectful, and intimidated Harfield Weedin was made by Lyndon Johnson, he couldn't be as admiring, respectful, and intimidated as Johnson wanted him to be. Other employees of KTBC saw this. John Hicks recalls, "He wanted Harf to be a slave, and Harf just wasn't like that. He was young and eager, but he had a kind of dignity about him. He just *couldn't* be what Johnson wanted." He was very bright—and he did know the questions Johnson was about to ask. And that was too bright for Lyndon Johnson.

In February of 1944, Weedin received his induction notice from the Navy. He then asked Lyndon Johnson for ten per cent of the profits that KTBC had earned during the ten months he was manager—the ten per cent that Lyndon Johnson had promised him. Since the station was, he says, earning some six thousand dollars a month at the time, he asked for several thousand dollars. What was Johnson's reaction when Weedin asked for ten per cent? "He was upset that I asked for it." At first, he told Weedin that he wouldn't give him anything. At last, he said he would give him one thousand dollars. When Weedin tried to negotiate that figure, Johnson made clear the discussion was over: that was not only his offer; it was his final

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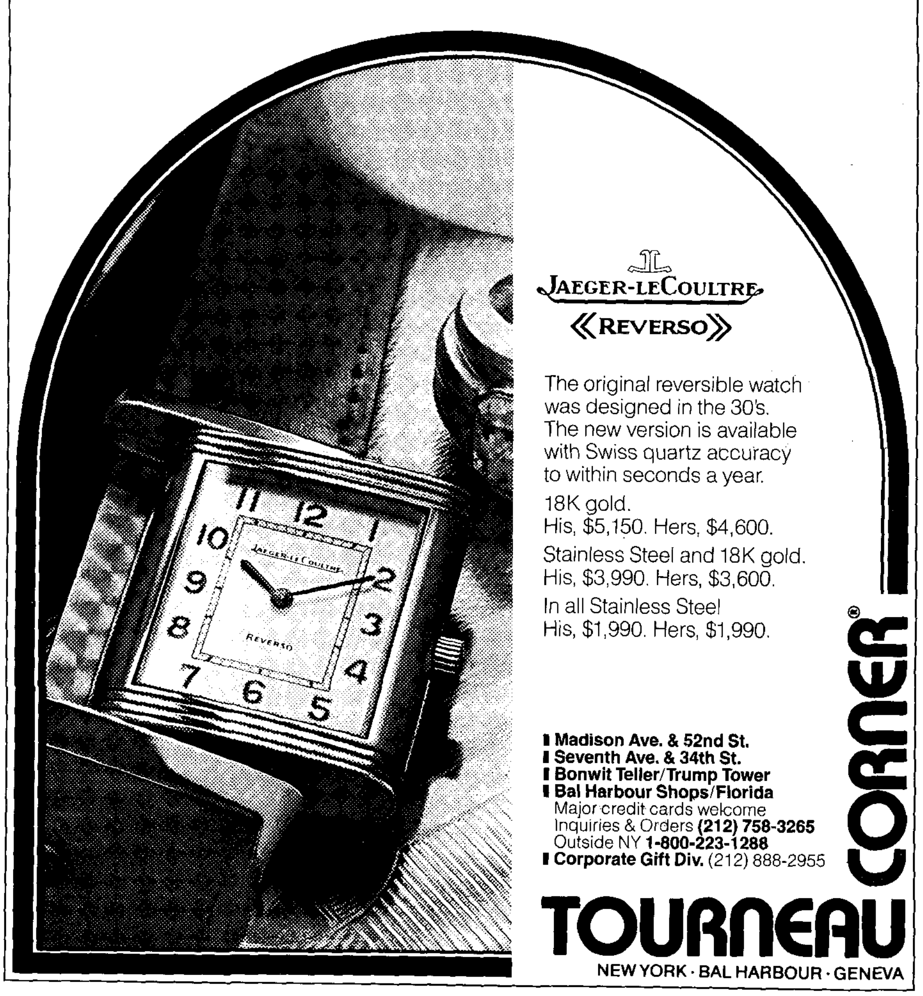

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offer. "He told me that was what I was going to get," Weedin says. "So I took it."

WEEDIN's expertise and contacts had been indispensable to Lyndon Johnson during the first months of the new ownership of KTBC, but with his other new employees the Congressman had more leeway, and as soon as they were hired he began inculcating in them the qualities he considered desirable in employees. At staff meetings—held frequently during his stays *in Austin*—he would combine appeals to naked self-interest and to higher ideals, including the ideal he held highest of all: "loyalty." Standing before them, hands thrust deep in his trouser pockets jingling change and keys, he would tell them, "We are building this station. It's going to be big. And you can grow along with it. Work hard, and be loyal, and you'll be rewarded." Sometimes, one staff member recalls, he played the role of a father. "We're all one big family here, and we have to help each other and be loyal to each other." Sometimes he was more the high-school football coach. "His staff meetings were like halftime talks," another employee says: " 'Every team has to have a quarterback, and I'm the quarterback. And I don't want anybody dropping the ball.' " And there were private meetings, in which he was more blunt. In public, he talked about "loyalty"; in private, he gave staff members his definition of that quality. "I want *real* loyalty," he told one young staff member. "I want someone who will kiss my ass in Macy's window and say it smells like roses."

Despite all his efforts at instruction, however, he experienced difficulty in lining up the kind of team he wanted. When he was filling jobs in his political organization, his screening process had been deliberate and painstaking. For his radio organization, he was forced to hire people—to allow Weedin to hire people—whom he, Lyndon Johnson, hardly knew, and he was constantly being disappointed in the degree of their loyalty. In part, this was because they saw the way he treated Lady Bird. Anne Durrum Robinson, the station's continuity writer, says, "Mrs. Johnson didn't come down [to the station] too much. Mr. Johnson was the one who came down," but that several times she had

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lunch with her. And at these lunches —at any time the Congressman wasn't with his wife—"she came across as a very intelligent, capable person." But when the Johnsons were together his treatment of her— "I'd really rather not go into the personal things. I'm a great admirer of hers, and I'd rather not. It detracts from her. I feel disloyal to her if I tell what she took from him." Jack Wynne, a newswriter for the station, says, "He talked to her as though she were a serving girl. So I saw the way he used his family. He used his family without conscience." In part, it was because they saw the way he had treated Weedin—using him, and then refusing to keep his promise to him—and in part because of the way he treated *them*. They gradually came to realize that their salaries were low, lower than those earned in comparable jobs at other stations, and their hours were longer. "How long did you work?" Anne Robinson says. "You worked until the work was finished." She was working fourteen hours a day for a salary of about thirty-five dollars a week, and there was no pay for her hours of overtime. When several members of the staff drove to Dallas one weekend to attend a meeting of a union that was attempting to organize employees of radio stations, Johnson, Jack Wynne recalls, "was very upset. He called a meeting and said that he was disappointed in us for doing that. He thought we were like a family, and he would take care of everything. We had nothing to worry about. He would take care of us. It was a firm way—like he was dealing with recalcitrant children." Moreover, he attempted to treat them with the abusiveness with which he treated the employees of his congressional office. The KTBC offices had an intercom system, and when Johnson was on the premises and wanted to speak to someone he would simply flick the switch that connected him with that person's office and begin talking—without inquiring if there was a visitor present. "He'd just come on and start talking," Mrs. Robinson says. And often he would say things that the staff member would not want anyone else to hear. "He might come through the intercom angry, bawling someone out, when you were talking to a sponsor," Mrs. Robinson recalls. "He could be very abusive." They were afraid of being treated this way—and, after a while, of having no

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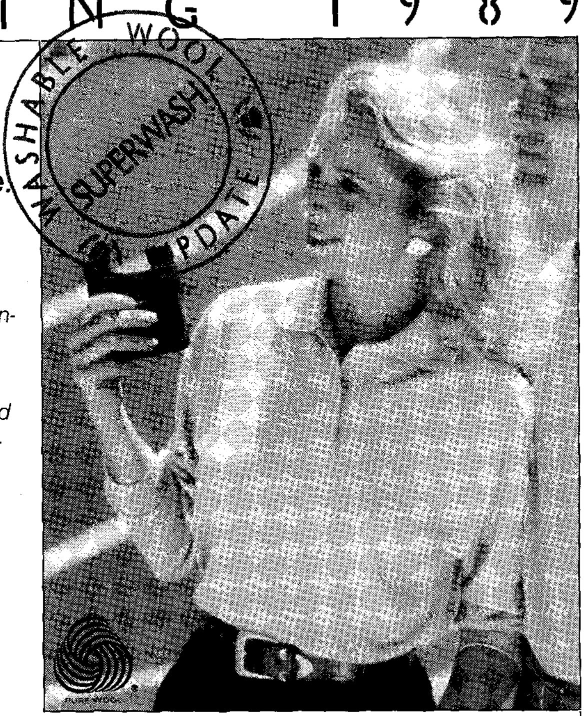

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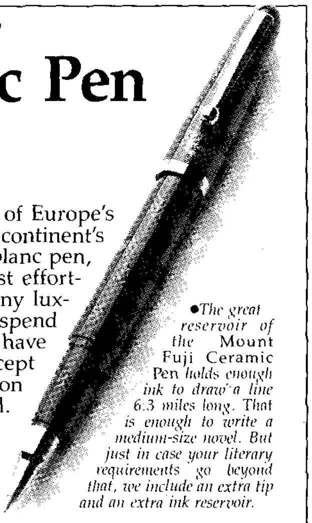

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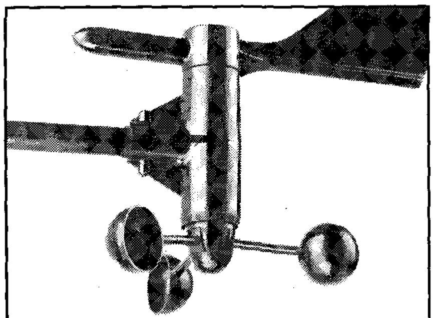

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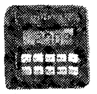

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choice but to be treated this way. As the staff members got to know Lyndon Johnson, some of them grew afraid of falling under his power. "I think he had a gift for getting from people whatever he wanted," Mrs. Robinson says. "I remember thinking that the three 'E's of manipulation are 'ensnare,' 'enthrall,' and 'enslave.' And he was adept at any one of the three." Among themselves, some staff members talked of the dangers of becoming "enslaved" by Lyndon Johnson, who, they felt, tried to "get someone so obligated that they couldn't leave his employ." He would bestow favors, "to make it so worthwhile to be attached," one says, and once you accepted a favor "there was a large amount of gratitude" that made it harder to leave.

So when Lyndon Johnson made an offer to John Hicks, for example, Hicks did not accept it on the spot. The offer was made in March, 1944, in Hirsh's Drug Store, in the Brown Building. Johnson had told Hicks to meet him there after he finished his last newscast of the day, at 10 P.M. Normally, the drugstore closed at eight, but, as Hicks says, "when the Congressman wanted it open, it stayed open. They even kept a man there to make us sandwiches." And when Hicks arrived the Congressman was sitting there, slouched in one of the restaurant booths. "Johnny," he said, "I want you on my team. Harfield's going into the service, and I'm going to need someone here at the station [as general manager]. And I'm going to need someone to represent me in Austin. I'm going to lend you ten thousand dollars. And I want you to take it and buy yourself a Cadillac car. And I want you to move to a [better] apartment. I want you to *be* somebody. Furnish the apartment. Get Regina a fur coat. I want you to join the Rotary and the Kiwanis, and *be* somebody here in Austin."

The young announcer was earning seventy-five dollars a week. "Ten thousand dollars—that was more money than I had ever heard," he recalls. But then, Hicks says, he asked, "Congressman, how can I ever pay you back?" And when Johnson replied, expansively, genially, with an easy, charming smile, "Johnny, don't you worry about that. You let *me* worry about that," Hicks suddenly felt himself drawing back.

"That was when I said, 'Uh, oh,' "

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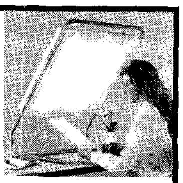

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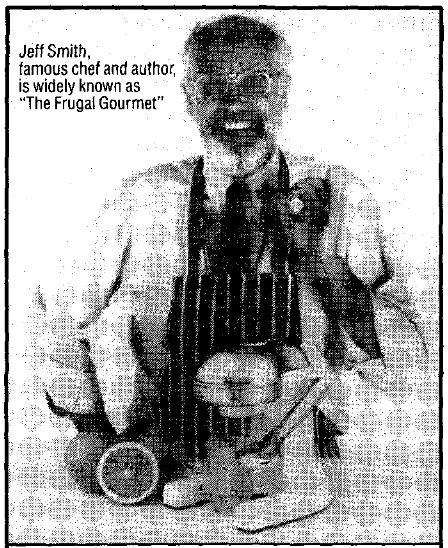
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he recalls. He wouldn't be able to pay the "loan" back—not in any foreseeable future—and Johnson must have known that. "I said, 'This man is buying something, and I don't know that I want to be bought. I'll be beholden to him.' " When the young man hesitated, Johnson expatiated on the potentialities of his offer. "He said, 'I want you to know that I'm going to be President of this country someday. And you can come along with me. I want you on my team.' It was like he was saying, 'All right, boys. Here's the bandwagon. Hop on.' " But Johnson also made clear what he expected in return. "He said to me that if I took the loan 'I would expect your complete loyalty and coöperation in anything I want you to do. I will *give* total loyalty, and I expect total loyalty. If I call you up at two o'clock in the morning, and tell you to be somewhere, I want you on that horse.' " Hicks had seen what this man was like, and "didn't want to be beholden to this man." So instead of hopping on the bandwagon, Hicks said, "Sir, I'm going to have to think this over," and he went home, in his car, which was not a Cadillac, to the "tiny" house he rented, and to his wife, for whom he would very much have liked to buy a fur coat, and talked it over with her.

"We talked it over all night," Regina Hicks recalls. "Because not only was it a good way to get out of the service but it was security."

John Hicks says, "I would never be able to save ten thousand dollars. It was very tempting. . . . Twenty-five years old, and with a brand-new baby boy."

Yet they decided to turn the offer down. "I knew that if I took that money from him, I would be *his* from then on," Hicks says. "And I was a little too independent to be beholden to anybody. I knew that if I took his money, I would be on his team"—not just in broadcasting but in politics, too. The next day, when Johnson came into the station, Hicks told him he thought that it would be better for him not to take the loan, because he couldn't repay it. "You *are* crazy," Johnson said. And, Hicks recalls, that was all Johnson said: "It was like a curtain came down." The Congressman turned and left. So far as Hicks remembers, Johnson never spoke to him again. Since it was clear that Hicks "had no future" at KTBC, he resigned shortly thereaf-

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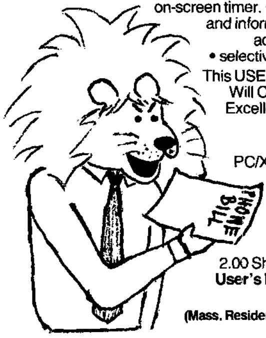
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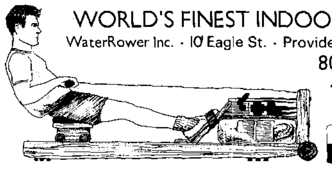
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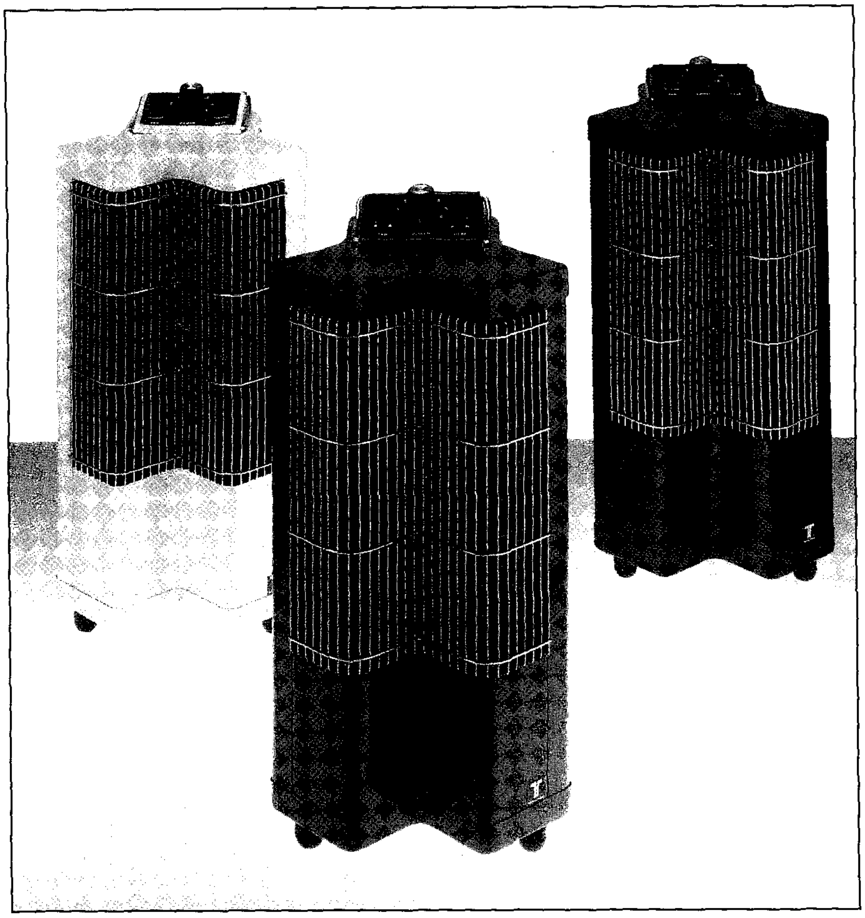

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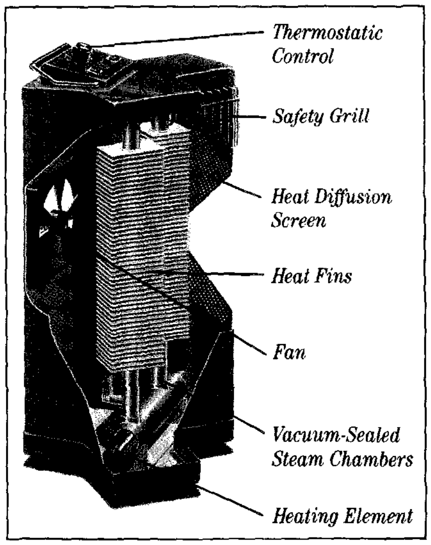
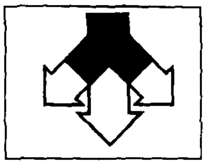
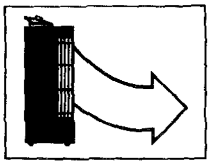




Multi-directional heat flow



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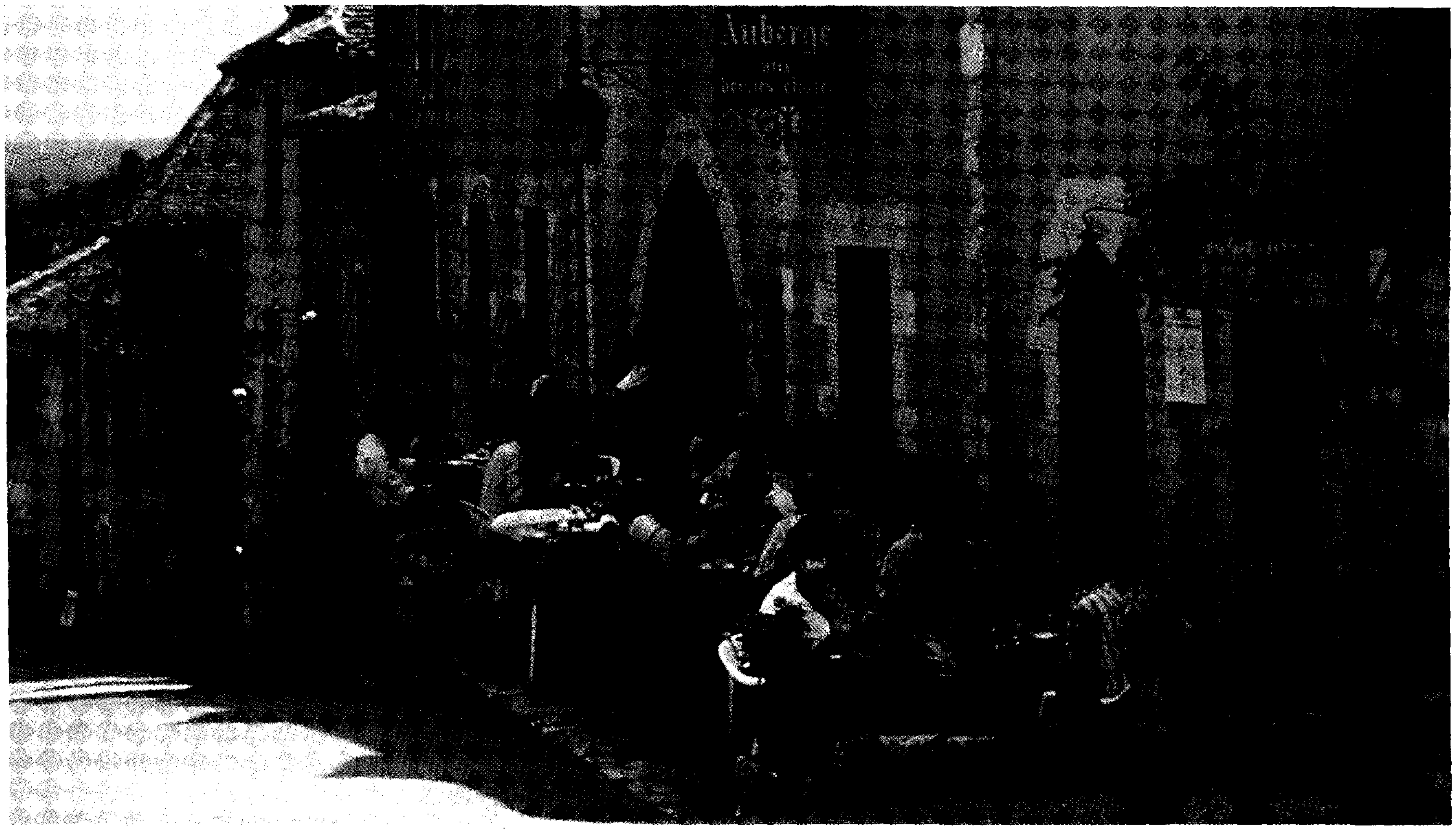

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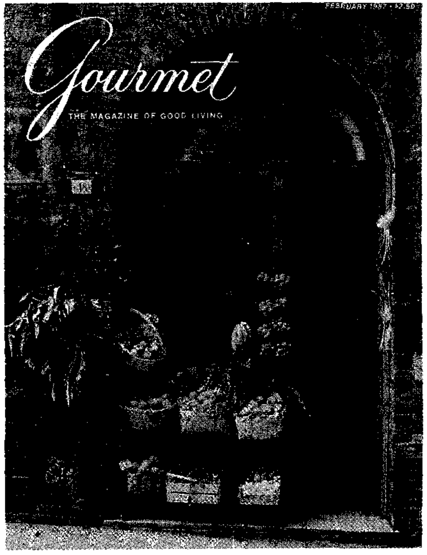

ter. But if Johnson didn't understand his refusal his friends at the station did. Jack Wynne, for example, says he understood perfectly. Had Hicks accepted the loan and bought a house, Wynne says, "I had this vision of a house with a huge picture of Lyndon Johnson over the fireplace."

(Did someone else understand, even if she did not say so directly? Although Lyndon Johnson never repeated his offer, he did send an emissary. The evening after Hicks' refusal, Lady Bird, dropping by the Hickses' home, brought up the subject. She did so, however, in a noticeably "halfhearted" manner, Hicks recalls. And when John Hicks repeated his refusal Mrs. Johnson said she understood, and she said so in a way that made Hicks feel "she *did* understand." He and Regina later speculated that Mrs. Johnson "had seen other people take their ten thousand and had seen what happened to them.")

GRADUALLY, Representative Lyndon Johnson had put together the kind of staff he wanted—composed of men who had demonstrated an unusual willingness to allow him to dictate their lives: Sherman Birdwell, who, as one of his boyhood playmates in the Hill Country, had followed Lyndon around obediently, attempting to imitate his mannerisms, an imitation he had continued while working for Johnson in the National Youth Administration; Willard Deason, who demonstrated his unquestioning obedience by switching from a promising career in education to a career in law because Johnson told him to, and then, when Johnson decided that another switch was in order, leaving the law to work for Johnson at the N.Y.A.; Walter Jenkins, who had been in Johnson's service only since 1939 but made up for his late start by his willingness to work for his chief "like a slave" and by a psychological dependence on him at least equal to that of his elders.

The quality that was crucial to Johnson in the people he wanted working for him was revealed by his choice of KTBC's new general manager, the job Harfield Weedin had once held. By this time, after Hicks' turndown, Johnson was culling candidates for positions in his radio office as thoroughly as he did for his political office. For each of the three or four final candi-

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dates, he took a separate page on a yellow legal pad, drew a line down the center of the page, and listed, on opposite sides of the line, the man's "assets" and "liabilities." For a long time he studied the pages. Then, on one of the pages, he underlined, on the "asset" side of the line, a single word—underlined it three or four times, decisively. The word was "loyalty," and the name on the top of the page was "Kellam."

As a youth, Jesse Kellam would have seemed an unlikely candidate for the Johnson team, for he was regarded not as a man who took orders but as a man who gave them. As a roustabout in the Texas oil fields and, later, as a hundred-and-forty-pound fullback at San Marcos who played without a helmet, Kellam had been noted for viciousness as well as toughness (once he deliberately fractured an opponent's ankle), and for his leadership abilities: although he was a fullback, he called signals. A teammate recalls, "In the huddle, Jesse spoke and we listened. He had command presence." But Johnson, the great reader of men, could read the most difficult text. Despite Kellam's toughness and command presence—and considerable ambition—when Johnson met him for the first time, in 1933, Kellam was a high-school football coach in a backwater Texas town, earning little more than a hundred dollars a month. After eight years in that job, he had, at the age of thirty-three, with Texas in the grip of the Depression, all but lost hope of finding a way out of the morass in which his life was mired. Johnson, the twenty-five-year-old congressional secretary, had one, and only one, truly desirable patronage job—with the state department of education—at his disposal; he gave it to Kellam. When, two years later, Johnson became the state director of the N.Y.A., he asked Kellam to join his staff. Kellam did not want to leave the education job, but he did. And when Johnson resigned from the N.Y.A. to run for Congress and needed someone he could trust to keep that organization loyal to him, he selected Kellam as his successor.

Basic economic considerations may have played a role in tying Kellam closely to Johnson. The man who had got him his government-executive position could have it taken away from him, and if that man turned against him, who would give him another one? "Lyndon had Jesse absolutely in his

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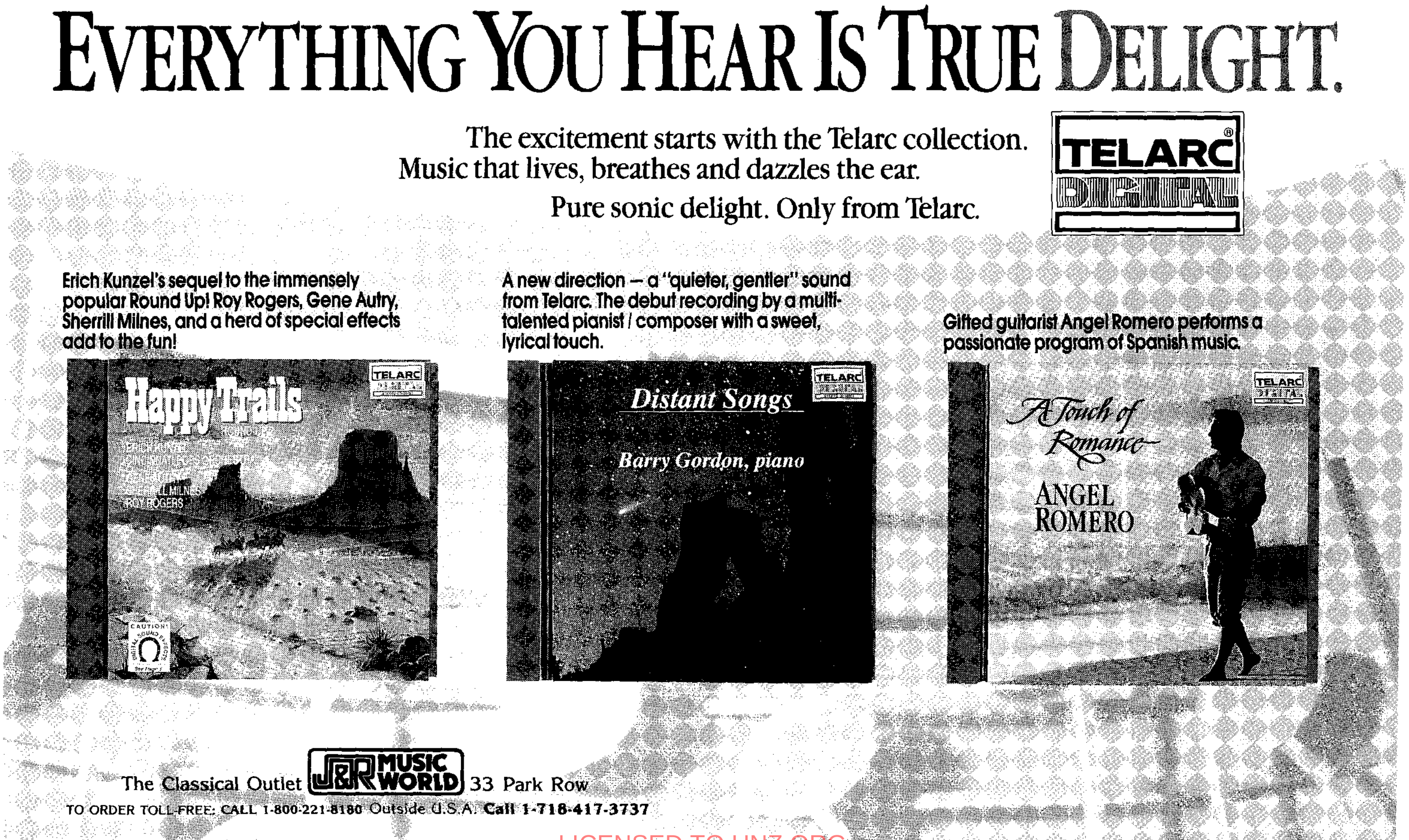
power," says someone who was familiar with both men. "And Jesse knew it." Now, in 1945, the power was greater than ever. With the N.Y.A. disbanded, Kellam, returning from the Navy at the age of forty-five, had no job waiting. And although Johnson gave him a job, the KTBC general managership, he did not give him a contract, so Kellam had no security; responding to an F.C.C. questionnaire a few years later, Kellam said he had a contract, "an oral one." This "contract," he said, included a provision for a percentage of the net profits. And who determined the percentage? The "station ownership." His economic dependence on Lyndon Johnson's pleasure was total, as ever.

But some of the considerations that tied Kellam to Johnson may have been more subtle than economic ones. Men who had observed the relationship had watched a powerful personality becoming steadily submerged in one much more powerful, until little trace of the first remained. Kellam, although he was eight years older than Johnson, called him "Mr. Johnson." Johnson called Kellam "Jesse." Kellam's gratitude for a word of praise from Johnson was almost painful to observe—though not as painful as his reaction to Johnson's anger. What Johnson said to Kellam behind closed doors at the N.Y.A. is not known, but on more than one occasion, when the door of Johnson's office opened, N.Y.A. staff members had been astonished to see Kellam, outwardly the toughest and most self-possessed of men, emerge crying. Now Kellam had his own office, at KTBC. Johnson would enter it and shut the door when he wanted to confer privately with him. And more than once, when the door opened and Johnson strode out, staff members at KTBC passing the door saw Kellam sitting at his desk, tears running down his hard face.

Although Kellam enjoyed giving orders, in a coldly domineering fashion, from Johnson he took orders, with a slavish obedience. Some of the orders made other men marvel. One was to meet Johnson's plane when he flew into Austin. Since Johnson often travelled on private planes, his time of arrival was frequently uncertain. But that did not matter. If, for example, he would be flying from Houston after dinner with the Brown brothers, he would tell Kellam only that he would telephone him from Houston as he was leaving. So afraid was Jesse Kellam that he would miss that call that he would hardly stir from his office until it came. One evening, a member of the KTBC staff left something in the office and came back late at night to pick it up. At first, he thought the executive offices were deserted, because no lights were on in them. As he passed the office of the general manager, however, he saw, in the shadows inside, a figure behind the desk. It was Kellam, sitting alone in the dark, waiting for the phone to ring.

And it wasn't only at the Austin airport that Kellam would be in attendance. Once, a storm prevented a Pioneer Airlines flight on which Johnson was returning from a speech in Midland from landing in the capital. The pilot announced that they would land instead in Temple, sixty miles to the north. Johnson told the pilot to contact the Austin control tower. "My man" will be waiting for me at the Austin airport, he said. "Tell him to drive to



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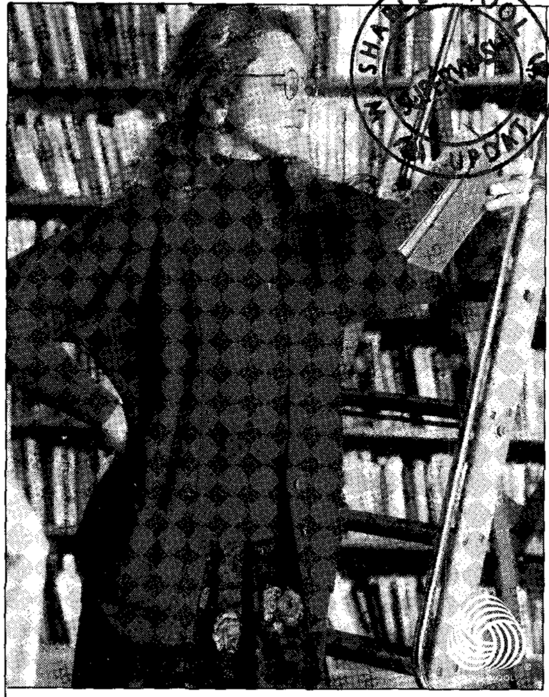

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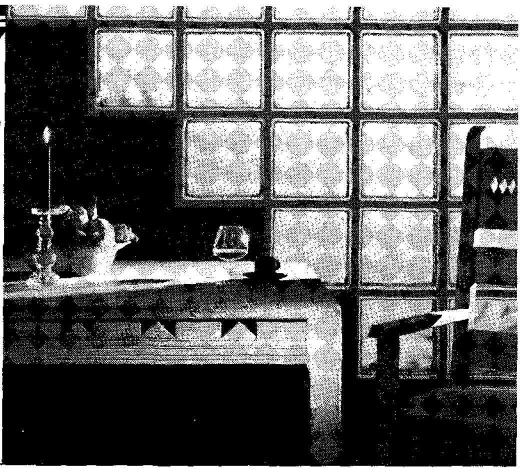

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Temple and pick me up there." In Temple, the weather was again too stormy to land. The pilot announced he would try Waco, another thirty miles north. Johnson had the pilot notify the Temple control tower that when his man arrived he was to be told to proceed to Waco. The plane succeeded in landing there, and Johnson had to wait an hour, but at the end of the hour Kellam arrived. A man who was on the airplane says, "He was following the plane around Texas. If he had had to go to Dallas, he would have gone to Dallas."

Kellam's loyalty to Johnson became famous in Austin. Ed Clark says, "Johnson could tell him to do anything, and the only reply would be 'I'll be there.' He never had a conflict when Johnson wanted him. He never had plans. He would change any plans." Not only Jesse Kellam's career but his life was lived at Lyndon Johnson's pleasure.

As for Kellam's ability, that was held in lower esteem. In New York, in later years, as the Johnson media enterprises grew into multimillion-dollar properties, men who dealt with Kellam could not understand how such a man had come to be put in charge of them. They just didn't understand. Johnson was simply following with KTBC the pattern he had followed in hiring men for the N.Y.A. and for his congressional office. The men he picked were not as a general rule (the most notable exceptions in these years were Connally and Horace Busby, who joined his staff in 1948) the brightest he could have picked; they were not the men with the most initiative. They were, rather, the men who had demonstrated the most unquestioning obedience—not merely a willingness but an eagerness to take orders, to bow to his will. While he called it loyalty, the capacity he prized most in his subordinates was actually the capacity for subservience.

JOHN HICKS was not the only man who fled from Johnson's embrace, fearing his domination. "I was one of his favorites," Jack Wynne says. But when, one Sunday, during a confidential chat, Johnson said, "You know, I admire loyalty above everything else," Wynne made the mistake of replying, "You're right. If you hire a man eight hours a day, he owes you eight hours a day."

Johnson hastened to correct him. "I mean more than that," he said. "I don't mean just that kind of loyalty, I mean *real* loyalty. Look at John Connally. I can call John Connally at midnight, and if I told him to come over and shine my shoes he'd come running. *That's* loyalty."

Wynne, to his surprise, suddenly heard himself replying, "Congressman, if anyone called me at midnight and told me to come over and shine his shoes, I'd tell him to go fuck himself."

Johnson was immediately apologetic. "Well, I didn't mean it literally," he said. "I'm not gonna call someone at midnight."

But, Wynne says, the exchange had crystallized feelings that had been growing in him, and "I decided to leave. Johnson didn't demand a great ability. He demanded 'loyalty,' and what he meant by loyalty was a kind of total submission. If you worked for Lyndon Johnson, you sold your soul to him. You could see it happening to other people around you. You saw that Jesse Kellam had no soul of his own. You saw that other guys close to him no longer had souls of their own." Wynne took a job with an advertising agency in Fort Worth. "I just wanted to get out of there," he says.

After a while, almost all the original staff members of KTBC—not only Weedin, Hicks, Wynne, and Mrs. Robinson but others who, forty years later, did not want their names used—left the station. By the time they went, however, that had ceased to matter to Johnson. If some people fled from his domination, others accepted it.

UNDER its former owners, KTBC's income from the sale of advertising had been about twenty-six hundred dollars per month. During the first few months that Mrs. Johnson owned it, the income rose only to a little over three thousand dollars per month. But in December of 1943 the first substantial revenues from the CBS affiliation began coming in, the support of Herman Brown, Alvin Wirtz, and Ed Clark was beginning to be felt, and advertising income rose to $5,645 for the month.

It rose more, rose faster and faster. In 1944, KTBC's average income from advertisers was $13,500 a month; in 1945, it was $15,300 a month; in 1946, it was $22,700 a month—more than the total amount Mrs. Johnson had paid for the station. In 1946 alone, the revenues from the property she had bought three years before for $17,500 totalled $272,500. Profits after expenses were also impressive. Mrs. Johnson soon began taking an annual salary (it was $21,500 by 1948), and the ownership also may have been withdrawing funds from the business by other methods; since sufficiently detailed KTBC records are not open, it has not been possible to determine the total amount of such disbursements, but one, in 1947, was apparently $80,000. Despite such withdrawals, however, KTBC's assets mounted rapidly. The end of the first era of the Johnson financial empire—the era in which his principal holding was Station KTBC, Austin—may be dated as 1952, because in that year it expanded into television, and its size and wealth soared to dramatically higher levels. But even before it entered that new era the station's assets—on December 31, 1951—were $439,000.

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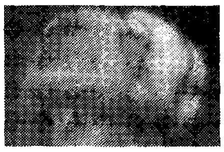

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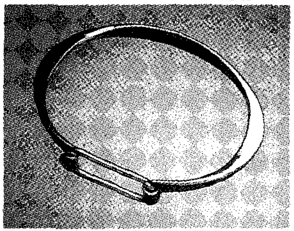

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the subject of the vast growth of the Johnson radio-and-television company and associated business enterprises was raised Lyndon Johnson would emphasize that he owned none of it. These statements were, with rare exceptions, accepted by the press. In listing the holdings of the company when he became President, the Washington *Star* stated that "these holdings are not the President's." At least one reporter—Louis Kohlmeier—examined the implications of the Texas community property law, however, and following the examination he wrote that the law "is complex in its application, according to the state's legal scholars, but they say that unless Mr. Johnson has signed away his rights, he almost certainly retains a legal as well as sentimental share in the broadcasting fortune." Under Texas law, as Kohlmeier pointed out, the spouse of a person who purchases a property with her own "separate" funds—a spouse such as Lyndon Johnson, the spouse of Lady Bird Johnson, who bought KTBC with her own inheritance—has indeed no interest in that property. But, as Kohlmeier wrote, he has a "half-interest in the income" from that property, and unless he signs away that half-interest (and Johnson never claimed that he had), he owns half of that income.

James H. Rowe, Jr., a powerful Washington attorney and longtime Johnson intimate, recalls that "one day," after the radio station had been purchased, he and Johnson were "walking the streets and talking, and he pulled a piece of paper out of his pocket, and said, 'I want to show you what this station made last year.' " Soon he was showing those papers—year-end figures for KTBC—to many friends. While the figures were small at first, these men recall that they got bigger—much bigger—each year, and were joined by figures for other investments. In time, Johnson began pulling out papers that contained several columns of figures—that, together, added up to his net financial worth. In what these friends recall as a very few years—as early as 1948, some say—the bottom line had seven figures on it. Lyndon Johnson was telling friends that he was a millionaire.

—ROBERT A. CARO

(*This is one of a series of articles. Subsequent articles will appear in future issues.*)

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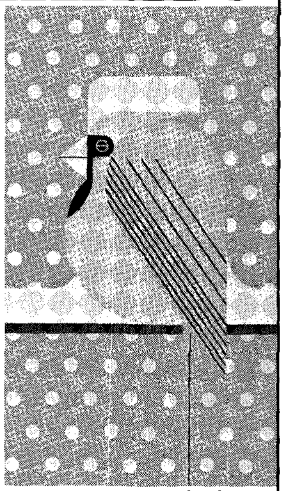

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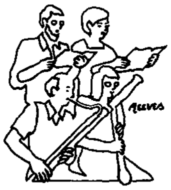

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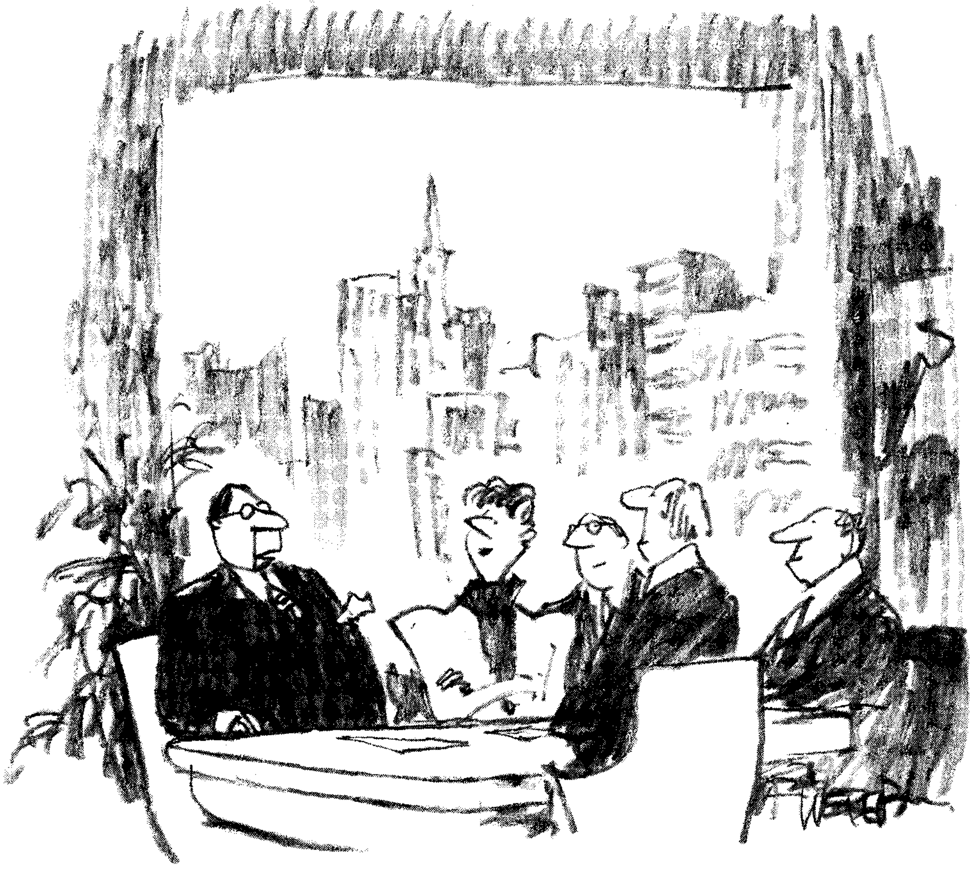
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

GIFTS FOR THE HOUSE

AN informal exit poll at Bloomingdale's last December 24th proved inconclusively that shoppers tend to buy more expensive presents as Christmas looms closer. This year, *pro bono publico*, we set out to find presents with price a major consideration: We intend to list only gifts under $101, and the closer to $10 the better. (This limitation immediately rules out antique shops, unless the buyer is in the market for a knife rest or a buttonhook.) We will not mention the telephone of 18k. gold in a lizard pattern from Asprey ($15,900), or note the life-size suit of Spanish armor, circa 1580, made of polymer-that-looks-like-metal, for the front hall, from Horchow ($2,000), or even Velodyne's video-audio sub-woofer system with anti-brucking circuitry ($645). Apophasis notwithstanding, there will be almost no cheating. Admittedly, it requires a certain amount of confidence to give *one* water goblet as a present, even if it does cost $90, and there are a couple of things that have elbowed their way onto the list though they cost well over $100, but for the most part what follows is a compendium of objects useful or decorative or, preferably, both that don't exceed the speed limit, and just might raise the standard of living around the house.

Perhaps the only item in this roundup that no household should be without is a messenger bag from the Globe Canvas Company, 177 Mott Street. In a city where the competition is keen for the most dazzling storefront, the entrance to Globe Canvas is unusual, if not unique. Walk north from Canal on the west side of Mott until you come to the second steel cellar door. If it's after 2 P.M., one of the flaps will be open. Descend the stairs, remembering to duck for the overhead, and you will find owners and staff, Frank DeMartini and his daughters Kathleen and Marge, at work. "If it's made of canvas, we'll make it" is their motto. They turn out gym bags, drum covers, tote bags, straitjackets (to order: Mr. DeMartini made one for the magician Mario Mancini to escape from), and messenger bags, in such colors as red, yellow, blue, tangerine, purple, olive drab (sometimes—it's hard to get), and black, all lined in a yellow waterproof material. The messenger bags expand to hold as much as the wonderful bag that Mrs. Robinson (the Swiss one) had. They are bound in black cotton, with a strong black shoulder strap and a Velcro closing, and have two straps for security. They can withstand severe abuse, and are a godsend for carrying stuff to the country and back—books, magazines, food, laundry, and the baby. They cost $45. (Bicycle and whistle not included.)

On a more festive note, some champagne glasses at Royal Copenhagen/Georg Jensen, 683 Madison Avenue (61st), have New Year's Eve streamers in the stems: red and white, black, pink, yellow, green, or white. The top is cone-shaped, like a Pilsner glass, and will hold a cup of champagne, so forget about stretching the wine, and the glasses are too tall for the dishwasher. They're for celebrating; $42.50 each. Water goblets the size and weight of eighteenth-century rummers are to be found at the Frank McIntosh shop, at Henri Bendel, made by a young British woman named Emma Bridgewater. (Miss Bridgewater is the wife of Matthew Rice, who, with his partner, David Linley-the-Viscount, designs furniture and what are called in the trade "tabletop accessories.") The goblets are four inches across and globe-shaped, with a frosted floral motif, and they will be commented upon, particularly if people have trouble lifting them; $90 each. Mr. McIntosh has stocked up on a line of art glass—specifically, highball glasses that call to mind such painters as Miró, Pollock, and Avery. The Averyesque glass combines a wide strip of cobalt blue around the bottom half with a turquoise band at the top; it could be entitled "Seascape." The glasses are opaque and outré; $36 each. Hurricane lamps, shaped like goblets,



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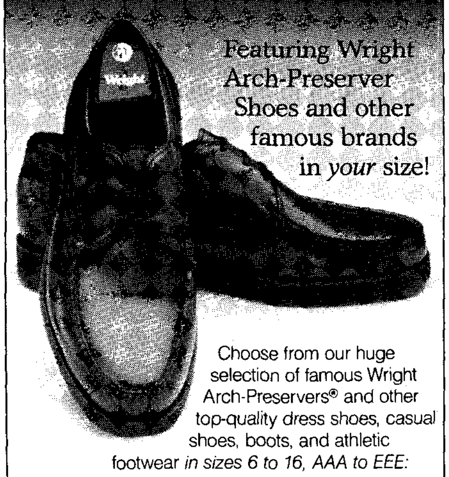

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start at $45, for one ten inches high, and the smallest is the prettiest. Handmade pottery by Luna Garcia comes from California and doesn't look *too* handmade. It has a smooth matte finish, and the colors are beautiful: sapphire, Bordeaux, terra-cotta, and licorice, of which the sapphire is the star. (We have noticed that, except at the Globe Canvas Company and stores specializing in high tech, when it comes to describing colors the terms red, blue, and yellow are passé. Riding Hood, Prussian Blue, and Gourd are where it's at colorwise.) The edge of each plate curls up sufficiently for it to be used for pasta, or even soup (thick). Not only is the pottery handsome in itself but it would make the food look special. Emma Bridgewater's white porcelain salad plates with willow leaves lying casually around the edge would similarly become a salad, and cost $25 each. Last year, this shop carried Italian linen napkins with a floral pattern, in subtle, pale colors. This year, the colors are darker, and equally luscious: grape background with Bordeaux poppies, or chestnut with bronze, or charcoal with silver. Each napkin is $35, and worth it. Utterly useless and utterly charming are foot-long painted wooden animal puppets from Indonesia; $85 for a horse or a cat, and $75 for a rabbit, the one with the most personality.

Before leaving 57th Street and Fifth, pop up to Tiffany's stationery department, where there are some boxes that have much to recommend them besides coming from Tiffany: looks and solid construction. They have a white floral, fruit, or butterfly pattern on a choice of background colors, all desirable: three greens, three purples, two rose reds. The boxes tie with matching grosgrain ribbons, are lined in pale yellow, and are in two sizes, of which the smaller is three by nine by twelve inches; $95.

WHETHER there has been an increase in café-au-lait drinkers in this country or the shops just hope there will be, a colony of café-au-lait bowls and cups has sprung up in Greenwich Village. The most distinctive of them are to be found at Le Fanion, 299 West 4th (Bank). They are the products of one- and two-person cottage industries in the South of France, and come in fire-engine red, French's mustard, and sugar-snap pea. Red bowls with a mocha base and edge are $22 each earless, $24 with ears. Cups, yellow or green, have brown handles and edges, and come with a plate for your croissant; $30 for the two. A pitcher, a coffeepot, and a teapot are $50 each; a milk jug, which has a handle on top as well as on the side—like a milk can—and a stubby spout, is $45. The colors and the simple, sturdy shapes are what make this earthenware so endearing. Maison Jean-François, 359 Bleecker Street (Charles), has a white porcelain café-au-lait cup, the best we've seen: it's neither too high nor too big, and the sides are straight. A cup and saucer are $45. A ribbed, earless breakfast bowl in white porcelain is $17.50. This shop carries only French merchandise, both old and new. A nineteen-fifties glass jug with "PERNOD" in raised lettering would do nicely as a water pitcher if one doesn't care for Pernod; $35. A set of six black-and-white cheese plates, each with a map of a different wine region on it (Bordeaux, Bourgogne, Alsace, etc.), and with the name of the *région* in red (or Bordeaux), costs $90. A collection of wooden clothes hooks starts at $40, for a large, curvy, hat-and-coat hook.

In spite of its name, La Chambre Perse, 347 Bleecker Street (10th), is not *française;* it's owned by a Persian, Fred Parvin, and his wife, Mary. Kilims are their stock-in-trade, and they make cushions out of pieces of old kilims. The colors and the weaves are unusual, and the cushions have a soft, used look, as though they'd been around for a while, without looking worn out from the ride. The prices range from $10 to $85, depending on size and whether the kilim is on one side or on both. The cushions all have zippers, in case the customer prefers a stuffing other than polyurethane foam. Up the street is Veen & Pol, at 399 Bleecker Street (11th), run by a couple of Dutchmen, Jeroen Veenema and Erik Pol. (The motherhouse is in Amsterdam.) It's a small store with flowerpots busting out all over, plus other decorative paraphernalia for the garden. The pots are terra-cotta, mostly new, and mostly from Spain, and they start at $8.50, for one four inches across. In addition, there are mossy pots, created by a grower on Long Island—he puts them under the benches in his greenhouse, where they catch the drips—and *very* popular; $5 to $250. Baskets made of wicker, thyme, or lavender cost from $12.50 to $100, and there are topiaries on hand with which to fill the pots, if one wishes. A rosemary plant in a Christmas-tree shape is $65, pot and moss included; a myrtle plant is $95. At 361 Bleecker Street (Charles), Kelter-Malcé has assembled a school of homemade lures that are of very little use to anyone except ice fishermen, who used them in the Great Lakes area during the thirties and forties. They are simple, colorful fish, made of painted wood and metal, and not the least of their charm is that they were made to catch fish, rather than to sell. They are from four to twelve inches long, and the prices start at $50, for a turquoise clothespin-fish with yellow splotches.

Hanae Mori, the fashion designer, at 27 East 79th Street, has apparently been designing lacquer ware as well as clothes for years. The genuine article is labor-intensive and molto expensive, but the items at Hanae Mori are copies made of sawdust and lacquer which are hard for the untutored to distinguish from the real thing. Black bowls, decorated here and there with small silver butterflies and the Japanese characters for "flower" and "moon" in gold, are six inches in diameter, and a set of five costs $70. (A Japanese set is always five: one for the host, four for the guests. And the hostess? She has the honor of serving the meal.) A three-layer lunchbox, five inches square, is $50; a box with two layers, lacquered red on the inside, is $35; a bonbon box is $20. They are both light and durable—Hanae Mori's son puts them in the dishwasher.

Fishs Eddy, 551 Hudson Street (Perry), has moved next door to the old store, and now has more room to accommodate its extensive collection of unused heavy-duty china, much of it originally manufactured for clubs and businesses. Some pieces are marked with the establishment's name, some are unmarked, and the prices start at ninety-five cents, for a small white ramekin. A fourteen-inch-long white octagonal plate (or serving dish) is $2.95, and two would be an addition to most households. "N. Y. Central System" dinner plates are $5.50 each; demitasse and saucer, $8.50. Coffee-cup covers depicting a workman in black overalls carrying a red tool bag, with the text "It Pays to Look Clean," are $4.50 apiece. The cynosure of all eyes here is the "Hialeah Park" plate, the piercing green of grass on an early sunny morning in October—there's no name for this color. The plate is $6.95.

A word on teapots. There is a proliferation of novelty teapots from Staffordshire: a roly-poly Englishman in a red jacket doing the splits (one leg forms the spout, the other the handle), circa 1870, for $675 at Kentshire Galleries, 37 East 12th Street; an "English Tavern" teapot—two children sitting on a branch outside a pub, either waving cheerily or trying to get Mum and Dad out of the boozer—for $55 at Keesal & Mathews, 1244 Madison Avenue (89th). For serious tea-drinkers, there's Brown Betty, the paradigmatic teapot. It's a shiny deep, dark brown, with a graceful spout, and comes in four sizes; a one-person pot is $12.95 and the tea-party size $24.95 at Myers of Keswick, 634 Hudson Street (Horatio), and Dean & DeLuca (for slightly more). D. & D. also has silver-plated tea strainers—with rests to catch the drip—in the form of a teapot, for $50, or a house with door, windows, and "TEA" punched out, for $10.

A set of serving implements, twelve inches long, made of heavy 18/8 stainless steel, is nearly as ubiquitous as novelty teapots, but with more reason. The spoons—one is slotted—are plain, the fork has four free-form geometric tines, and the round finials on the handles are off center. They are striking; around $40 each at Dean & DeLuca, Frank McIntosh, and Barneys, among many other places. (Barneys also has them in silver plate, for $70 apiece.)

Dean & DeLuca has a smashing collection of strong wire trays and baskets fashioned loosely after clam-digging baskets. The trays are rectangles and rounds; the baskets come with and without handles. They cost from $10, for a baby-size basket, to $50, for a large one sporting a cable edge and a braided handle. An oval wooden platter that's light but big enough for a three-rib roast is $50. A heavy and most satisfying black iron pepper grinder with a wooden knob on the crank is $30. A simple gold-plated cheese or lemon grater, to be brought to the table, is $8. Perhaps the best present of all would be a red string filet ($8) filled with a few purple thornless artichokes (ninety-five cents each) from the produce section up front.

A newcomer in the housewares-as-art league, the L. S. Collection, 765 Madison Avenue (65th), is the sort of store one feels that one ought to dress for; the place is designed within an inch of its life. The éminences grises are Japanese, and the collection is international: Italy, France, Scandinavia, Finland, Japan, California, Switzerland. Leather goods for the desk (or the top of the bureau), from Italy, in black or cognac cowhide with white stitching, run from $45, for a box three inches square, to $95, for a frame eight and a half by ten and a half inches (and up). Trays with bendable sides are for pencils or to use as a dump for, say, pennies; one three by ten inches is $70. Simple, un-arty salad servers of buffalo horn are $100 a pair. An arty pewter candleholder in the shape of an oversized jigsaw-puzzle piece is $75 or $85. The idea is to buy more than one. (Only connect!) Planters made of elderwood come in natural or black, and could serve as wastebaskets. They have two bands of wood around them and are reminiscent of butter churns; $75 for one eight inches in height and diameter (rising in size and price to eighteen inches and $175). Sointu, 20 East 69th Street, a small store with a sharp eye, carries a three-pint "pinched carafe," a handleless glass pitcher of Nordic design, bearing no resemblance to Haig & Haig's pinchbottle. Two sides are pinched together to form a sort of handle, and the liquid flows around the pinch; $75. Store Next Door (to the Whitney), at 943 Madison Avenue (75th), goes in exclusively for made- or designed-in-America products. An assortment of coat (or hat) racks modelled on antlers, snakes, fish, and branches, from the Atomic Iron Works, ranges in price from $50, for a ten-inch-long antler, to $100, for a thirty-five-inch fish, to $150, for a sixty-inch antler. A no-nonsense triangular magazine rack of black aluminum has fourteen rungs, on which to hang all your catalogues; $25.

This is a big year for things Shaker, particularly oval faux-Shaker boxes (spied at the Estée Lauder cosmetics boutique in Macy's), but the ones sold

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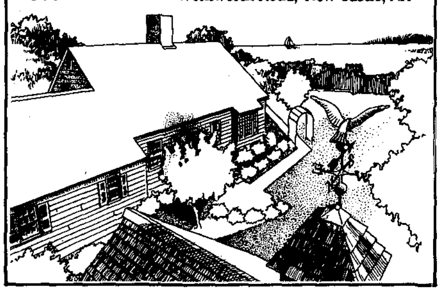

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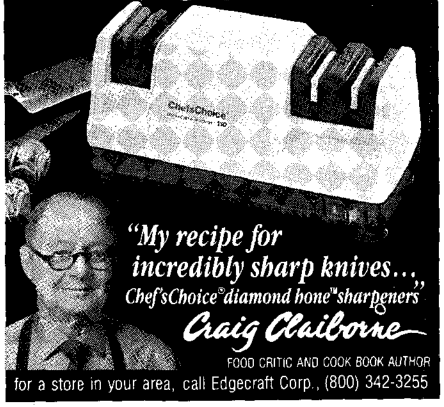

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at Store Next Door, made by Orleans Carpenters, are carefully crafted, scrupulous copies. There are eight sizes; from $21 to $65. Brooms from Kentucky that no one would mind hanging in the open have natural or colored bristles (spruce green, slate blue, mauve) with a neat raffia-and-string join, and a leather thong for hanging; $19.95. Thorough-Bred throws, so called because they resemble horse blankets, are a hundred per cent wool, with a stitched binding, and come in red, navy, or hunter green; $48. Handmade appliqué quilts for hanging on the wall rather than covering a child measure thirty by thirty-six inches, and come in a choice of patterns: Airplane, Watermelon, Flag; $80 to $85.

There comes a time in every household when a small piece of furniture is needed for a particular purpose and it's not something most people are willing to spend a bundle on. The Bombay Company has recently opened branches in New York, at 1018 Madison Avenue (78th) and 2001 Broadway (68th), where it sells eighteenth- and nineteenth-century reproductions made of hardwoods (frames and legs) and bonded sawdust with cherry, birch, or mahogany veneer. No one is going to think that the pieces come from Stair & Company, but everything is presentable and conventional, and, boy, is the price ever right. Small tables run from $39 to $99: an oval tilt-top table is $39; a Regency side table with a scalloped edge is $69. There are also plant stands, benches, footstools, mirrors, sconces, and the like. A barrister's bookstand that swivels on a stationary base is $69. (It may not be big enough for Webster's Unabridged but would do fine for Julia Child's latest unabridged.) A quilt rack is also $69. A mahogany-colored wine rack that holds six bottles of wine might be gratefully received, particularly if six bottles of wine were included; $29. You come away from this store surprised that the furnishings don't cost more than they do—a refreshing experience.

The Conran's Habitat stores have a handsome bevelled mirror with a walnut-burl frame, eighteen by twenty-two inches, for $85. Oval Italian mirrors, painted gold over red so that the effect is of gold leaf, are fourteen inches high and cost $50 at Wolfman Gold & Good, 116 Greene Street (Prince). Silver-plated candlesticks with twisted stems here are Mexican in appearance and are of good weight; twelve inches high, $100 a pair. A triple-shelf steel rack, to hold pies or plates—like a small curate's assistant—is $45. Above all, attention should be paid to the heavy white Portuguese rugs here. They have a raised diamond pattern and are far superior in looks and quality to other white scatter rugs; from $20, for one twenty-four by thirty-six inches, to $125, for one fifty-six by eighty-two inches.

D. F. Sanders has opened an uptown, upscale branch next to the Place des Antiquaires building, at 127 East 57th Street, but it hasn't got so grand that it has abandoned streamlined mops and potato peelers. Among many items suitable for Christmas presents is a bulletin board of black perforated metal, twenty-four by thirty-four inches, for $48, and the best parts are the optionals: round magnets in red, white, or black, in two sizes, for $1 or $2, and paper-clip magnets for $1.75 and $3.25. They would dress up the shopping list or the reminder to call the electrician. Trays made of black (this is the black-and-white-and-red-all-over store) perforated metal, with the ends curved to form handles, come in three sizes, starting at $25, for one ten inches square. An adjustable bookstand made of pearwood is $35. A black-plastic cube called a Xena Lite, which looks like a headlight and is only slightly smaller, has a stout handle and a red on-off button. It's highly recommended by its Japanese manufacturers for home, auto, camping, and diving, and would be nonpareil for reading under the covers; $50.

THERE is a cluster of shops on Lexington Avenue in the Sixties, and between them it should be possible to knock off the better part of one's Christmas shopping in two hours. Handblock now has a store at 860 Lexington Avenue (65th) as well as at 487 Columbus Avenue (84th), stocked with low-tech appointments and handblocked cottons. An impressive collection of simple wooden kitchen utensils ranges in price from $4, for an oven hook (for pulling out a hot shelf), to $12, for a cake-cooler, or trivet, that resembles a ladder. A sort of cradle with a handle, for lifting corn out of the pot, is $5.50; a nest of three tongs, each made from one piece of wood, so that it won't come apart the way toaster tongs do, is $7.50. Granted that the corn extractor will not be in constant use, these implements, though not distressed, look like artifacts, and are a pleasure to have just hanging on a wall. Simple pine trays and boxes with black iron handles are made by the Amish, and are sturdy and handsome; from $24, for one nine by six inches, to $87, for a ten-inch cube. Lacquered black-and-white papier-mâché trays with a geometric pattern are $24. A wrought-iron candlestick on a tripod base is nineteen inches high, and costs $38.50. A twig side table, with two shelves and a handle, in case one is in the habit of carrying twig tables around, is $52, and would look dandy on a porch. A hand-painted metal cat with orange and white stripes and a slightly larger rabbit are intended as fireplace guards but look more like doorstops. The painting is realistic rather than cartoonish; $33.50 and $48.50, respectively. Appurtenances for the indoor gardener include a tool called a Trake—one end is a trowel, the other a rake—with finger grips, covered in green plastic; $17. A wrought-iron rack from which are suspended a trowel, snippers, and fork is $54.

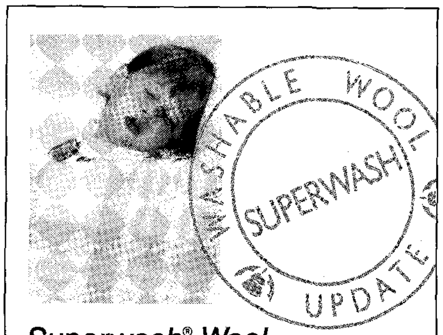
Next door, at 862 Lexington, is Cherchez, where a group of stylized faux-tortoiseshell accessories can be found. A three-by-six-inch box is $14; a pencil cup is $11; a Kleenex box is $20; candlesticks are $35 a pair; a square wastebasket is $38. An equally stylish lacquered tray, with a raised rim and cutout handles, which has a black-and-red marble look without exactly being faux, is $30. A gray or a maroon wool blanket is $50; an accompanying leather carrying harness is $30. A hand-painted oval dish of white pottery, from Italy, has a brilliant-turquoise rim decorated with very simple peaches, which look more like bronze apples. It's beguiling because of the artist's strong color sense combined with a lack of talent; $100. Cabbages & Kings, 813 Lexington Avenue (63rd), sells a horn cheese-breaker with a rounded end, which for cutting hard cheese is less precarious than a knife; $2.50. Something called a Wallflower, a glass vial with an inconspicuous plastic holder that can be attached to a mirror or a window—in fact, *has* to be attached to something—is $5. A hand-needlepointed "DO NOT DISTURB" sign with a floral border is $18. A silver-plated fork and stuffing spoon are $25 each, and a snuffer is $18, all from England. Brass doorstops are $28, for a cat; $45, for a spaniel; $78, for a pineapple; and $95, for a lion.

Now check on Roses Only, at 803 Lexington (62nd), which sells roses from Ecuador, skipping the middleman. There is nothing exotic about these roses, but they come in a wide range of colors and lengths, and are sold only by the dozen; from $5 for eight-inch stems to $15 for thirty-two inchers. If the directions for care and feeding are followed to the letter, they can be cajoled into lasting a week. Baby's breath is available for $1.50 a bunch to pad the bouquet, if necessary, and in Manhattan the store will deliver orders over $20. At 6 P.M., this shop is as popular as a Korean grocer's.

ON to the West Side. Contre-Jour, 190 Columbus Avenue (68th), has a miniature edition of the international "NO SMOKING" sign on a silver-plated stand; five and a half inches high, chic, and $38. Buz Westside, 643 Amsterdam Avenue (91st), has something for everyone. It's a combination of hardware store, D. F. Sanders, and Dapy: toothbrushes, toasters, vacuum cleaners, wristwatches, children's lamps, goofy clocks. The enthusiasm of the owner, Buz Gelbtuch, for almost everything in his stock (there are some stacking tables he's not wild about) is infectious rather than oppressive. He is eloquent on the subject of a palm-tree-shaped sponge for washing glasses; $1.98. A stovetop espresso machine of baked enamel makes two cups of espresso with a minimum of fuss, and, in red, would make a terrific little present for $22.99. A set of three oil-burning glass lights—two cubes and a taller triangle—is $60.50, with oil and matches. (The oil is a special self-cleaning solution.) Buz reports that they are "nice even in the bathroom, around the hot tub." A Micro-Halogen lamp that won first prize at a trade show comes apart so that it can be used on a table or as a spotlight or be clipped to a bed so as not to disturb one's roommate. It lives up to expectations, is unobtrusive, and costs $60. All in all, an upbeat place to Christmas-shop.

Down to the East Village. William-Wayne, 324 East 9th Street, is an out-and-out gift shop, where nearly everything is under $100 and the choice is heady. William Meyer, co-owner with Wayne Adler, is "into monkeys," a predilection reflected in his wares, but he also has an eye for gifts that are not simian-related. Dapper little lacquered-leather boxes, oval, rectangular, or round, come in cordovan, tan, or dark green; $10 to $30. Red plaid hatboxes that look vintage, if not antique, are lacquered (lacquer is very popular this year: it can be wiped off, and it smartens up the merchandise) and come in six sizes for $10 to $25 each, or $90 for the set. A plaid pencil box is $6. Containers made of bamboo and chicken wire have an Edwardian look, though they come from the Philippines: breadbaskets are $25 or $30; a wine carrier for two bottles, or for baguettes, is $37.50; a magazine rack is $55. A trivet of woven pumpkin vine with handles is for cheese, or it could be used as a rustic placemat; $8. A set of four balloon salad plates, each with a different balloon, is $60; an Eiffel Tower decanter, with stopper, is eleven inches high and costs $22; teak-stained candlesticks with white porcelain bobeches are ten, twelve, or fourteen inches high, and cost $30, $35, or $40; a "dummy board," or "silent companion," often used to decorate an empty fireplace, is covered with a flowered paper of peonies and roses in a pot, and costs $40. Mini twig chairs are $15, $17.50, and $25, depending on size, and would accommodate three stuffed bears.

ALL those with the initials J.A.dP. should telephone Muriel Clarke, at Trouvaille Française (737-6015), and hurry over to inspect the *trouvaille irlandaise* that she bought at Christie's auction of the estate of Jean A. duPont, most of it unused and still tied in its ribbons. The prices start at $30, for a hemstitched baby pillow-



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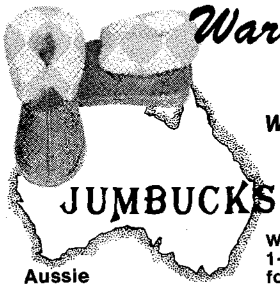

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case with French seams (unmonogrammed), and go up to $150, for a queen-size sheet. Pillowcases are from $65 to $75 a pair; a bolster cover is $50. On the subject of monograms, Mrs. Clarke has some French château napkins (a category indicating size—enormous—as well as place of origin) that start at $35 for a pair thirty inches square with the initials "PG" in white and rose. There are also château sheets, with monograms that should be framed and set to music: one ninety inches wide with a monogram so magnificent that it's indecipherable is $145. *Relatively* simple sheets, eighty-four inches wide and initialled "MHL" in letters only three inches high, are $95 apiece. Pillowcases to match, hemstitched and embroidered, are $90 a pair.

Barneys has some bright-red wool placemats with a black grosgrain border which are washable; $16.50. A line of towels, by Fieldcrest, called Stately Homes are heavy white or cream chenille with a corded insert for trim, and look expensive but aren't; from $5 for a washcloth to $43 for a bath sheet. Some towels that look expensive and are can be seen (if not bought) at Matsuda's sleek new emporium, in the Flatiron district, 156 Fifth Avenue (21st). It looks more like a hotel lobby than a shop and is primarily a clothing store, but Matsuda has ventured into the linen closet with some stunning towels in a black-and-white check with a Chinese-red stripe, bound in black across one end. Now, get this: the checks diminish with the size of the article. These towels would look terrible in a flowery bathroom but would be the only decoration needed in a plain old white tile bathroom. Hand towel, $12; bath towel, $70; bath sheet, $140.

Small presents to put in a stocking: A screwdriver the size of a toothpick, designed expressly to deal with the tiny screws that secure the arms of eyeglasses to the frames, and a big improvement on the paper-clip solution; $1.98, with four screws, at Barson Hardware, 35 West 44th Street. A candle shaver, for recycling large candle stubs to fit small holders, comes in red, green, or blue plastic for $1 at Dean & DeLuca, and works a lot more easily than a paring knife. A small plastic chick with a retractable blade for clipping newspapers and magazines is to be found in assorted colors at Dot Zero, 165 Fifth Avenue (22nd); $2.95. The design store at the Museum of Modern Art sells a device called a Penny Packer, which automatically counts fifty pennies and packages them into a bank roll. Well, not exactly automatically, but the instructions are easy to follow; $6, wrappers included.

Comfort and joy for the reader: The Levenger catalogue ("Tools for Serious Readers") has a reader's table of teak, from Denmark, with all the attributes of a hospital table but better-looking. The height can be adjusted, the top can be tilted, and a third of the top remains level to hold an extra book or a cup of coffee. It's sturdy, and moves easily on three wheels. Assembly required, and no cinch, but worth the trouble; $175 from Levenger, 975 South Congress Avenue, Delray Beach, Florida 33445-4628 (telephone 800 544-0880).

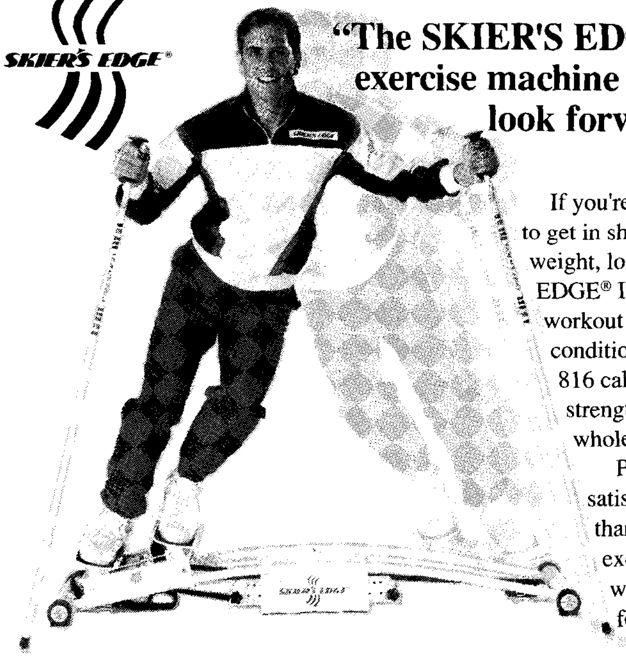
For the driver: The cabdriver's friend, a quite ugly beaded seat pad, would lower the tone of a Mercedes, raise the tone of a stretch limo, and seen in a Rolls would cause people to smile, but it *is* extremely comfortable. It's cooler in summer but not in winter, and, whether or not it's the "gentle massage" provided by fifteen hundred and seventy-nine wooden beads, the driver is less stiff than usual when he exits the vehicle; $34.95 at Hammacher Schlemmer, 147 East 57th Street, or "about twenty dollars at the LaGuardia taxicab lot near the Trump Shuttle, around one or two o'clock." (Information received in October from driver of Cab 9C74.)

For holiday entertaining, Marimekko, 7 West 56th Street, sells an ice bucket disguised as a Christmas tree. It's made of green papier-mâché, with ornaments painted on, and is sixteen inches high. One more thing to store for eleven months, but it's cheerful; $85. The prettiest Christmas china we've seen is at Keesal & Mathews—spongeware dinner plates with green fir boughs around the rim and a tree in the center with tiny red balls. The colors are subdued, and the effect is heartwarming without being determinedly jolly; $38.50 apiece. A glass holder for votive candles is wrapped in a green metal leaf; $10. Birch-bark cachepots filled with small birch logs are $22.50 for a five-inch basket, and $30 for a ten-inch one. (They're more for decoration than for use—birchwood is expensive kindling.) The Frank McIntosh shop sells a cone tree, fifteen inches high, standing on two little logs. It is made in the Philippines, and is absolutely plain, and should really be strung with cranberries or popcorn, if anyone in the house is up to that; otherwise, holly will do; $25. Jones Road Antiques, 1050 Second Avenue (55th), has lovely old Christmas-tree ornaments at affordable prices: a small green ball caged in gold-colored beads ($8); a red berry ($10); a pink viola ($20); a large silver fish ($45). Be Seated, 66 Greenwich Avenue (Perry), has, as usual, hundreds of Christmas-tree ornaments from all over the world, chosen with care. Particularly noteworthy are the small ornaments for small trees: tiny grapes ($2.50); wooden cutouts ($1.10); houses ($1.25); a box of twelve painted wooden birds ($5.50); twelve animals, among them an elephant, a camel, and a rhinoceros ($10); a red satin ballet slipper ($2). Dean & DeLuca sells fluted gold or silver clip-on candleholders, and your local engine house would probably appreciate it if you did not light the candles; seventy-five cents each. A red Christmas-tree ball, made in Switzerland (the operative word when it comes to inner works), that plays "Silent Night" for nearly three minutes when the string is pulled, and not to a foxtrot beat, can be found at Hammacher Schlemmer. It can be hung on the tree, and the remarkable thing about this ornament is that in spite of many little fingers pulling the string it will continue to belt out "Silent Night" year after year. (We know of one that has lasted twenty-six years.) It's $39.95.

A Post-Christmas Note: Conran's Habitat has a red-and-white ornament box, with three decks and seventy-two compartments, that might be of interest to the poor wretch who has to take down the tree; $9.95.

THE CHRISTMAS TABLE

TREE-TRIMMING parties are becoming increasingly popular. All ages can get in the act, and though the party usually ends up with two or three people doing most of the work and the others hanging an ornament of choice in a prominent position, the occasion is satisfactory for both hosts and



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guests. The tree is trimmed without any fights, and the guests go home feeling that they have contributed to an approximation of the tree that rises up in "The Nutcracker." Les Friandises, 665 Amsterdam Avenue (92nd), has come aboard with a trim-a-tree kit—a red-and-white striped sock filled with two blown-glass ornaments, two handmade gingerbread ornaments, six brownies, six Greek Almond Snowball cookies, and four ounces of popping corn for stringing (or eating), with needle and spool of thread included. Children could be entrusted with popping the corn, and it's an apropos gift to arrive on the doorstep with; $30. Jean Kahn, the owner of Les Friandises and a pâtissière of the first order, turns out every kind of Christmas sweet: cookies, fruitcakes, bûches, gingerbread houses, and pies. This year, think seriously about buying the chocolate meringue boules ($1.25) or, for breakfast, the miniature Danish (seventy-five cents).

What might be most deeply appreciated at the beginning of the holiday season is a bourbon ham from Mortimer's, 1057 Lexington Avenue (75th). To begin with, it's a good ham; second, it's covered with a thick glaze of bread crumbs, brown sugar, mustard, and bourbon, with not a pineapple or a Maraschino cherry in sight; and it is succulent. Ideally, it would be served warm from Mortimer's at a buffet—the size is fairly daunting—and then could be picked at for the duration. The hams are sold by the joint only, and average from fifteen to seventeen pounds, which Steve Attoe, the chef, says would provide generous portions for twenty-five at a buffet, and enough for fifty at a cocktail party; $6 a pound. Mortimer's fruitcake got high marks from an ad-hoc tasting group; the majority of its members don't like fruitcake, but even they recognized that this was a fine example of the genre, because of a plethora of things to chomp on and the high alcohol content (half bourbon, half sherry). The proof of the pudding is that all of it was eaten; $22.50 for a pound and a half.

Whether a tree-trimming party is limited to drinks and snacks or is a buffet, a new store that does both takeout and catering has appeared on the horizon, and it bears close investigation: Yura & Company, 1650 Third Avenue (92nd). A connecting door between Yura and the Yorkville Fishery inspires confidence in the freshness of the fish dishes turned out here. Canapés start at $10 a dozen, for cucumber fans with sour cream and salmon caviar; shrimp filled with saffron crabmeat are $25. A wonderful Russian cabbage borscht includes short ribs on or off the bone, and, with salad, is a meal in itself for all but growing boys; $5.50 a pint. An American spinoff of bouillabaisse, using only shellfish, arrives in three parts: a container of broth; uncooked lobster, crab, and shrimp; rouille and croutons. It's $18 a quart. A less expensive version, made without any shellfish, is available upon request for $12. Spinach-and-wild-mushroom lasagna is $6 for half a pound. Yura's Christmas menu starts with a nouvellish crab soup (fruit juices are part of the formula); proceeds to a standing rib roast (undercooked, for reheating), roast potatoes with rosemary (the herb of 1989), and carrot-and-parsnip purée; and concludes with a steamed chocolate pudding, accompanied by brandy-and-almond cream. Orders must be placed by December 21st; $38 per person. The pecan squares here are the best cookies that the ad-hoc tasting group has bitten into during the past year. "They give new meaning to the taste of butter," an aficionado said; $1.25 apiece. A gracious home of gingerbread can also be ordered from Yura, made by Liesl Jenkinson, who is straight out of Yorkshire and architect extraordinaire of gingerbread houses. There is nothing Hansel-and-Gretel about this house, and the attention to detail is impressive: six-over-one windows on the front elevation; an arched window and an oeil-de-boeuf on the side elevations; a front porch with pillars; a front gate, a fence, gingerbreadfolk, and a decorated fir tree in the yard; a chimney, Santa Claus, and reindeer on the roof. It's a busy Christmas scene, all done in icing and hard candy (and gingerbread); two sizes, for $175 (eight inches high) and $300 (twelve inches).

Grace's Marketplace, 1237 Third Avenue (71st), has some excellent takeout food, suitable either for a buffet or for just the family: linguine with white clam sauce, as good as any we've ever had, comes with plenty of chopped clams (which, for some reason, did not turn into rubber when reheated in a microwave) and fresh Italian parsley; cabbage vinaigrette includes carrots, red and yellow peppers, zucchini, and cauliflower, finely chopped. Both are $7 a pound. For the holidays, there is a choice of entrées, among them a whole boneless roast goose, stuffed with wild rice and served with a thick kirsch sauce ($12 a pound), and a crown roast of lamb filled with seasoned ground lamb ($14 a pound). Brussels sprouts and labor-intensive chestnuts, with garlic, are $8.50 a pound, and can be ordered without garlic. All meat can be ordered cooked or uncooked. Grace's Marketplace also carries the most expensive salmon in captivity, called Balik. It is smoked according to a two-hundred-year-old recipe, was a favorite of the czars, and is not to be considered for a party of more than two; it's neither very smoky nor very salty, and it does melt in your mouth, as well it might at $20 for a quarter of a pound. Stand back, Petrossian.

The high spots of the extensive Christmas menu at The Silver Palate, 274 Columbus Avenue (73rd), are a smooth, creamy shrimp bisque, thin, with a good shrimp flavor, for $7.95 a pint, and a hearty lentil soup with red-pepper purée, for $6. Filet mignon with a cracked-peppercorn crust is $23.50 a pound, and is accompanied by a clear wild-mushroom sauce, at $9 a pint. The broccoli purée (with some potato added to cut the acidy edge) and the carrot-orange purée are triumphs; the latter raises carrots to a new height; both are $10.75 a pound. A fresh-raspberry tart, with custard, and with only a little sliced kiwi in the center of the tart for a red-and-green look, is Christmassy without being plum pudding, and it's delicious; ten inches and $24. Orders can be picked up until 1 P.M. on December 24th.

Eli Zabar, who runs E.A.T., 1064 Madison Avenue (81st), is, as usual, more interested in bread and pastry (and roasted vegetables) than in Christmas dinners. Sourdough bread in the shape of a wreath, with white hearts stencilled on it, weighs about four pounds, and costs $24; for the same price, and weighing about the same, there is a choice of sourdough, raisin nut, seven-grain health, or rye bread in the shape of a fat cushion. This year, Eli has come up with large, open Beggar's Purses filled with roasted potatoes and onions, flavored with rosemary and thyme plus a little goat cheese. He thinks they could be cut in four and served as finger food at a cocktail party, a possibility only if bibs are provided; $7 apiece. Very crisp Parmesan toast, made with day-old focaccia, isn't exactly finger food, either, but it is good; $15 for half a pound, or about ten pieces. For a dessert, the fruit squares—raspberry or apricot—are tip-top. They are three inches square, and *could* be cut in half; $4 apiece. Best of all is the Christmas Carrot Cake, with cream-cheese frosting, and just the ticket for a buffet; a five-pound cake is $60. One of the great drawing cards at E.A.T. is that everything looks homemade.

Venison is very big this year, and the Broadway Butcher, 2446 Broadway (90th), offers a leg of venison ($9.95 a pound), a boneless loin ($22.50), or a top or bottom round ($15). The owner, Michel Guiton—Frenchman, butcher, former chef—says that the loin is the most delicious and luxurious cut. He also says that all venison should be cooked in a very hot oven for a short time, and that the classic way of preparing it is Grand Veneur—with a grand brown sauce and accompanied by puréed marrons and baked apples filled with lingonberries. Everything depends on the quality of the venison: if the meat is good, it's better than roast beef; if it isn't, it's stringy and gamy.

For traditional English Christmas sweets, Soutine, 104 West 70th Street, employs a traditional Englishwoman, Susan Kluger, who is well versed in such matters, and she makes a Royal Navy Plum Pudding by hand. It comes in a white crock, and a pudding that weighs a pound and a half costs $21. Also in the repertory are fruitcakes, Scottish Buns, and Christmas Fudge Cakes. Miniature fruitcakes—one-and-a-half-inch rounds, eight of them honey-bourbon, eight brandied English—are easier for those with mixed feelings about fruitcake to deal with; a two-pound box is $15. Five miniature Christmas Fudge Cakes in a gift box are $5. While we're on the subject of traditional Christmas cakes that are not always received with open mouths, Soutine is making its version of panettone, using whole-wheat or white bread, without any candied fruit: apricots, golden raisins, currants, and walnuts only. It's light and fresh-tasting; $15 for a two-pound cylinder.

So many denizens within a ten-block radius of Kathleen's Bake Shop, 155 East 84th Street, swing by for their morning coffee and caloric fix (doughnut hole, coffee cake, muffin) that Ruth Ann Neal, the new owner, has set up a table for coffee on one side of her tiny shop and a serving table with knife and cutting board on the other side. The sour-cream coffee cake, with pecans, is a particular favorite: a ring seven inches across is a candidate for Christmas breakfast; $10. Alex Miles, a heavy hitter with a light touch who studied at the École Lenôtre, in Paris, has had a pâtisserie called The Cakery in Dumont, New Jersey, for eight years, and has now established a beachhead at Kathleen's. He makes an endless variety of beautiful, light pastries, such as three raspberries lined up on pâte brisée, exactly one mouthful in size; $1.50. Fruit tarts start at $3.50, for a small lemon tart, and go up to $30, for a nine-inch raspberry. For his Pithiviers, he uses ground-almond flour rather than almond paste, because the paste has too much sugar, with the happy result that there is only a hint of almond, rather than a dose. The outside is made of pâte feuilletée, and looks like bark; the whole is so light it almost blows away; $22 for a cake that serves eight. French macaroons the size of fifty-cent pieces come in the palest vanilla, coffee, pink (strawberry), green (pistachio), or chocolate, and they melt in the mouth. A plate of these fragile confections would disappear in about three minutes; $28 a pound. He also makes extraordinarily good cheese sticks—strong on cheese, light in weight—which resemble logs split the long way; $1.75 apiece.

In Brooklyn, Marquet Pâtisserie, 235 Smith Street (near Atlantic Avenue), continues to reign supreme. Among the outstanding breakfast treats are almond-filled croissants and, particularly, Cheese Pockets, filled with creamy pot cheese ($1.10 each). New entries in the Petits Fours Division are tiny macaroons, called Congolais ($10 a pound) and Sablés (a packet of nine for $3). Marquet's bûchettes (small bûches de Noël) are four inches long, and very popular, unsurprisingly;

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$5. Life-size marzipan Lady Apples, hand-colored, are $2.50 each, and worth buying if only to gaze upon.

For a Christmas buffet-spread, Scot Paris, 416 East 13th Street, makes an excellent lemon Bundt cake with fresh cranberries and a Key-lime glaze. It can also be ordered without the cranberries; either way, $16 for one that will serve sixteen. The Empress Pumpkin Chiffon Cheesecake, very popular with Scot Paris's Ethiopian-restaurant clientele as well as with his all-American, is $16 for the nine-inch size. Orders should be placed a week in advance, and always call before setting out. The shop will deliver orders over $50 in Manhattan.

Houghtaling Mousse Pie, 235 Mulberry Street (Spring), famous for its truffle cakes and chocolate-mousse pies, is offering C.B.K.'s Jewel Bags this Christmas: red, green, purple, or blue metallic paper bags filled with little packages of wrapped cookies. Each package contains two almond crescents, one brown-sugar walnut square, and one "thumbprint" sugar cookie with either raspberry or apricot jam in the middle. Lemon-glazed wafers can be substituted for the brown-sugar walnut square. Four packages of four cookies are $5; eight packages are $10; twelve are $15. Be sure to order ahead.

At Dean & DeLuca, Brigitte Weil, the guiding light of the pastry department, has come up with a couple of new desserts: an individual Pear Tarte Tatin ($3.75) and a lovely plum tartlet with a homemade look ($2.75). Nut Fingers—mild, crumbly, and delicious—are three inches long and $1.50 each. D. & D. also carries C.B.K.'s almond crescents and lemon-glazed wafers (called "lemon toast" at D. & D.) for $16 a pound. Brownies made by Brigitte herself are $1.75 each, but halves are a generous size. Two superior dinner-party chocolates are Éventail Noir, very thin chocolates in the shape of a fan ($36 a pound), and Richart chocolates ($38). These are square wafers on which is printed in white chocolate the percentage of "cacao pur" in each, and the country of origin. Fussy, but there is a detectable difference in the flavors: Antilles, Venezuela, Brazil, Côte d'Ivoire, Madagascar, Java, and Ecuador.

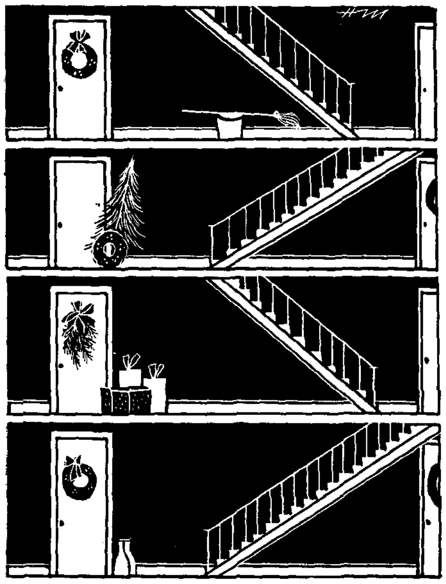
The produce section is bursting with agricultural anomalies: the thornless purple artichokes, green cauliflower, small purple Brussels sprouts, Holland baby white eggplant, huge grapefruit from Florida called pomelos. The dried-fruit section is comprehensive, and a bowl of this fruit would refresh the palate at almost any time; from $4.50 a pound for the Turkish apricots to $13 for the strawberries. The cheese scene is bleak everywhere, but the Bella Epoque, from Italy, in a long brick shape, with a rind, is creamy and runny, like a Brie; $12 a pound.

THE price of caviar: Zabar's is charging $450 for fourteen ounces of Beluga, $189.95 for Osetra; Macy's is charging $460 for fourteen ounces of Beluga, $199.95 for Osetra. Macy's has rearranged one end of the Cellar so that now you can buy some smoked salmon (Macy's carries six kinds—including Icelandic, which is mild, creamy, and unsalty—costing from $21.95 a pound to $26.95 a pound), park it in cold storage, and sip coffee while someone else wraps the gifts you've bought. This year, Macy's is on an Austrian kick; get over to the counter where boneless smoked wild stag (from Austria) is prominently displayed, and have it cut so thin that you can read the newspaper through it. It's lean, with a wonderful flavor, and the slices are a nice shape. It would be a notable addition to a cold buffet; $5.95 for a quarter of a pound.

Petrossian, 152 West 58th Street, is charging $955 for seventeen and five-eighths ounces (every eighth of an ounce equals fifty to fifty-five eggs) of Beluga, $421 for Osetra, but then Christian Petrossian is the only purveyor permitted by the Russians to select his caviar at the fishery. No broker. This year, M. Petrossian has entered the canapé field with six little numbers that are as spectacular to look at as they are to eat. In preparation, he and his chef set themselves the not unagreeable task of patronizing every good sushi restaurant in New York and Paris, with the idea of combining the freshness of sushi with Petrossian's caviar and smoked fish. They have succeeded: a roulade of smoked sturgeon with wild mushrooms; salmon wrapped around an avocado rice mousse with fresh salmon roe; smoked eel rolled around chopped shiitakes and haricots verts—and that's just three. A dozen of these assorted Teasers, as they are called, are $29.50. The Tarama, slightly less awesome in price, consists of smoked cod roe mixed with crème fraîche, pepper, and lightly moistened sandwich bread (crusts removed), and has a lovely flavor, texture, and color; $23 a pound.

Ecce Panis, 1120 Third Avenue (65th), is a bread store that is worth a side trip. To continue the spiritual theme, the bread is divine. The shop is owned by a dentist, Dr. Joseph Santo, who also owns several restaurants. The breads are baked in the back of the store, and include white sourdough, dark sourdough, Sunday Raisin, dark currant, double walnut, chocolate, and a brioche loaf with or without black pepper. (We're not sure what is to be done with chocolate bread, available on Fridays and Saturdays.) Prices range from $2.50, for an oversized individual loaf, to $6.50, for a Sunday Raisin boule. Sweet or savory focaccias cost from $2.50 to $30. Samples are on hand for nonbelievers. The shop also sells pasta in four shapes: rigati (noodles), fusilli (corkscrews), fettuccine, and tagliarini. It's made fresh every day by Contrapunto (one of Dr. Santo's restaurants), and is the best pasta that a twenty-two-year-old pasta freak we know has ever tasted; $1.50 for a quarter of a pound. What with the cozy atmosphere and the beatific smells, the shop is hard to leave.

Priscilla, 35 Jane Street (Eighth Avenue), which is the takeout shop many people would most like to live near, has always been a dab hand at what its owner calls "comfort food," and two stellar examples are a vegetable lasagna made of spinach, peas, mushrooms, onions, and carrots, with melted mozzarella on top, and Potatoes Montagnard, a mixture of creamy spuds, bits of smoked ham, and fresh herbs, covered with Gruyère. A half pound of either is $4.50, and both would be enjoyed by all ages. (Priscilla will fill the customer's own dish if the customer wishes.) Her soups are outstanding as well as comforting. The Farmer's Winter Soup (acorn squash and sweet potatoes) and the Vegetable Cheddar (carrots, slivers of green and red pepper, thin slices of crunchy zucchini, and cheddar) are $3.25 a pint. The brownies have always been first-rate here, and now Priscilla has come up with a new dessert—a Pumpkin Log with a cream-cheese-and-chopped-pecan filling, the outside glazed with pecans. It's a winner, and must be ordered ahead; $18 for one serving eight to ten.



SOME presents for the larder: Maison Glass, 111 East 58th Street (it has moved from down the street, and acquired an espresso bar), sells a three-ounce jar of Bar-le-Duc for $13.95. Legend has it that only young maidens can pick the currants for this jam, and it sells like crazy—even by the case, which costs $160. A full line of English goods under the name Great British Eccentrics is attractively packaged in black and white and includes Gingersnap Biscuits (seven ounces for $7.95) and Mint Hailstones—small hard pellets (five ounces for $5.95). Balducci's sells a huge, two-pound bag of dried *Boletus edulis*—fungi—for $120; one pound is $65. E.A.T. will ship four fresh loaves of its bread, by Federal Express. The gift-wrapped package contains six pounds of bread, a good bread knife, and recipes for using the bread; $45, including the shipping (telephone 772-2343). Domestic caviar, from Atlantic sturgeon caught off the coast of Georgia and harvested and processed by Walter Howell Boone, of Darien, Georgia, is very much worth eating as long as no one is expecting the real stuff. The roe is a respectable size, firm, flavorful, and not too salty; a one-pound tin is $145, a five-ounce tin is $45.30, and shipping, by next-day U.P.S., is around $15. Walter's Caviar, P.O. Box 263, Darien, Georgia 31305, or telephone 912 437-6560.

AMONG the pleasures and hazards of the Christmas season are unexpected guests who, like Pooh, arrive just in time for a little something. If it's

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teatime, there is always plenty of fruitcake, but if a meal has to be whistled up nothing contributes more to the cook's peace of mind than a support system in the freezer. Bread and pasta from Ecce Panis are a good place to begin, but pasta requires some sort of sauce, and, if this seems too demanding, a forehanded trip to The Ravioli Store, 202 Elizabeth Street (Spring), would be productive. Here you can buy eighteen different, colorful kinds of ravioli, with appropriate butters. We didn't eat our way through the entire list, but among the exotica we can recommend unequivocally the saffron pasta, filled with wild mushrooms, and the roasted red pepper, with tequila shrimp. They are available either fresh or frozen, but not every model is available fresh every day; from $4 (for parsley and ricotta) to $10.99 (lobster) a pound, and there are usually twelve pieces to a pound. N.B.: If the ravioli are frozen, cooking them a minute longer than is prescribed softens the edges, which some people otherwise tend to cut off. Appropriate butters include chili, sage, clove, lemon/mustard/caper, roasted red pepper, chive, scallion, and Parmesan garlic; four pats for $1. Delivery is free in Manhattan for orders over $50. Dufour Pastry Kitchens, 808 Washington Street (Horatio), has been working on packages of bite-size canapés made with no-cholesterol puff pastry. There are five fillings, of which the fresh-mushroom pâté, the Swiss cheese and spinach, and the smoked salmon are especially good. There are twelve of a kind to a package; $4.50. For something a little more substantial, try Dufour's strudels. The Chestnut Stuffing Strudel would take the place of a proper stuffing, and the fresh Cranberry Strudel could serve as either a side dish or a dessert. Each is thirteen inches long, and $6.50. William Poll, 1051 Lexington Avenue (75th), has, for $5 apiece, surprisingly good individual frozen cheese soufflés, with plenty of cheese, but light. You put them in the oven and they rise—they aren't cheese puddings. Poll puts up and freezes sixteen-ounce jars of strong clear chicken broth and beef tea, which are not for company but for those who need a rest from holiday fare; $8.50 and $12, respectively.

THE fortunes of Larry Burdick, chocolatier, can be said to have improved in that he has moved his candy kitchen from Brooklyn to slightly less bleak quarters on the Upper East Side and has acquired a part-time helper, but the sailing has not been smooth. The enrober (a machine that coats chocolates) finally arrived, but the electrician who came to install it said the motor had been put in backward. And while the tempering machine was stalled on the docks, because Customs had lost the papers, Mr. Burdick had to do his tempering by hand, "which means my arm falls off." However, now that both machines are in working order his output is back to normal. The fillings will continue to be formed by hand (rather than molds) before being hand-dipped or enrobed in the couverture, which is fine chocolate, properly tempered. He makes thirteen kinds of chocolates, including truffles, pralinées, and mice with silk tails. All his chocs are small (there are between sixty and seventy in a pound) except the mice (which are small for *mice*, and are sold by the piece). They are either packaged in stylish redwood boxes fastened with a ribbon and a blob of sealing wax or sold in bulk. The quality and the presentation are very haute; half a pound for about $18 at Yura, Zona (97 Greene Street), Dean & DeLuca, and Two for the Pot (200 Clinton Street, Brooklyn).

Another source of handmade chocolates, Normandie Chocolat, 338 East 116th Street, owned and operated by Frederic and Angela Covo, continues to make twelve kinds of truffles as well as miniature chocolate bars, the size of calling cards, which come wrapped in gold foil; $22 for a little over a pound. Musical chocolates, with harp, violin, and piano shapes on thin rectangular wafers, come in a bag of thirty-two pieces, for $16. Since they are handmade, the chocolates can be ordered in dark, milk, white, and minted flavors. And, for a minimum order of $25, the Covos will deliver in Manhattan; telephone 289-7404.

Coda: To wind up the Christmas festivities, Alex Miles will make a Galette des Rois for a Twelfth Night party. It's a regal version of his Pithiviers, and has a favor hidden in it called a *fève*, which in former times was a small white Limoges Baby Jesus, but no longer; that *fève* is unobtainable, and, regrettably, the present one is made of plastic. Whoever gets it is crowned King, and so ends the holiday season. Merry Christmas!

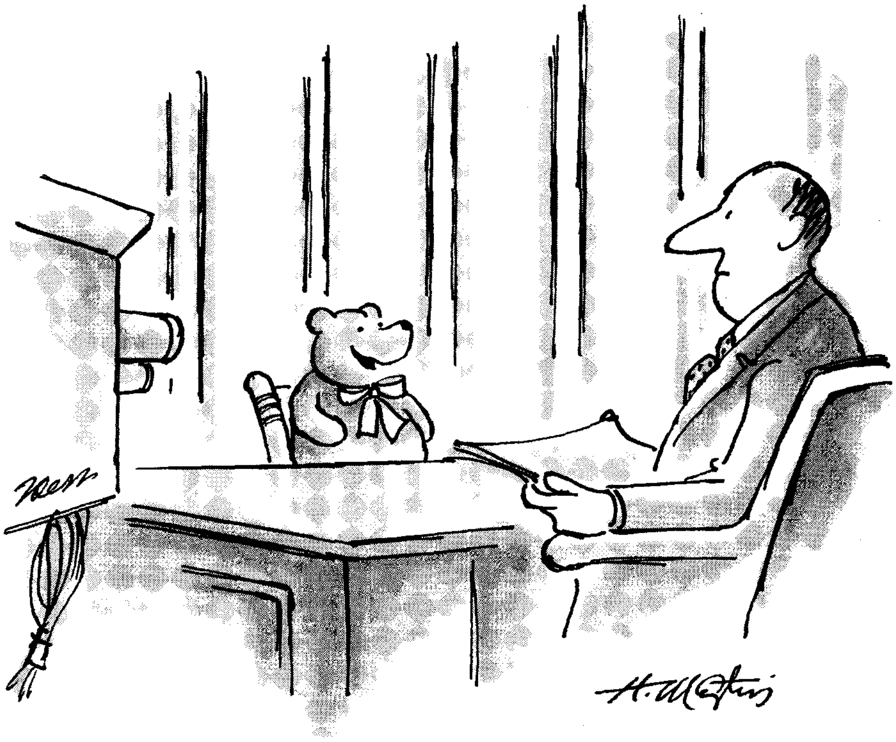
LETTER FROM THE PHILIPPINES

December 7

After almost a week of heavy fighting and the death of some eighty Filipinos, President Corazon Aquino and the armed forces of the Philippines, with the help of American fighter jets and anti-tank weaponry, appear to have quelled the most serious and protracted coup attempt her government has faced since coming to power, nearly four years ago. The coup attempt came at a low point in Aquino's administration, which has been plagued by inflation, corruption, violence, drug-trafficking scandals, strike threats, and severe power shortages. These ills, together with her apparent inability to deliver basic public services, and a destructive contentiousness on the part of her political opponents, have conspired to undermine the popular support that brought Aquino into office, in the 1986 "People Power" revolution that forced former President Ferdinand E. Marcos to flee the Philippines after two decades of corrupt and dictatorial rule. Following Marcos's death in exile on September 28th, Manila had been rife with talk of a possible coup—when it might come, whether it could succeed, and who would lead it. There was so much talk that prospective key players began to distance themselves from over-publicized coup plots, and few serious observers believed that anything would really happen. Coup talk became one more persistent strain in the regular din and clatter that characterize political life in the nation's rambunctious, sprawling capital.

But the threatened coup attempt finally did occur. The Philippine government has estimated that as many as three thousand soldiers participated in the rebellion, which began in earnest shortly after midnight on Friday, December 1st, when several hundred Philippine marines and élite Scout Ranger troops stormed and immobilized Villamor and Sangley Point Air Bases, and then launched strafing and bombing attacks on the Presidential palace, the government-television compound, and two military installations. Although the rebels were greatly outnumbered, they nevertheless managed to hold out against government forces throughout the day. They were aided in their resistance by the reluctance of government pilots to fire on their rebel counterparts, many of whom had been their classmates at the military academies. As in previous coup attempts, significant numbers of troops stayed on the sidelines, apparently undecided about whether to fight for the government or join the rebel cause. One Filipino businessman remarked to me that, despite the violence, this was "another war of acoustics." He explained, "The soldiers do not really want to kill each other. The fraternal feeling is too strong."

The psychological turning point in the siege reportedly came on Friday afternoon, after President Bush, responding to Aquino's request for assistance, authorized the use of American F-4 Phantom jets stationed fifty miles north of Manila at the United States' Clark Air Base to fly cover for Philippine planes and ground troops. The rebels, then in control of most of Manila's military bases and airspace, were apparently shaken by the show of American support for Aquino, and they lost their grip on the installations, one by one, until they retained control only of the logistics command at the Armed Forces Headquarters, at Camp Aguinaldo. On Friday night, the military was able to retake the logistics center. There was a lull in the fighting, and General Renato de Villa, the armed-forces chief of staff, issued the first of many "victory" announcements that would be made as the rebellion dragged on. "It's over," he said. "It's just a matter of cleaning up." On Saturday, as rebel soldiers retreated into the neighborhoods around Aguinaldo, Aquino herself announced that the coup had been crushed. But later that day the rebels seized nearby Makati, Manila's financial and shopping district, and before dawn on Sunday more than a hundred and fifty rebel soldiers shelled and stormed Aguinaldo, thereby initiating a long, fierce battle. They were finally repulsed, and they withdrew to Makati. Rebel snipers took up rooftop positions, and some five hundred rebel troops occupied high-rise condominiums, office buildings, and luxury hotels, on the theory that government commanders would be loath to jeopardize the lives of civilians and tourists with a full-scale attack on the rebel targets. Late Saturday, Philippine military officials had secured President Bush's authorization for the immediate sale and transfer of bazooka-like anti-tank weapons from Clark Air Base, to use in their "mopping up" process. Presumably, the rebels, in the face of this firepower, ran out of options, and



"Well, my earliest memories, Frank, are of being placed under a tree by a big, fat man in a red suit."

the battle was essentially confined to a shootout in Makati. Although the rebel forces were scattered among some seventeen downtown Makati buildings, the government focussed its siege on three luxury hotels, where the officers who had led the coup attempt were said to be concentrated. A friend who lives in Makati told me over the telephone on Monday that a uniformed sniper was firing from a tree outside her fourth-floor apartment, and that her parents were huddling in the bathroom of their high-rise condominium, several blocks away, to keep clear of the windows, which had been shattered by bullets. A series of ceasefires were negotiated on December 5th, to permit the evacuation of some two thousand foreign tourists and businessmen. Although the ceasefires were repeatedly violated by bursts of fighting, people trapped in Makati were finally allowed to leave on December 6th, during an extended truce that led to talks between government and rebel negotiators. That evening, President Aquino declared a national state of emergency and, in an impassioned television speech, called upon the Filipino people to "join us in dealing the final blow to the enemy." Shortly after midnight, however, a deal was struck, and in the morning the four hundred remaining rebel troops left Makati, singing a battalion anthem as they marched to Army Headquarters, at Fort Bonifacio, where they had agreed to turn over their arms.

The coup itself may be over, but its repercussions have only begun. Aquino's decision to ask for assistance from the United States came at the worst possible time for the government, which is scheduled to begin "exploratory talks" with the United States this month on whether to negotiate a new treaty to extend the lease on the military installations at Clark and at Subic Bay Naval Station. Both the anti-Aquino right and the anti-American left view the ongoing United States involvement in the Philippines as interference by a former colonial power, prohibiting the Philippines from coming of age. The American bases, which employ more Filipinos than any other institution except the Philippine government itself, and which last year pumped nearly a billion dollars into the Philippine economy, have been the cause of strident debate over the exploitation of workers, prostitution, the spread of AIDS, and the possible presence of nuclear weapons, which are prohibited by the Philippine constitution. Although Aquino has denied that she wants to keep the bases, and has repeatedly insisted that she will leave her "options open" until September, 1990, when she is legally required to inform Washington whether she is willing to renegotiate the treaty—the present one expires in 1991—it is widely assumed that she favors extending the lease, and she has been accused by her critics of selling out Filipinos to their former colonial protector.

The United States, for its part, is eager to keep the bases in the Philippines, and is apparently satisfied that Aquino is still the best alternative the Philippines can offer to protect American interests. For now, the Bush Administration seems willing to provide whatever support she needs to stay in power. Immediately after news of the mutiny reached Washington, Marlin Fitzwater, the White House press secretary, announced that the United States would suspend "all foreign assistance . . . if the elected government of the Philippines were removed through a military coup."

Within several hours of the rebel attack, Defense Secretary Fidel V. Ramos announced that the coup had been masterminded by former Colonel Gregorio (Gringo) B. Honasan, the popular, swashbuckling leader of a violent coup in August, 1987, which cost fifty-three lives. Honasan was a central figure in the Reform the Armed Forces Movement (RAM), a group consisting mostly of young soldiers and officers who were dissatisfied with low wages, corruption among their superiors, and the lack of free rein to go after Communist insurgents. Reportedly financed largely by the wealthy Senator Juan Ponce Enrile, a former Defense Secretary, "the RAM boys," as they are known, were key participants, with Enrile and Ramos, in the coup that ousted Marcos and brought Aquino to power, and they still tend to see themselves as guardians of that revolution. Their political agenda and the substance of their complaints have not changed since the 1987 coup attempt—evidence, critics say, that Aquino is incapable of appreciating the gravity of her soldiers' disaffection and the importance of reckoning with their demands.

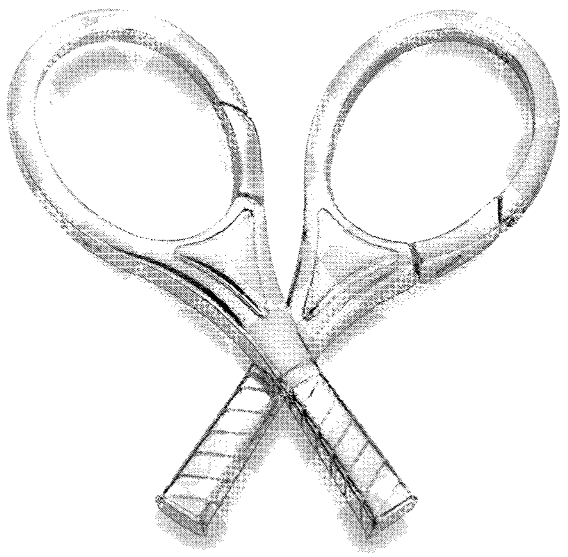
Honasan was captured when the August, 1987, coup failed, but seven months later he managed to escape from the Navy ship where he was being held prisoner. He has lain low ever since, yet has managed to issue public statements and to give press conferences, at the latest of which, held the week before this most recent coup attempt, he again condemned the Aquino government as corrupt and ineffectual. On the second day of the coup, Honasan issued an ultimatum to Aquino over a radio station supported by Marcos loyalists, saying that, unless she resigned, the Presidential palace would once more be attacked, and that the attack would be led by General Fabian Ver, the former armed-forces chief of staff, who, Honasan claimed, had just returned to the Philippines. Ver, a cousin of Marcos, has been accused of implementing the plot to kill Benigno (Ninoy) Aquino, the President's martyred husband. A number of other military and civilian supporters of Marcos are also said to be in league with Honasan.

COUP threats and coup attempts have plagued Corazon Aquino since she assumed office. In interviews in October, sources within the military freely acknowledged that there were still restless factions there, and senior officers were unwilling to discount the possibility of a military coup. "The only thing keeping this country together is the military," one high-ranking officer told me. "The easiest thing to do here would be to have a coup initiated through the chain of command." He hastened to add, "But if the military takes over now, it will be with great distaste. The present commanders are enlightened, not corrupt or power-hungry, as before." He also told me, "You'd be surprised how many businessmen want a military takeover in this country." Another ranking field commander, from a different branch of the armed forces, corroborated this, and described "a sort of commercial enterprise to plan a coup," which he called "Honasan, Inc.," and which he said was backed by wealthy Filipinos. "You'd be surprised at the people supporting the military underground—important businessmen who feel dissatisfied or marginalized by the Cory group, which is really very small."

I was not as surprised as either commander supposed. Several influential businessmen had told me that they had discussed a number of coup scenarios with top military officers, who had agreed to coöperate and were waiting only for their cues. When I asked one leading political analyst to compare the December 1st coup with previous mutinies against Aquino, he replied, "My instincts tell me this is a different kind of play. This is a mutiny of the military's professional class."

In addition to Honasan, susceptible military commanders, and private financiers, the attempted coup may have been engineered or supported by a variety of aspirants to power. (Aquino's term of office expires in 1992, and she has vowed not to run again.) After Marcos died, opportunists of various persuasions seized the occasion to promote their own political agendas. The most prominent among those regularly mentioned in discussions of coup plots is Vice-President Salvador (Doy) Laurel, who, with Senator Enrile, leads the opposition Nacionalista Party.

Laurel was in London when the coup broke out. He immediately called on Aquino to resign (as he had done on many previous occasions) and the next day, in Hong Kong, held a press conference, during which he described the revolt as "democracy in its fullest and complete sense," and said he would be willing to serve under a military junta, "if it was good for the country." Laurel actively campaigns against Aquino from the Vice-President's office, and those who call Aquino "reactive" and ineffectual can point to government officials all the way up to the Vice-President as evidence that the country's leading politicians are devoted, above all, to undermining her. This former housewife is under growing pressure to show more backbone; her most recent display of toughness came on December 2nd, when she de-



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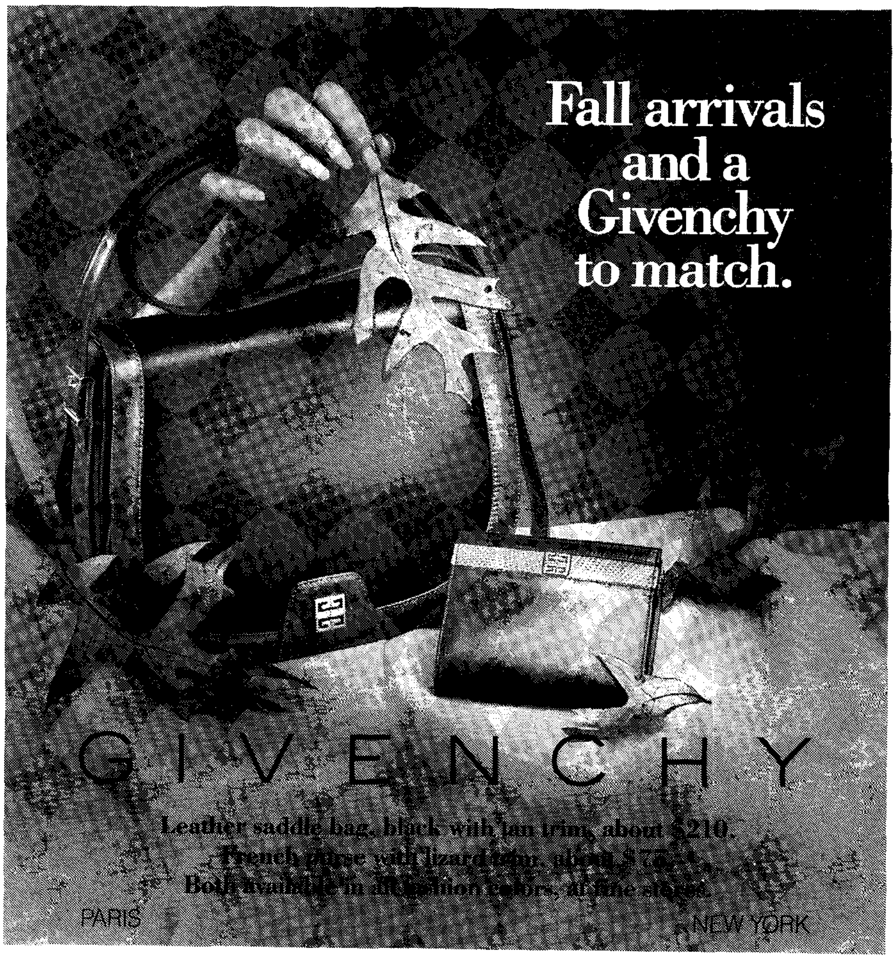

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manded that the rebels "surrender or die."

Another civilian frequently mentioned as a possible backer of the coup attempt is Aquino's estranged cousin Eduardo (Danding) Cojuangco, an exiled Marcos intimate who managed to effect a clandestine return to the Philippines in late November, much to the chagrin of President Aquino. (She had banned his return, along with that of Marcos, and General Ver and other members of the Marcos entourage.) It is said that Cojuangco, who had been living in Southern California, has a lot of money stashed in the Philippines, and also that a substantial number of people "owe him," both in the government and in the armed forces. When I asked political analysts, in the weeks preceding the December 1st coup, about Aquino's strength and likely durability, they often alluded to Cojuangco's shadowy intentions, illicit reëntry, close connection to the Marcos clan, and strained family ties to Aquino.

Neither the coup attempt nor the newly declared state of emergency will hearten Western businessmen, who are understandably reluctant to sink their assets into a teetering Third World democracy whose foundations show signs of giving way. In November, despite the mounting coup fever, President Aquino went ahead with a planned visit to Canada and the United States, in order to drum up fresh investments and debt relief. She was relying on her continuing popularity abroad and the prospect of a sustained economic upswing to reassure diplomats and investors who had heard alarming reports from the Philippines in recent months. Members of her administration were already worried that accounts of military involvement in human-rights abuses, drug trafficking, and corruption, combined with a perceived governmental sluggishness in getting aid appropriations to their intended beneficiaries, would discourage investors and aid-agency officials.

The events of the past week have magnified a public-relations problem into a national disaster. Five days after the start of the coup, the rebels' strategy of trying to force Aquino's hand by strangling the nation's economy was having a devastating effect. Nineteen of the three dozen or so commercial banks were still closed, as were the Makati and Manila stock exchanges.

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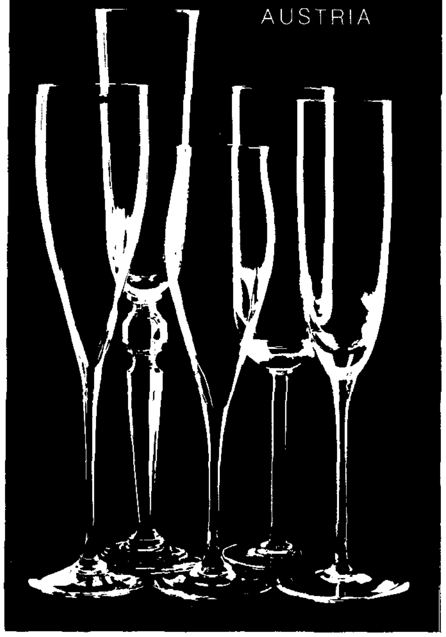

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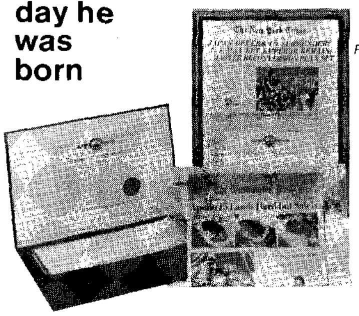

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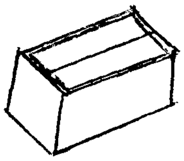

"It's bad news for Aquino," a well-informed Filipino real-estate executive said of the rebel occupation of Makati's hotels and office buildings. "Not just in terms of her survival but in terms of the catastrophic impact on the Philippine economy. Tourism is dead. The real-estate boom will soon come to a bust. As for private foreign investments, it will take at least six months to restore confidence. Already, Sony has said that it may postpone a forty-million-dollar manufacturing plant here."

Even before the coup attempt, cracks in Aquino's economic recovery and People Power support structure were apparent. In Manila, during the agitated weeks after Marcos's death, teachers and other government employees struck for higher wages, and unpredictable power shortages were crippling business and driving Manilans to their wit's end. In late November, the government finally implemented a much-dreaded across-the-board oil-price increase, and that, many observers have suggested, was used by the rebels to mobilize popular support for the coup. Hoping to capitalize on the public's discontent, opposition leaders forged new strategic alliances. Marcos supporters were, naturally, the first to make their voices heard, in an outpouring of mourning and calculated melodrama provoked by their hero's death and burial in exile.

LIKE many Filipinos, President Aquino held Marcos responsible for murdering her husband, Ninoy Aquino, for looting the Philippine economy, and for making a mockery of the country's democratic institutions. In her first statement after Marcos's death, Aquino banned the return of his remains to the Philippines, in the interests of "the tranquillity of the state and the order of society." Marcos's family, exiled in Hawaii, delayed the funeral in the hope that Aquino would change her mind. Military and intelligence officials justified the President's ban on the ground of national security, citing evidence of "destabilization moves" against the government by rightist and leftist factions, as well as an alleged plot to assassinate Aquino. In the weeks preceding the coup, the atmosphere was thick with anxiety about what malevolent forces might appear in the wake of the Marcos era.

On October 15th, as the body of the former dictator was "temporarily interred" in an air-conditioned shed at Valley of the Temples Windward Mortuary, in Oahu, some five hundred Marcos followers in Manila held a candlelight vigil, which looked like a combination of religious revival and county fair. The vigil was held in front of the Philippine Constabulary Headquarters, at Camp Crame, on Epifanio de los Santos Avenue—a street whose acronym, EDSA, has become synonymous with the 1986 People Power revolution. Nearly four years ago, a statue of the Virgin Mary placed over the Camp Crame gate is said to have protected a million demonstrators gathered on EDSA from tanks manned by troops still loyal to Marcos. Now wreathed photographs of the deposed leader, Baby Jesus statuettes, potted ferns, and arrangements of plastic flowers were amassed to form a makeshift shrine for, as one large banner declared, "the noblest man that ever lived in the tide of times." Crame's long concrete wall was covered with neat black crosses and with messy red graffiti praising Marcos and cursing Aquino in the local Tagalog dialect. Venders hawking Pepsis, coconuts, fertilized duck eggs, eggrolls, and hot dogs shared the curb with painted "jeepneys"—elongated jeeps used for public transportation here. Loudspeakers blared Tagalog salutes to the deposed strongman.

"If there was no one to finance this, those people would not come here," my taxi-driver, Rudy Madigma, remarked. "The poor will not come here without money. Even I—if I don't have work, for one hundred pesos I come here." (A hundred pesos is about four dollars and sixty-five cents.) Many other Filipinos discount as marginal or insignificant the number of genuine Marcos supporters. A vaunted three-hundred-mile march from Marcos's home town, Sarrat, to Manila, organized to protest the government's ban on the return to the Philippines of Marcos's body, and advertised as "culminating in a rally of four or five million" people, took more than three weeks to get on the road, and then many of its several hundred participants quickly dropped by the wayside, complaining of blisters. Marcos supporters did manage to recruit fresh marchers for the home stretch of the trek, which ended November 4th, outside Camp Crame, in an all-night

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rally. By dawn, there remained some five thousand demonstrators, who refused to leave until Aquino agreed to allow the return of their leader's remains. Finally, police dispersed the crowd by shooting teargas and water cannons out along EDSA. "You call that a democracy?" an angry demonstrator cried to me as we fled from the teargas. "This is the government of Cory Aquino: no heart."

Those who kept the vigil at Camp Crame the day of Marcos's burial-in-exile were no less fervent. Pointing to a floodlit portrait of a smiling young Marcos, an unemployed contract worker in his fifties declared, "That's my President: the first and last President I'll ever vote for." A middle-aged woman clutched my arm and started poking at my notebook. "We don't believe President Marcos stole money!" she shouted, in a rasping voice. She told me her name was Christina April 5:7—"for the day and hour when we first heard our President's voice over the radio after the U.S. kidnapped him to Hawaii in 1986." As I started to extricate myself from the crowd gathering around us, Christina hollered after me, "Tell your American people we love President Marcos and we want him to come home!"

Immediately after Marcos's death, the Marcos family petitioned the Philippines Supreme Court to reverse a mid-September decision upholding Aquino's ban against the return of the former President, who at the time was critically ill. Aquino, who responded to the rush of compassion after Marcos's death by admonishing Filipinos to stop weeping for the man who "laughed all the way to the bank," nevertheless announced that she would abide by the high court's final decision, and for several weeks Manila's dailies were full of arguments over how far Philippine law goes in protecting the rights of a dead man. To the government's relief, the Supreme Court refused to reverse its earlier ruling. Shortly before the decision, I spoke with Solicitor General Francisco (Frank) Chavez, who emphasized the ironic fact that the premise of the government's principal argument—that "a corpse has no rights: it is a thing"—was based largely on constitutional commentary written by Arturo (Turing) Tolentino, one of the lawyers petitioning for the right to return Marcos's remains to the Philippines. (Tolentino was also

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a onetime Foreign Minister under Marcos, his running mate in the February, 1986, "snap" election, and one of the chief engineers of a failed coup against Aquino in July, 1986.) "This is not just about the return of the remains per se, but about what the remains symbolize," Chavez said. "The body offers itself as a provocation to civil strife. It would provide a triggering mechanism for the active interplay of various political forces waiting in the wings to launch destabilizing attempts. Like a second nose or a third ear, we just don't need this. We are on the road to economic recovery, and we have established adherence to the rule of law, which was absolutely unheard of during the time of Marcos."

Marcos's victims, Aquino's critics, and many of those who have been involved in any judicial proceedings since Aquino took office might take exception to the Solicitor General's suggestion that the Philippine legal system is finally functioning. Civil-court cases are hopelessly backlogged, and criminal convictions on charges of graft, smuggling, and human-rights abuses are almost nonexistent. Not one of thirty-five civil suits against Marcos and his cronies has gone to trial, and, because the government refused to allow the accused to return for arraignment, no criminal charges had been filed until Danding Cojuangco slipped back into the country; the government, in an unusual display of administrative efficiency, swiftly brought charges against him. The criminal charges against Marcos involving the billions of dollars he allegedly stole have now been dropped. Only three Marcos cronies have agreed to settlements with the government, and all three are back in business in the Philippines, even though no one seems to know what has become of the loot they supposedly remitted as part of their plea bargains. Even the case against the alleged killers of Ninoy Aquino has got nowhere in the courts. Eighteen men suspected of involvment in Ninoy's murder are now at large, having been released from Villamor Air Base, where they had been detained for four years, by rebel soldiers who invaded the base at the start of the coup.

IN Marcos's home province of Ilocos Norte, his was not the only death in the family to inspire an ongoing display of grief and political theatre. When I arrived, on October 1st, three days after Marcos's death, at his family's ancestral home, in the small town of Batac, ten hours north by car from Manila, I found a small group saying the rosary in front of the glass-topped casket of Marcos's mother, Josefa Edralin Marcos. Doña Josefa has been lying under glass in a white appliquéd dress since shortly after her death, at ninety-five, on May 4, 1988. "She is still waiting for her son," Oliver Lozano, an attorney and an ardent Marcos loyalist, explained, "because it was her dying wish that she should not be buried until her loving son came home."

Marcos refused to permit his mother to be buried, demanding that Aquino allow him back for the funeral. In the seventeen months since Doña Josefa's death, her body has been exploited not only as a necropolitical tool by her son but as an object of cult worship for a coterie of devoted followers. Those keeping the vigil for Marcos's mother belong to a "spiritual group" called Alpha Omega, which was founded by someone named Mama Rose, a close friend of Marcos's youngest sister, Fortuna (Baby) Marcos Barba and the recipient of a divine revelation that "Mommy Sefa" and her son were "instruments of God." The women leading the prayers for Doña Josefa all wore ankle-length gowns adorned with the Philippine flag and with cloth patches bearing the embroidered words "Spiritual Age—33: Jesukristo." A trickle of mourners and curiosity seekers filed by the coffin, which was surrounded by a full-size bronze bust of Ferdinand Marcos and a half-size portrait of his mother and by large signed photographs of the late President with his mother, with Imelda, and with his fake Second World War medals. The remarkably well-preserved appearance of Doña Josefa, I was told, is the handiwork of a "master mortician," who is said to check her makeup and coiffure at least once every two weeks.

After listening for over an hour to prayers for the mother of Marcos, I went upstairs to have a look at the Marcos Museum, which is supported by Marcos family funds. The museum opened in 1977, was closed when Marcos was ousted, and was reopened last year, on his seventy-first birthday. "Marcos believes in sevens," explained my guide, Segundina Manzono Pitpit,

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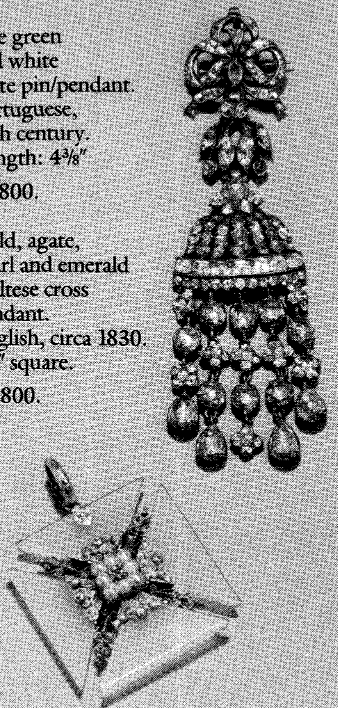

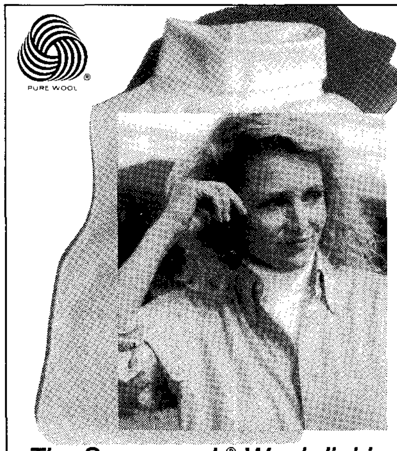

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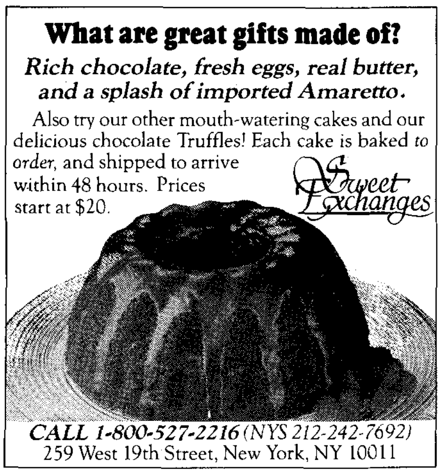
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who led me past a wall of photographs of Marcos at his rowing machine, lifting weights, and doing sit-ups, and around twenty-three glass-encased, life-size Marcos mannequins portraying the strongman's scrupulously maintained build in a variety of outfits from his Presidential wardrobe.

Practically everyone I met in Ilocos Norte recited the list of improvements—roads, bridges, infrastructure, etc.—that Marcos had commissioned to secure the loyalty of his home constituency, and reminded me to visit other local monuments of the Marcos era, including a palace, several mansions, an international airport, a sports complex, and a five-star hotel and golf course. But, aside from the jobs generated by the construction of these luxury establishments, there is little evidence that Marcos did much to help the majority of his fellow-Ilocanos. The town of Marcos (formerly part of the town of Dingras), set in the hills above the Laoag River Valley, some twenty-five miles from Batac, was renamed by Marcos in honor of his father in 1963, and is now a poor rice-farming community of twelve thousand inhabitants. Most of the town's eight *barangays*, or small districts, are named for various Marcos family members; there is a Barangay Ferdinand and a Barangay Imelda. Until recently, some of the *barangays* were controlled by the Communist New People's Army (N.P.A.), but in March the military posted armed civilian defense forces in the hills surrounding the town, and Felicito Tamayo, the mayor of Marcos, claims that this has solved the insurgency problem.

OUTSIDE Ilocos Norte and other loyalist enclaves, most Filipinos seemed relatively indifferent to their former President's death and the mutiny in Manila. The chief exception was Cebu, in the Visayan Islands, where several hundred rebels occupied and refused to give up Mactan International Airport. But in this overpopulated, agrarian-based country, where seventy-two per cent of the people don't have enough to eat, the vast majority of citizens appear to be more interested in plowing fields and drying rice than in speculating either about who will inherit the Marcos billions or about who will lead the next plot against Aquino. On Samar, one of the poorest islands in the Philippines, recent woes include a series of typhoons, floods worsened by voracious logging, malnutrition, corruption, unresponsive government officials, and a festering insurgency and concomitant militarization. Samarenos expressed more concern about recouping their farms, many of which had been buried by floods under several inches of silt, than about recouping the body of their former President. They were also wondering why their island always seemed to get such a small slice of the federal pie. The annual budget for Eastern Samar, where the damage from typhoons and flooding has been most severe, is only seventeen million pesos—approximately two dollars and fifty cents per person. Seventeen million pesos is only twenty-five per cent more than a recent government appropriation to refurbish the road entering Tarlac, the capital of Aquino's home province, where her family owns a fifteen-thousand-acre hacienda. It is this sort of comparison that Aquino's critics use when they argue that she has succeeded mainly in replacing one network of wealthy landed cronies with another.

Marcos's death and the events in Manila hardly made a ripple in the normal flow of events on the island of Negros, where Marcos and one now exiled sugar-baron crony once controlled both the production and the price of sugar. Sugar workers are currently threatening strikes and "more militant actions" to obtain higher wages; meanwhile, wealthy landowners are financing their own private armies to stave off the implementation of government and Communist-led land-reform programs. Local health officials and clergy and human-rights workers in Bacolod, the capital of Negros Occidental, are upset about the September military campaign, Operation Habagat (South Wind), in which four hundred and thirty peasants from the town of Binalbagan fled under fire from four helicopter gunships pursuing Communist guerrillas. Brigadier General Raymundo Jarque, the commander of the government forces on Negros, recently announced that a new operation, Amihan (North Wind), will use all his military, police, and paramilitary forces to crush the insurgency before the end of the year.

In addition to facing such counter-insurgency drives, the Communist New People's Army is said to have suffered crippling ideological splits in the last few months, and there have been several purges. Division in the ranks has been aggravated by the government's recent capture of several key strategists and of computer disks containing N.P.A. intelligence, and has reportedly forced the movement's leadership to lie low while "restructuring."

On Mindanao, the southernmost island group, some rebel troops launched an unsuccessful assault on the airport in Davao, Mindanao's largest city, but for the most part the island's garrisons remain loyal to Aquino. News of the December 1st coup attempt came after the latest eruption in another ongoing conflict—one between Muslims and Christians over the appropriate degree of autonomy for this heavily Muslim region. In the tumultuous campaign that led up to a mid-November plebiscite on autonomy for the troubled region, Islamic rebel forces threatened violence and secession if the autonomy measure—which had been drawn up, the government claimed, expressly to satisfy their demands—were to pass. But the Catholic majority, apprehensive about the prospect of a "Muslim Mindanao," overwhelmingly rejected the bill in nine out of thirteen provinces. Peaceful implementation of the autonomy measure in the four impoverished and geographically scattered provinces where it secured majority approval will require the careful supervision of Aquino's already strained staff and armed forces. Mindanao's chronic ethnic tensions pose a keener threat to its development and to the well-being of its population than any coup attempt—however long it is sustained—occurring some six hundred miles away.

EVEN in vast, noisy Manila, the daily life of most of the city's six million inhabitants was as unaffected by the December 1st coup attempt—despite a temporary radio blackout and fighter jets overhead and the sound of distant gunfire—as it had been by the death of Marcos, two months before. Early on the Sunday morning of Marcos's temporary burial, small boys were flying kites on hills of trash in Smoky Mountain, which is Manila's bayside garbage dump and is also the home of some ten thousand squatters, who make their living as scavengers. Several hundred grownup residents were already at the dump site, rum-

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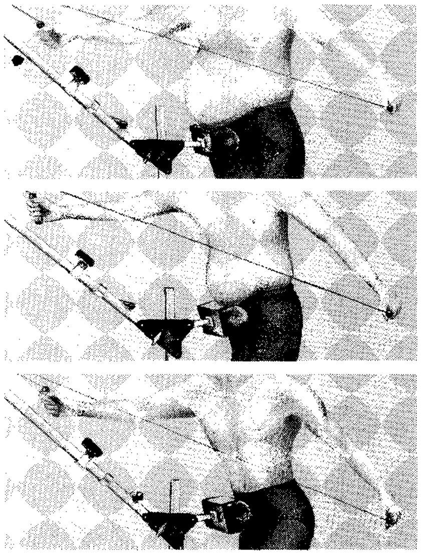

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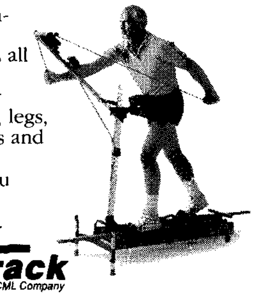

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maging through fresh trash with metal pokers, and seemingly oblivious of the swarms of flies. Marilou Julipas, a twenty-eight-year-old mother of two children, was leaning on her poker and staring out at a line of roaring garbage trucks. I asked her what she felt when she heard that Marcos had died.

"Nothing," she replied. She told me she makes less than a dollar fifty a day at the dump, and that she thought it would be "O.K. for him to be buried here, because he's already dead." When I asked her to compare Marcos and Aquino, she said, "They're both the same. The people are still living in poverty."

Only one person I spoke with at Smoky Mountain, a man in his late thirties named Leo Senfuego, said he felt happy when Marcos died. "He was a dictator," Senfuego explained. When I asked him if life is better now, he said, "Yes, because it is free, and Aquino has made promises to distribute things to people—like housing and livelihood programs." Senfuego told me that he had a new job and was making almost twice his former pay, of sixty-two dollars a month. "I'm working for Mrs. Quayle," he said. He was installing sewer pipes for a disaster-relief program sponsored by the United States Agency for International Development, and it was Marilyn Quayle, the wife of Vice-President Dan Quayle, who had handed over the A.I.D. funds to a Philippine aid agency when the Vice-President visited Manila in September.

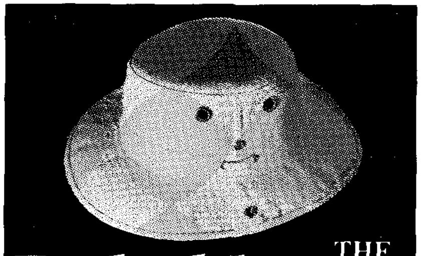
President Aquino herself acknowledges that the economic recovery her administration is so proud of has yet to affect the lives of those she calls "the bottom thirty per cent." A national public-opinion poll released in late October by Ateneo University showed that between February and September of this year Aquino's "performance rating" decreased from sixty-four per cent to fifty-eight per cent, the lowest level of approval since she took office, and that forty-two per cent of the respondents—ten per cent more than a year earlier—had experienced a "deterioration in their quality of life." The residents of Manila I spoke with all complained about the same problems that the rebels had singled out: inadequate wages and increased prices, anarchy, corruption, and drug-related crime.

Many staunch Aquino supporters who played active roles in the People Power movement have also been disappointed by their candidate's record since she took office. "It is clear from what happened after EDSA that this was a restoration, not a revolution," Randy David, a sociologist at the University of the Philippines, said to me. David sees the failure to carry out a serious land-reform program or to provide adequate housing for the urban poor, and the reinstatement of a few notorious Marcos cronies in key government positions, as an indication that Aquino cannot escape her class origins. For David and other intellectuals, Aquino's "subservience to American interests" is revealed by her position on the question of retaining United States military bases, and by her insistence on meeting debilitating foreign-debt payments.

When I asked another disillusioned EDSA veteran about Aquino's use of United States military support in the December 1st coup attempt, he said, "Maybe she knew she could not get the people to rally behind her anymore. What is most significant about this coup is that people are not rallying in favor of the government. They are there, but they are spectators, they are waiting. They just don't bloody care. If the rebels had just been a little smarter—if they'd had a good spokesperson, who'd given a litany of the sins of the Aquino government and a ten-point social, political, and economic program—they could have won. Too bad the coup was purely military. It would have been a nice touch if they had arrested some of Aquino's corrupt advisers and relatives.

"What we are seeing under Aquino is the democratization of corruption," the former activist continued. Indeed, the Ateneo poll and other recent surveys show that people believe that graft and corruption now are just as bad as, if not worse than, they were under Marcos. "What really gets me is seeing *these* dishonest people calling the Marcos crooks names," the man went on. "This government has always made use of Marcos as the culprit."

When I suggested that his observations about Aquino sounded like some of the loyalists' complaints, he agreed. "Unfortunately, the kind of company we seem to keep these days is the kind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we fought before Aquino came into power. There are certain things that the Marcos people are saying that sound quite leftist in orientation. They don't mean it, of course—these born-again nationalists and democrats. They say it because it is politically expedient."

It is not only workers, consumers, and leftists who are discouraged, of course. One of the senior military officers I spoke with in October had been equally harsh. "The idea of EDSA was so strong—it's hard to give up on a dream. That is why Honasan is still a threat—as an idea. He maintains the flickering light of the EDSA dream. And to allow Cory Aquino to allow this dream to be dashed to pieces, because of her administration's selfishness, its bungling, or whatever, is very painful for everybody. Now we again have a nation of demoralized people who can't seem to find a way out of the quagmire of debt and disillusionment."

Even among the President's supposed allies, in her own Cabinet, her own party, or her own family, it was hard to find, in the months preceding the coup, people willing to defend her success in restoring international confidence and rebuilding at least the framework for democratic institutions. "EDSA seemed like a miracle, so they expected everything that followed to be miraculous," said Doreen Fernandez, a professor of literature at Ateneo University and a prominent cultural critic. "And it's really hard slogging from now on. You have a twenty-year-old corrupt structure—you can't change that in three and a half years. We still have to suffer a long period of sweeping up and digging out the rot."

"Remember the prediction of her husband," said Bishop Francisco Claver, one of Aquino's earliest advisers, and now the associate director of the Institute on Church and Social Issues, at Ateneo University. "Anyone who comes after Marcos is going to fall flat on his face. Keeping that in mind, she has managed to stay on her feet for almost four years. Everything considered, she's doing all right.

"I think our biggest problem is democracy," the bishop continued. "We are trying to work in a democratic way, when our whole history, our cultural tradition, is feudal and authoritarian. That's the conflict."

In a meeting with foreign journalists in late October, President Aquino ad-

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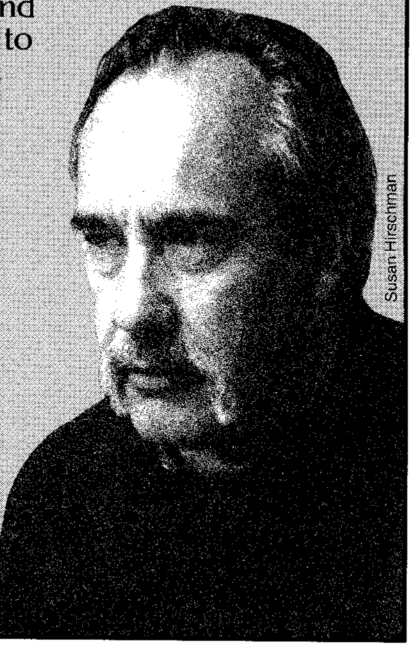

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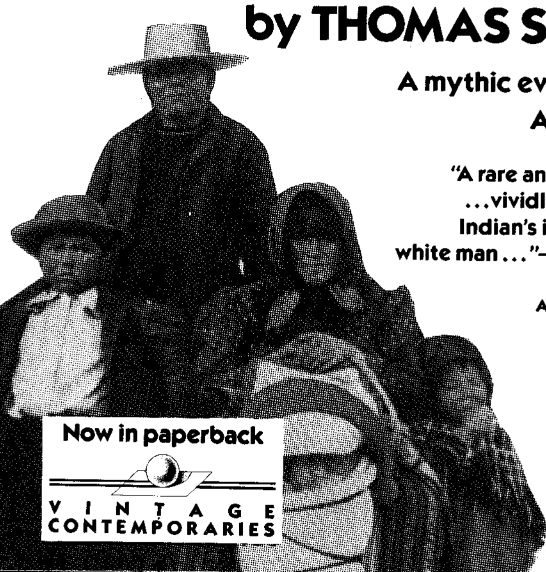

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dressed her critics in similar terms. "This is the transition period," she said. "What people would like is to get the best of both worlds: a dictatorship that was able to act very swiftly because it had absolutely no regard for due process, while enjoying the benefits of a democracy. I did not promise that I would solve all of our problems in three years. Our people have to get used to the idea that democracy is one thing and dictatorship is another, and sometimes the administration of justice goes slowly."

"After years of repression, the first thing everyone wanted was to speak out," Bishop Claver told me. "We still haven't got rid of that euphoric feeling of freedom. Now every single columnist thinks he has the answer. That's all part of the ferment that is going on. It looks a lot like chaos."

Chaos and melodrama do seem to characterize political life on this carnivalesque archipelago, where a coup might be led by an escaped political prisoner, where government soldiers fire on each other instead of the enemy, where rebel troops are offered "total clemency" in exchange for mending their ways. And in a country where members of the educated élite finance military takeovers while stashing assets abroad, and where significant numbers of avowedly loyal armed-forces officers have applied for United States citizenship, it is hard to imagine the critical mass of able and committed Filipinos it would take to help the nation get over its years under Marcos.

Tony Gatmaitan, an investment banker and a business columnist, was not optimistic about the situation when we spoke in October. "In my own view, we could go back to Square One very quickly. This thing is more fragile than people say. The whole country is walking a tightrope. But with one misstep—either by accident or by design—things could unravel very quickly. There are too many flash points: you have a politicized, undisciplined military, no ruling coalition, an irresponsible oligarchy, widespread corruption, an insurgency, a divided church, a secessionist movement, the ghost of Marcos. All the political diseases known to man exist here."

In light of the recent upheaval, Gatmaitan's analysis seems prescient. When I spoke with him again on December 6th, I reminded him of his remark about the ghost of Marcos. "That's over," he said. "Now you have to buy a marble stone and begin to chisel an obituary for President Aquino: 'Came to power February 25, 1986. Restored democracy . . .' " His voice trailed off. "It's premature now to write the obituary for Aquino," Gatmaitan continued. "But Corazon Aquino is living on borrowed time. She's seriously wounded at this point. She could hold on, but, more and more, she might find it difficult to govern."

This latest rebellion, by far the most severe of the six the Aquino administration has survived, inevitably raises the question of whether the President will be able to serve out her term of office, and whether she retains the authority to command her military. A unified coalition opposing the presence of United States bases could seriously jeopardize United States–Philippine relations. To regain the support of the powerful business community and restore the faith of skittish foreign investors, Aquino will have to somehow project an image of a nation where law, order, and economic progress exist once again. She will require the vision, imagination, and resilience of a determined leader—not qualities one tends to associate with her on the basis of her performance in recent months. She might consider using her new emergency powers to finally implement the serious agrarian and judicial reforms she promised when she came into office. In any case, the immediate threat to Aquino seems to have passed, and, now that the shooting has stopped, Manila's newspapers are full of post-coup "wrap-ups," and Makati coffee shops will soon buzz with speculation about plots for the next coup.

"We call it the *ningas cogon* syndrome," said one senior official in the Aquino administration, using the Tagalog term for the flash fires that race through dry *cogon* grass. "They make a huge flame from a distance, but then die out and are quickly forgotten. Frankly, all this tumult will die down. Filipinos have a certain latinity, a certain emotionalism in their temperament. We talk a lot, we laugh and shout a lot, but nothing is buried deep—nothing."

—SUSAN BLAUSTEIN

THE THEATRE

Mixed Media

IF you go to see Tom Stoppard's "Artist Descending a Staircase," at the Helen Hayes, you may emerge from the theatre wishing that it were possible, movie-house fashion, to stay and see the play again. This is partly because it's such a delight—clever, funny, and intermittently poignant—and partly because the whole thing spins by so fast that you want to go back and see just how clever it really was and what it all amounts to. That, a meal or two later, "Artist Descending a Staircase" seems to dwindle away to nothing should not necessarily be regarded as a fault. "Artist Descending" doesn't really amount to much onstage, but then it was originally a radio play. Written for BBC Radio and broadcast in 1972, it came after "Jumpers" and before "Travesties," and, in a sense, it bridged the two, being (like "Jumpers") a philosophical discourse couched in the form of a mock whodunit and (like "Travesties") a meditation on the value and genesis of abstract art. Actually, Stoppard's radio play stands in the same relation to "Travesties" as an artist's sketch to the finished painting. Most of the lines of thought are there, in the right place and pointing in the right direction; what's missing is tones, shades of meaning, and a general sense of dimensionality.

Stoppard's title, of course, is an allusion to Marcel Duchamp's famous painting "Nude Descending a Staircase," but it also refers to the situation with which the play begins. An elderly painter named Donner has died falling downstairs in the atelier he shared with two other artists, Beauchamp and Martello, both friends of his from boyhood. Complicating matters is the fact that Beauchamp, who makes noise-sculptures of various sorts by leaving a tape recorder running, has accidentally captured Donner's penultimate moments on his machine. The tape, which includes what sounds like a cry of recognition, suggests foul play to both Beauchamp and Martello. Accusations fly, questions of motivation arise, and what starts as an inquiry into the circumstances of Donner's death becomes, in time-honored fashion, an inquiry into the identity and the fate of the woman central to the three men's lives—a blind girl named Sophie, who isn't around anymore.

In "Travesties," Stoppard took two obscure footnotes to history—the fact that Lenin, James Joyce, and the Dadaist Tristan Tzara all happened to wind up in the same place at the same time (Zurich, 1917) and the fact that, while in Zurich, Joyce directed an amateur production of Oscar Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest"—and wove them into a cross-grained and highly textured comment on the emergence of "modernism" in politics, literature, and visual art. "Artist Descending a Staircase," too, has references to Lenin, Tzara, and wartime Zurich, and debates about and definitions of art (some of them lifted word for word and used again in "Travesties"). But "Travesties" is a work of multidimensional cleverness. The cleverness of "Artist Descending" is single-threaded, lodged primarily in the play's structure. The play moves backward in time from 1972 to 1914, then forward again to the beginning. (A time chart printed in the program suggests a staircase that we descend and remount.) The scenes are arranged symmetrically around a particular day toward the start of the First World War, but each of the scenes on the way down is really only half a scene, and we don't get the other half until the play turns and we begin our ascent back to 1972. The effect is rather like that of Duchamp's painting—an attempt to depict motion through a series of not quite frozen freeze-frames. Or, rather, that would be the effect if one were experiencing the play as a radio broadcast, where the mind's eye could be counted upon to supply a series of partial images.

In his preface to a recent edition of "Artist Descending a Staircase," Stoppard has discussed certain reservations he harbored over the years about turning the radio version into a stage play. (Apparently, after the 1972 broadcast a number of people sought his permission to do so.) "I was never very keen on the idea," he writes. "My argument was that if I had written it for the stage I would have written it differently; and my conceit was that in writing the play for radio I had tried to use the medium in such a way as to make 'Artist Descending a Staircase' a 'radio play' of necessity. I trusted that a stage version would merely prove that I had succeeded in this."

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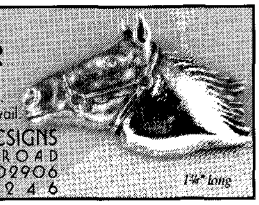

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(the King's Head) under the direction of Tim Luscombe produced a stage version that met with Stoppard's satisfaction. The play had a successful run and moved to the West End, and it is this version of "Artist Descending" that Mr. Luscombe has directed in New York, with a largely American cast. In his preface, Stoppard graciously allows that Luscombe's staging proves that he failed to write something that would "of necessity" be a radio play. I'm not at all sure that it does—though not because of any failure on Mr. Luscombe's part. His production is first-rate and, except in one instance, most felicitously cast. It's a great pleasure to see veterans like John McMartin, Harold Gould, and Paxton Whitehead playing the older versions of Donner, Beauchamp, and Martello, and talented newcomers like Michael Winther, Michael Cumpsty, and Jim Fyfe as their younger selves. Particularly impressive is the way the three younger actors, in their bearing and demeanor, manage to evoke a sense of that gracious era of "great houses before the Great War" which Beauchamp speaks of at the beginning of the play—a speech that, in a sense, holds the keys to both Donner's death and the mystery of modern art. Only Stephanie Roth, as the blind Sophie, proves a problem and an irritant. Favoring a style of performance that seems to reside entirely in the throat, she roars her way through the play, transforming a charming, unconventional, and idiosyncratic character into a cliché.

It's with Sophie herself that the real trouble with turning "Artist Descending" into a stage play lies, for as the play progresses backward, enough partial and misleading information about Sophie is given in the first half-scenes to keep us guessing about whom she married, whom she really loved, and what became of her. Ultimately, though, the *cherchez la femme* motif proves merely a grim joke, a device needed to drive the play back and forward again in time. Art for use, women for use; it's like Donner's copy of the Venus de Milo cast in sugar, which Martello uses to sweeten his tea. When we learn the answers to the questions "What happened to Donner?" and "What happened to Sophie?," we find that there's no connection between the two, no connection between Donner and Sophie except that in its trajectory his fate echoed hers, just as in his later life he took to echoing her views about art—another joke on the echoes of movement in Duchamp's painting. All that is fine for a radio play, because radio requires little more than a script and a group of actors clustered around a microphone; it demands of us no more than that we turn the knob on the set and put up the ironing board. Consequently, it need deliver no more than linear revelations. But mount a production with sets (Tony Straiges) and lights (Tharon Musser) and costumes (Joseph G. Aulisi), bring us all out to the theatre to watch flesh-and-blood actors perform a drama—in short, add the element of space—and the mere facts of what happened won't be enough for us: we'll need to know why.

I hope I don't seem to be suggesting either that Emanuel Azenberg and his colleagues were wrong to produce "Artist Descending a Staircase" or that it isn't worth seeing. I am fervently of the opinion that any Stoppard is better than no Stoppard at all. There's significantly more pleasure and intellectual stimulation to be had from the ninety minutes that "Artist Descending" lasts than from most proper full-length stage plays. You just have to consider the play the first act of the experience, to be followed by the conversation over dinner.

THE good news about "Up Against It," the Todd Rundgren musical the Public Theatre has fashioned from a screenplay that Joe Orton originally wrote for the Beatles, is that the second act contains a few deliciously Ortonesque giggles. The bad news is that to get to the second act you have to sit through the first.

"Up Against It" was commissioned by the Beatles in the late sixties, when Orton was at the height of his career. When the Beatles rejected the script, Orton rewrote it, reducing the number of principal roles from four to three, and sold it to another producer (Oscar Lewenstein). Orton's murder, at the hands of his lover, Ken Halliwell, took place just as meetings were about to get under way, so the film was never produced. The show at the Public is an adaptation (by Tom Ross) of this second version, and it is unspeakably and

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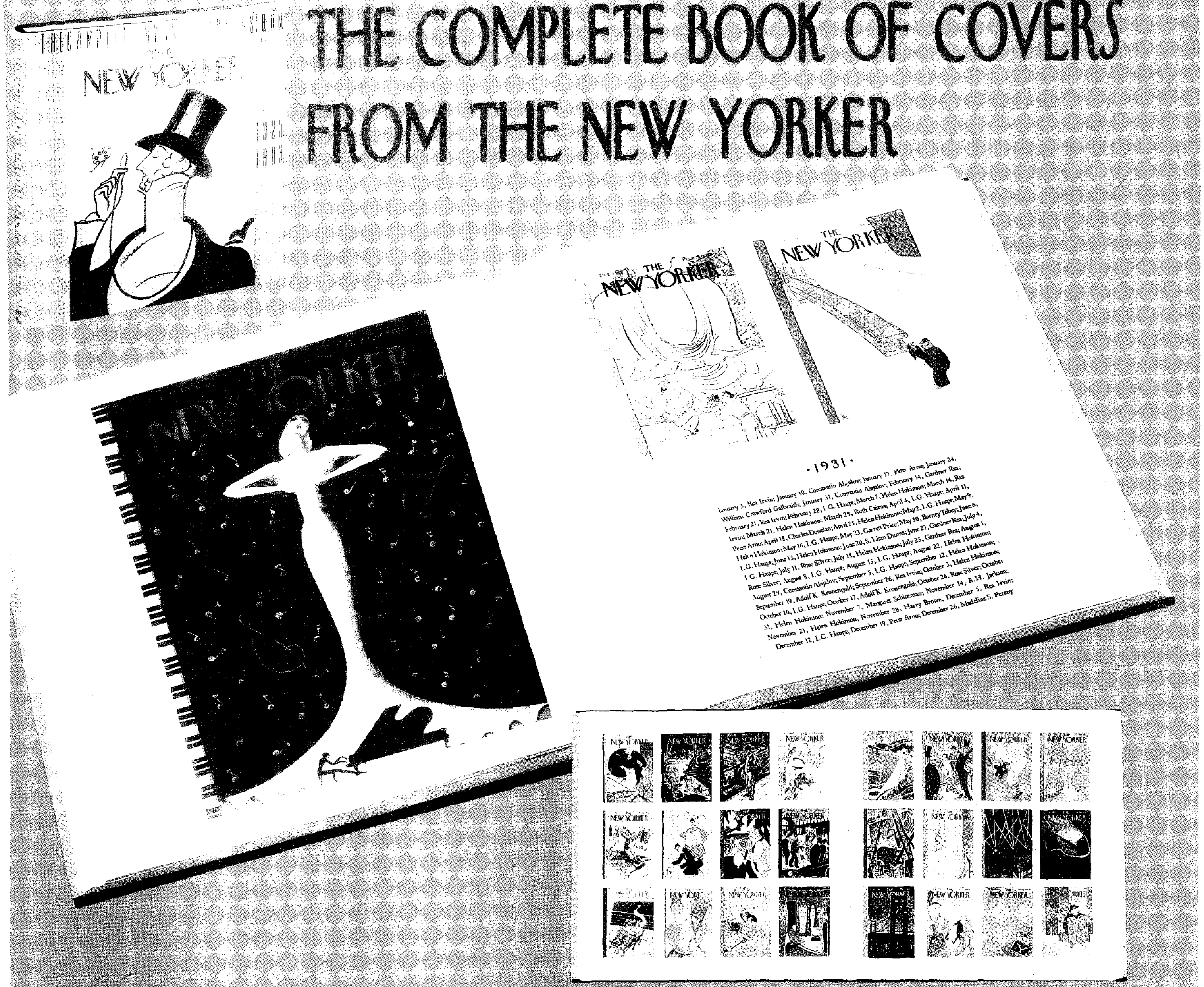

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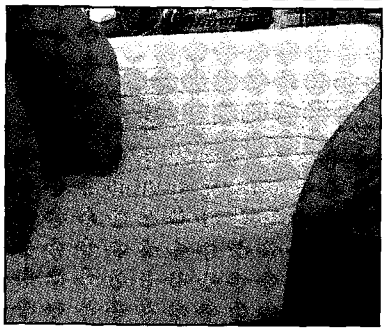

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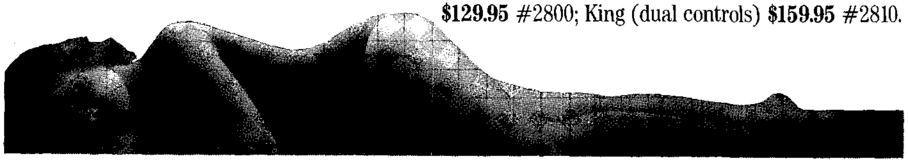

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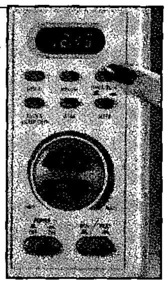

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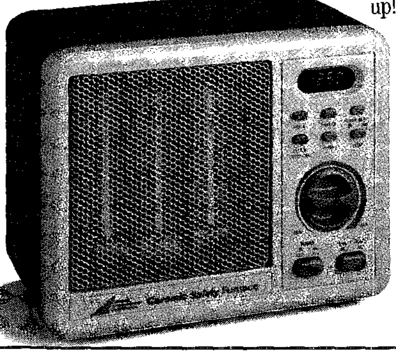

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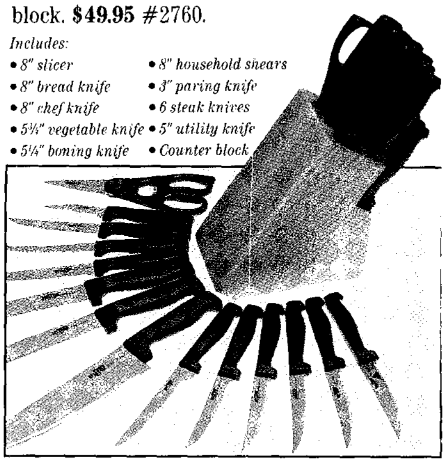

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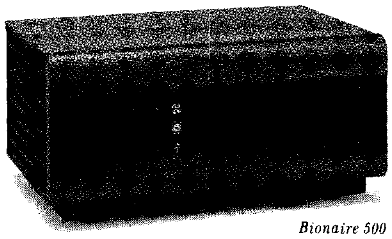

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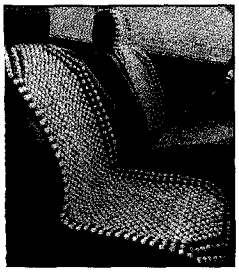

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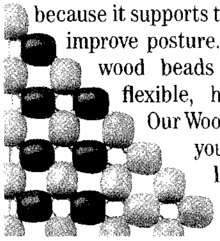

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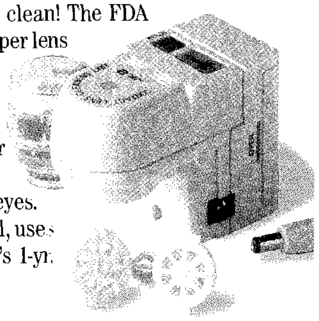

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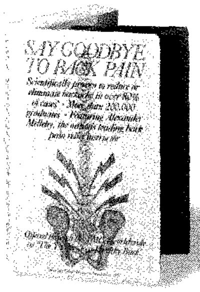

More than 6.5 *million* Americans suffer from back pain daily…and more than 8 out of 10 will eventually suffer from it. Research has shown that 83% of back problems are caused by muscles that have become weak due to stress and lack of exercise. But that's actually good news, because it means that most back pain is preventable! The "Say Goodbye to Back Pain" video is derived from the YMCA's "Y's Way to a Healthy Back" program which is based on research by noted back care expert, Dr. Hans Kraus. This doctor-recommended program is used at YMCA's nationwide, and has helped hundreds of thousands of people where other methods have failed. *Scientifically proven* to reduce or *eliminate* back pain in more than 80% of cases. Consult your doctor before beginning this six-week program of easy, relaxing and amazingly effective exercises which will help restore the strength and flexibility of your back…no matter how long you've neglected it. 96 minutes. **$39.95** #2370.

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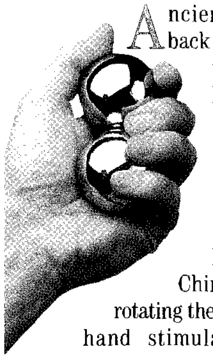

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unimaginably dull—not, alas, for any interesting reasons having to do with the differences between stage and film. The problem, quite simply, is Mr. Rundgren, whose songs alternate between earnest, self-pitying schlock and something with higher aspirations. (Imagine a collaboration between Kurt Weill and W. S. Gilbert if neither of them had any talent.) There are so many endless earnest, self-pitying ballads that in very short order whenever the lights change and a character is left alone onstage Mr. Rundgren has us thinking, Oh, dear God! No, please don't sing!

The worst thing about the production is probably the style of acting. Surprisingly, Kenneth Elliott has failed to set the production in the deadpan key that has characterized his work for Charles Busch's Theatre-in-Limbo and that is so vital to Orton. Few members of the company seem to have any notion of how to deliver a line like "I call myself Jack, and I encourage other people to do the same." In any case, there's very little of Orton in the first act, which seems, for the most part, exactly like what the script was originally intended to be: a vehicle patterned after "A Hard Day's Night" and "Help!" There's a group of young men on the run (Philip Casnoff, Roger Bart, and Dan Tubb) and the suggestion of a corrupt establishment, with only the merest touch of Orton (references to the desecration of a war memorial and to the deflowering of a clergyman's niece).

That Orton (when he is most himself) isn't ideal material for musical theatre probably has to do with the fact that it's funnier to hear of a "Latin-American dance band" formed of "discontented Welsh nationalists" than it is to watch a performance by one. As to whether a collaboration between Orton and the Beatles could ever have worked, I fear it's a question best considered away from the Public, though my heart goes out to Toni DiBuono, Alison Fraser, Tom Aulino, Stephen Temperley, Mari Nelson, and the rest of Mr. Elliott's spirited cast.

—MIMI KRAMER

•

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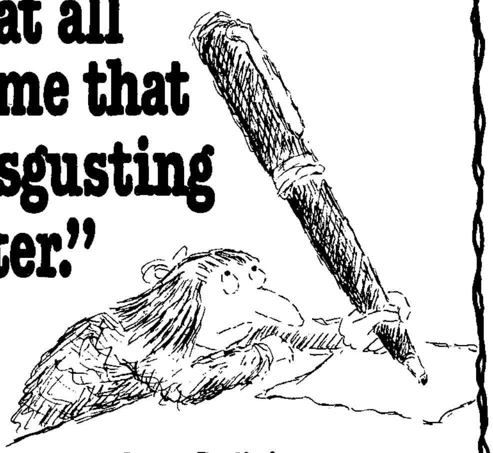

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**New York Daily News*

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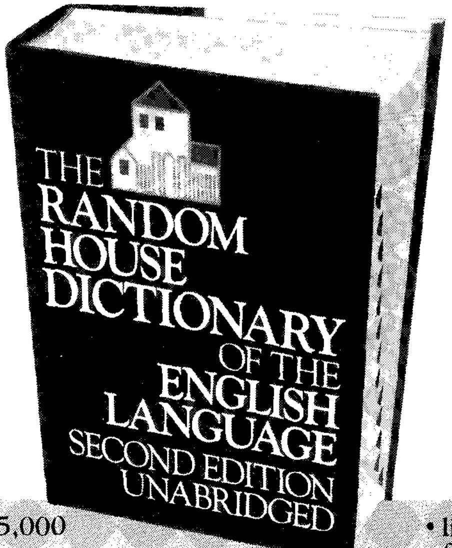

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THE NEW YORKER

LISTS AT THIS SEASON SOME BOOKS BY ITS CONTRIBUTORS PUBLISHED DURING THE YEAR

(*All or a considerable part of the contents of each of these volumes first appeared in this magazine.*)

Great Plains, by Ian Frazier (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $17.95*).

The author travelled by van for many months and some twenty-five thousand miles through the Great Plains—the prairies of this country. His account is an amalgam of facts and anecdotes, many of them picked up from people he encountered (or gave a hitch to) along the way—notably a Sioux named Jim Yellow Earring, who took the author to the site of Sitting Bull's cabin. Another Indian, Crazy Horse, turns out to be the hero of the book and, Mr. Frazier suggests, the last great hero of America, because he imagined the country to be limitless. In his book, which defies categorization, Mr. Frazier does the same.

The Shawl, by Cynthia Ozick (*Knopf, $12.95*).

A story and a novella, both about Rosa Lublin and the loss of her child in a Nazi concentration camp. Years later, in Miami, Rosa still sees the people around her as "scarecrows, blown about under the murdering sunball with empty rib cages." In her world, people can be reduced to shadows and objects, while possessions can take on the beauty and complexity of living beings —perversions of value caught in the fierce light of the author's attention and language.

What About Me?, by Ed Koren (*Pantheon, $9.95*).

Mr. Koren's creatures, spiky of mien but high and genial of heart, continue to act out for our benefit our own habits—conscious or un-. All the cartoons in this album appeared in *The New Yorker* over the past seven years. Preface by Calvin Trillin.

A Turn in the South, by V. S. Naipaul (*Knopf, $18.95*).

The author, who was born in Trinidad of Indian extraction and now lives in England, appears to thrive on alien cultures, including those that coexist in the southern United States: the new South (catfish farmers, Nissan-assembly-plant workers), the old (Jesse Helms supporters, Charleston aristocrats, religious fundamentalists), and the South of heroic black aspiration (Tuskegee University). Mr. Naipaul's background has furnished him with sympathy as well as perspective; he finds a core of decency in nearly everyone he meets.

Mr. Personality, by Mark Singer (*Knopf, $18.95*).

A collection of Profiles and of shorter pieces from our Talk of the Town department. Goodman Ace, humorist and comedian; Paul Schimmel, clarinet player on the F train; Sam Cohn, agent; Herbert Stiefel, zipper specialist; and the Brennan brothers, superintendents in apartment houses on the Upper East Side, are among the people whom Mr. Singer has run into on his beat, and who have in common—212 and 718 area codes aside—an independent turn of mind and a way of life worth examining.

Love Life, by Bobbie Ann Mason (*Harper & Row, $17.95*).

Generous and affectionate stories that are full of provocative juxtapositions of the ordinary: trips to church and trips to the mall, patchwork quilts and MTV. Ms. Mason's characters share an uncertainty about the conventions and clichés of American life; they're afraid that meaning may elude them, but courageous enough to listen for it.

Musical Events, by Andrew Porter (*Summit, $29.95*).

Our peripatetic music critic continues to bring us news of performances from all over this city and all over the map. The range, geographically speaking, runs from "The Second Hurricane" on Grand Street to "The Ring" in Bayreuth. The years covered are 1983 through 1986.

The Control of Nature, by John McPhee (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $17.95*).

Three accounts of man's attempts—heroic or absurd, or both—to do battle with nature, reported with Mr. McPhee's characteristic topographical and textual clarity. The Army Corps of Engineers is fighting the Atchafalaya, a powerful distributary of the Mississippi which may capture the big river and alter its course forever. A brave community of Icelanders pool their physical and imaginative resources to cool millions of cubic yards of lava rolling straight for their town and harbor. And Los Angelenos contend with the San Gabriel Mountains as they come tumbling into their living rooms.

War and Peace in the Nuclear Age, by John Newhouse (*Knopf, $22.95*).

Over the past half century, nuclear weapons have defined the relationships not only of adversaries but of allies. In this considered and sobering account Mr. Newhouse demonstrates how various leaders since the time of Franklin Roosevelt have dealt with—or failed to deal with—the nuclear problem, and why it remains such a politically vexing question. The book was a companion to the public-television series of the same name.

The Outermost Dream, by William Maxwell (*Knopf, $19.95*).

Isak Dinesen, E. M. Forster, the Reverend Francis Kilvert, Eudora Welty, Frank O'Connor, Lord Byron, and Louise Bogan are among the subjects of these literary essays, written for this magazine over the past thirty years or so. Mr. Maxwell evokes writers, considers them, and affords the reader the pleasure of their company.

Currents of Death, by Paul Brodeur (*Simon & Schuster, $19.95*).

A report on the potential hazards of electromagnetic radiation, which is produced by scores of objects in our everyday environment, from computer terminals to power lines. Mr. Brodeur points out that the importance of research on the problem is exceeded only by the willful obfuscation and denial that have plagued the whole subject from the start. The difficulties have included distortions of available information by the military and the corporate sector, mismanagement of research opportunities, inappropriate regulation, and inadequate media coverage. This ugly state of affairs makes the efforts of those scientists who have persisted in their investigations all the more admirable.

Booth Again!, by George Booth (*Andrews & McMeel, $7.95*).

A stocky gent bellows words of wisdom from a bathtub, an itchy bulldog remains his captive audience, millions of cats disport themselves all over a rug, a lanky soul in a cap and striped jersey listens attentively. Mr. Booth lets his mighty all hang out. What he continues to keep to himself is the knack of astonishing.

A Careless Widow and Other Stories, by V. S. Pritchett (*Random House, $16.95*).

A collection of six short stories dealing with disruptions, large and small, among the British. Whatever the characters or their circumstances, Sir Victor's unquenchable comic spirit always presides.

Ours: A Russian Family Album, by Sergei Dovlatov, translated from the Russian by Anne Frydman (*Weidenfeld & Nicolson, $15.95*).

Affection for a past life, however miserable and unfree, sneaks into these portraits by Mr. Dovlatov, who emigrated from the Soviet Union to the United States in 1978. They feature his grandfathers, one of them Jewish and unlucky, the other Georgian and formidable; his unflappable wife; his cousin Boris, dashing even in prison; his sharp-tongued mother, who despised Stalin; his theatrical father, who admired Stalin; and a handful of others. The author claims that this is an ordinary family history, but the pieces make the leap into the realm of fiction.

Hooked, by Pauline Kael (*Dutton, $24.95*).

One hundred and seventy-five movies, among them "My Beautiful Laundrette" and John Huston's "The Dead," are examined, appraised, and tucked away. The dates are mid-1985 to mid-1988. Kael marches on!

Observing the Nixon Years, by Jonathan Schell, with a preface by William Shawn (*Pantheon, $19.95*).

A collection of a hundred or so Notes and Comment pieces written between 1969 and 1975. Mr. Schell's subjects are, on one level, the Vietnam War, President Richard Nixon, and Watergate; on another level, they are the nature of our system of government and the meaning of democracy. Reprinted here in the order of their original appearance, the pieces become a rare kind of history, both urgent and philosophical, of a time when, in Mr. Schell's words, "power, like a river that has overflowed its banks, has been spilling out of the channels prescribed for it by tradition and by law."

Self-Consciousness, by John Updike (*Knopf, $18.95*).

This set of memoirs, which includes an account of Mr. Updike's lifelong affliction with psoriasis, becomes an oblique self-portrait—body and soul—of the boy from Shillington, Pa., and the man of Ipswich, Mass.

The Honest Rainmaker, by A. J. Liebling, with a foreword by Garrison Keillor and Mark Singer (*North Point, $9.95*).

A reissue of Liebling's 1953 hagiography of his friend James A. Macdonald, a con man and a horse-racing columnist for the old New York *Enquirer*, who went by the nom de plume Colonel Stingo. As the Messrs. Keillor and Singer point out, the book is really a romance about the golden age of New York newspapering, when even hack writing aspired to grandiloquence, and Stingo's damascened prose brings out in Liebling a kind of envious deadpan.

In Transit, by Mavis Gallant (*Random House, $17.95*).

Twenty stories, all of them published here in the nineteen-fifties and sixties, many about love of one kind or another gone wrong.

There are other common denominators—European settings, for example—but what most strongly links these pieces is their sharpness and specificity of insight, bringing the light of humor and understanding to the gloom of failure.

Election Journal, by Elizabeth Drew (*Morrow, $19.95*).

"The Presidential election of 1988 changed Presidential politics, in ways that will be with us for a long time," Ms. Drew writes in an introduction to this serial account of that event. Her reports—written coolly in the heat of flag-waving, Pledge-baiting, appeals to racism, and television trickery—suggest that the changes weren't for the better.

Feeding the Rat: Profile of a Climber, by A. Alvarez (*Atlantic Monthly, $17.95*).

The author became friends with Mo Anthoine when they were both marooned on a ledge in the Dolomites during a snowstorm in 1964; since then, Mr. Anthoine, a world-class British climber, has scaled heights from the Himalaya to Mt. Roraima, in the Guyanan rain forest. "Feeding the rat" is his term for answering the urge to put oneself in situations of extreme danger and discomfort. Mr. Alvarez' book allows the reader to participate in this pastime with great enjoyment and no effort whatsoever.

Barbarian Sentiments: How the American Century Ends, by William Pfaff (*Hill & Wang, $19.95*).

In the seven essays collected here Mr. Pfaff makes sense of such unwieldy topics as the uncertainties of *glasnost*, the meddling of superpowers in the affairs of nations in conflict, the threatening potential of Western Europe, and the outmoded ideas—"dead stars"—that still guide much of our country's foreign policy.

A Mystery, Wrapped in an Enigma, Served on a Bed of Lettuce, by Mick Stevens (*Fireside/Simon & Schuster, $7.95*).

By moving just a notch or so from the conventional viewpoint, Mr. Stevens draws cartoons that call attention to absurdities so commonplace that they are apt to be overlooked. Introduction by Jack Ziegler.

The Stolen Light, by Ved Mehta (*Norton, $19.95*).

The sixth installment in Mr. Mehta's ongoing autobiographical series, this volume takes the author through his undergraduate years, at Pomona College, and recounts the intellectual and emotional changes—the latter often painful—that led to his beginnings as a writer. As in the earlier books, Mr. Mehta's Daddyji is a wise and benign presence, but here he is almost overshadowed by the outlandish Ethel Clyde, a plain-talking socialist millionaire whose generosity to the Mehtas was matched only by her contrariness.

The End of Nature, by Bill McKibben (*Random House, $19.95*).

A concise and comprehensible account of the greenhouse effect, the depletion of the ozone layer, and the grave dangers that lie ahead if mankind does not take the present environmental crisis seriously. Mr. McKibben argues that we are fast approaching a time when nature as we have always thought of it will no longer exist. His assessment of the practical, philosophical, and spiritual costs of its extinction is deeply troubling.

Barney, Bradley, and Max, by Whitney Balliett (*Oxford, $19.95*).

Mr. Balliett continues to report on "the sound of surprise." These "sixteen portraits in jazz" include profiles, now perforce memoirs, of three admirable proprietors of night clubs where the music flourished: Bradley Cunningham, of Bradley's; Barney Josephson, of the two Café Societies and the Cookery; and Max Gordon, of the Village Vanguard.

The Neumiller Stories, by Larry Woiwode (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $18.95*).

Thirteen pieces that have the scope of an American epic, covering some five generations of the Neumiller family and ranging from the upper Midwest and the Great Plains to New York City. The narratives consist for the most part of closely observed domestic scenes, often implying or culminating in extremity or catastrophe—a mother's death in childbirth, the loss of a first child, a son preparing his father's body for burial. In almost every case, despair gives way at least a little to wisdom and acceptance.

Late in the Millennium, by Deborah Digges (*Knopf, $18.95*).

Ms. Digges is a lyric poet, and also a baby boomer; in this collection of verse the reader is as likely to encounter a former Rockette kicking up her still lovely legs as the wind whisking the snow across a frozen pond.

Life Sketches, by John Hersey (*Knopf, $19.95*).

Eighteen pieces, written over forty-odd years, about remarkable people, both famous and obscure. Among the former are Harry Truman, James Agee, Lillian Hellman, and Sinclair Lewis. Among the latter is George Van Santvoord, an apiarist, legislator, equestrian, and cartographer who was also at one point headmaster of Hotchkiss School. Hersey says of him, "He was a whole man, and he wanted his charges to open their eyes to the many shades of light in life." This collection suggests that its author wishes the same for his readers.

We Are Still Married, by Garrison Keillor (*Viking, $18.95*).

A collection of stories (most of which originally appeared here as signed casuals) and letters (many of which were unsigned contributions to The Talk of the Town), with a handful of previously unpublished poems thrown in for good measure. In an introduction Mr. Keillor says that what ties all the pieces together is that they were "written at the time of Ronald Reagan, the President who never told bad news to the American people," but they are linked as well by Mr. Keillor's habit of wide-eyed attentiveness and his ability to find humor in the most ordinary circumstances.

Lost in Translation: A Life in a New Language, by Eva Hoffman (*Dutton, $18.95*).

The author was thirteen when her family emigrated to Canada in 1959. This book, like her life, is divided into the days of Polish and the days of English, into Ewa and Eva. Suburban Vancouver and the rituals of North American adolescence at first seem bland and baffling to Eva, but she quickly figures out that we construct the world and our place in it with language, and her book describes the frustrating, exhilarating process of building a coherent self in English.

Big Sugar: Seasons in the Cane Fields of Florida, by Alec Wilkinson (*Knopf, $18.95*).

Mr. Wilkinson spent four years acquainting himself with the crimes and near-crimes committed by the big sugar companies, and with the laborers who do the perilous work called "cutting cane." These men, mostly West Indian, are fed poorly and paid dishonestly, and feel estranged from their families back home. Their voices fill this book, which has the texture of a novel, and give it an edge of warmth, and even humor.

The Complete Book of Covers from The New Yorker, with a foreword by John Updike (*Knopf, $75*).

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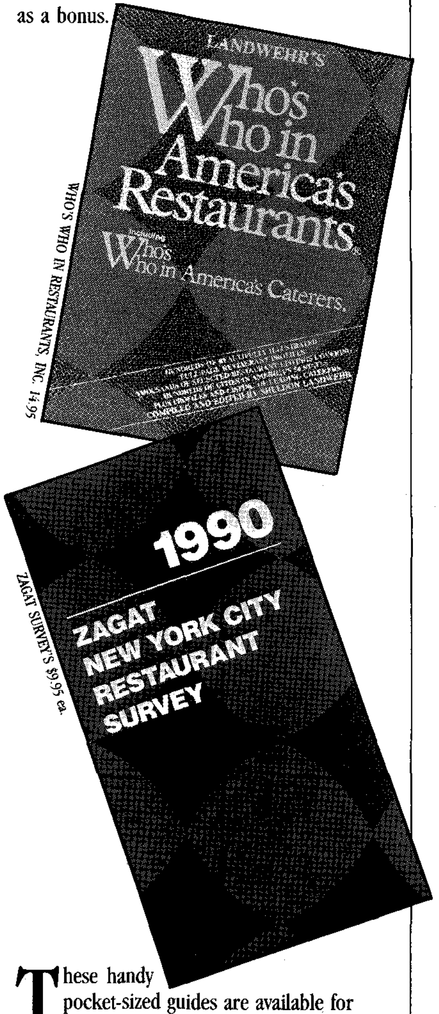
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Not Even a Nice Girl

LIKE Joan of Arc, Anne Frank is a name that translates easily into every European language, and always manages to sound both humble and powerful. Unlike Saint Joan, Anne was a child of privilege. One of her greatest privileges, as she saw it, was knowing "what it feels like to make other people happy"—particularly her father, whom she called Pim, and who was her first great love and confidant. Those daughters who escape seduction of or by their fathers while enjoying a complicity with them often seem to become the women who are most at ease with their desires. One longs to know what more Anne Frank would have made of that expressive and sensual freedom which is already so striking in her prose.

Pim—Otto Frank—was a man who inspired devotion in a variety of people. He came from the kind of rich German-Jewish family that Walter Benjamin describes in his "Berlin Chronicle," whose furniture was "so wholly convinced of itself and its permanence that it took no account of wear, inheritance, or moves." While Otto Frank lacked Benjamin's erudition, he had something of his tenderness, and, at night, in hiding, he would read his daughter Dickens in English and Goethe in German to keep up her morale.

Frank had studied retailing in America with his school friend Nathan Straus, but had gone into his family's bank. By 1934, he and his wife and their two daughters had emigrated to the Netherlands from Frankfurt, his native city, hoping to escape the Nazis. In Amsterdam, he embarked on a career of selling pectin—an ingredient in jam-making—and spices to Dutch housewives. He took on two Dutch partners and a Jewish herb specialist named Hermann van Pels. The new company leased a warehouse and offices on the Prinsengracht, in the old part of the city, which was something of a trek from the Franks' home, in a modern suburb.

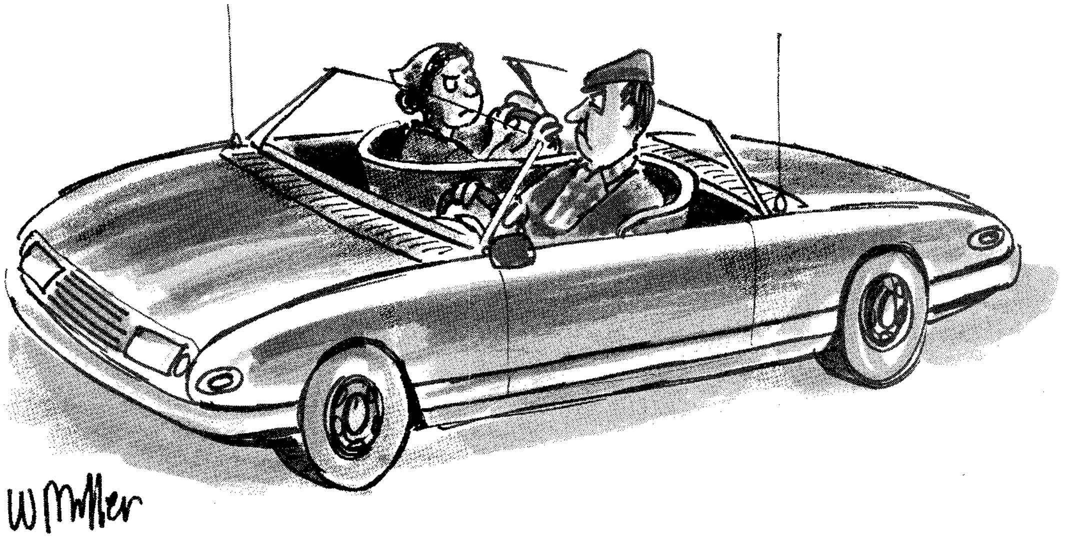
Above the warehouse was an empty garret apartment, occupying three floors. In 1942, as everyone knows, eight people went into hiding there: Otto and Edith Frank and their daughters, then aged thirteen and sixteen; the van Pelses and their fifteen-year-old son, Peter; and a prissy, uxorious dentist named Friedrich Pfeffer, who had been wrenched away from his Christian wife, and who shared Anne's room, barging in on her evening ablutions with a certain suspect regularity.

For the next two years, the fugitives inhabited this secret annex (*achterhuis*, Anne called it) under increasing stress but in relative comfort, protected gallantly by their former employees, who kept them supplied with as much food as could be bought with forged ration coupons, and with books, clothing, writing paper, toothpaste, cigarettes, news, and even birthday cakes and Christmas presents. After the war, one of those protectors, Miep Gies, recalled how, one afternoon, she had surprised Anne at her writing desk:

> She was writing in an account book like those we had in the office. I recognized it. She promptly closed the book and put it away, blushing. At that moment, Mrs. Frank came into the room and said: "Yes, we have a daughter who writes. Did you know that?" She said it in a tone that held pride—and at the same time loneliness and sadness that this child withdrew from her by writing.

In August of 1944, the fugitives were betrayed to the security police, probably by a warehouseman. Two of their protectors were arrested and interned in Holland. Miep Gies was questioned by the Gestapo but let go, and it was she who retrieved the scattered pages of Anne's diary from the annex floor, where the police, searching for valuables, had strewn them. The Frank family, the van Pels family, and Pfeffer were held in a Dutch transit camp for a month and then shipped to Auschwitz. There their paths to death diverged. Otto Frank was the only one to survive. The girls held out until the early spring. A Dutch woman who had seen them before they were moved to Bergen-Belsen later told an interviewer, "Anne still had her face, up to the last." She was nearly sixteen when she died, in a typhus epidemic that decimated the camp, a few months before the liberation of Holland.

LAST June, Anne Frank would have been sixty. On her birthday, Doubleday published the Netherlands State Institute for War Documentation's seven-hundred-page "Critical Edition" of her diary (translated by Arnold J. Pomerans and B. M. Mooyaart-Doubleday; $35). The introduction to this tome is a masterpiece of pedantry, written with a deadpan flatness out of Thomas Mann's "Doctor Faustus." There is, for example, a section devoted to the "microcharacteristics" of Anne's handwriting, which also establishes that her fountain-pen ink smudged because it was slow to dry, and that the leaves of her first diary—an autograph album with a red-and-white checked cover—were bound to the spine with glue that contained bone.



Nearly two hundred pages

later, a reader embarks on three "diplomatically" printed (contiguous but not precisely consecutive) versions of the diary itself: a scrupulous transcription of Anne's original; the manuscript she began revising for posterity in 1944 but didn't get to finish; and the English translation, including material that Otto Frank had cut in the name of discretion and propriety ("My vagina is getting wider all the time, but I could also be imagining it").

The restored passages are in this vein: charming in their candor or their vehemence. They add roundness to Anne's self-portrait, but not substance. What a comparison of the texts does reveal is both how spontaneously the diarist composed her prose and how finely she then tuned it. In order to make such a comparison, however, one needs a certain amount of motivation. The editors' instructions on how to read "The Critical Edition" are more arcane, and harder to follow, than those for a build-it-yourself hang glider. Does every scratched-out comma in the diary deserve a footnote? Are we interested in the financing of Otto's spice business (Frank "had to enter into a licensing agreement with Pomosin which stipulated that he would pay 2½% of all profits for the right to use the Opekta trademark")? Do we care that among the articles rescued from the annex were a shoe bag with the initials A.F. and two Spanish textbooks belonging to the dentist? Are a short etymology of the surname of the Gestapo officer who arrested the Franks, half a chapter on the ineptitude of Anne's German translator, a discourse on the corrections to Anne's Dutch suggested by a family friend ("'*broschjes* [brooch]' became '*broche*,' '*nog* [yet]' became '*noch* [nor]' . . . '*kennen geleerd* [get acquainted with]' became '*leeren kennen* [get to know]' ") illuminating for the casual reader of the diary, or even for the passionate student of history? The answer is yes.

"AN edition of the complete diaries was needed for historical reasons," its editors tell us, the primary reason being "the growing number of published slurs, particularly during the second half of the 1970s . . . [that] were intended to cast doubt both on the personal integrity of the author and on the relationship between the original manuscript, the published version, and its many translations." The slurs in question are assertions by former Nazis and neo-Nazis that the Holocaust never took place but was a piece of Zionist propaganda, and that Anne Frank's diary was, in the words of Richard Verrall, a member of the British National Front, "just one more fraud in a whole series of frauds in support of . . . the saga of the Six Million."

Not all the attackers were club-wielding Neanderthals. Some had intellectual credentials. Robert Faurisson, for example, was a professor of literature at the University of Lyons who denied the existence of the gas chambers (his book had a preface by Noam Chomsky, defending Faurisson's freedom of speech). Faurisson argued that Anne Frank's account of life in hiding contains too many descriptions of noisy and rowdy activities—carpentry, vacuuming, sacks of beans bursting, roars of laughter—to be credible. A high-school teacher of English (and former Storm Trooper) from Lübeck named Lothar Stielau placed Anne's journal in the genre of "the forged diaries of Eva Braun [and] of the Queen of England." Harald Nielsen, a Danish literary critic, questioned the names Anne and Peter—they weren't convincingly "Jewish." Teressa Hendry, writing in the *American Mercury*, objected to the maturity of the prose—"impossible as the work of a teenager." David Irving, an extreme-right-wing British historian, was one of several critics to charge that the diary had been ghostwritten by Otto Frank with the help of the American novelist Meyer Levin, whose obsession with "the Anne Frank problem," as he called it, is a tragic farce of its own. And an entire book, by a Swede named Ditlieb Felderer, who published it himself, attempted to characterize Anne as a drug addict and a slut (one chapter was titled "Anne's Character—Not Even a Nice Girl"), on the basis of the descriptions of her trysts in the attic with Peter van Pels and her use of valerian for insomnia.

The truth of history is like the ozone layer. An atmosphere of reason depends on its intactness—or, at least, on its repair. On those grounds alone, "The Critical Edition" has a heroic aspect. But, as H. J. J. Hardy, of the Netherlands State Forensic Science Laboratory, observes, with admirable niceness, in his summary of the evidence, "an investigation into the authenticity of the text known as the diary of Anne Frank has many facets"—some, perhaps, stranger than he knows.

THE journals of her life in hiding that Anne Frank kept for two years, between the ages of thirteen and fifteen, were published in this country as "The Diary of a Young Girl." That ingenuous title condescends to what is in fact an epistolary autobiography of exceptional calibre. It takes the full measure of a complex, evolving character. It has the shape and drama of literature. It was scrupulously revised by its author, who intended it to be read. It is certainly not a piece of "found art," as one Dutch critic has suggested—not a collaboration between a child and history, with history doing the lion's share of the work.

Anne was a strong, canny, fluent, truthful writer, who escaped the preciousness that generally mars the work of very young people. She had the usual baggage of ambitions—she wanted to be interesting, she wanted to be great—but they didn't cast their anxious shadows over her page. Here, for example, is what she has to say about Margot, the older sister, who could do no wrong, who wanted to become a midwife in Palestine, and who, Anne imagined, wouldn't kiss a boy until he had proposed to her: "Margot is very sweet, and would like me to trust her, but still, I can't tell her everything . . . she lacks the nonchalance for conducting deep discussions."

Anne's "nonchalance" is a freshness—a gift for detachment—like the young Jane Austen's. Both are comic moralists who take a pitiless view of conventional femininity without renouncing it for themselves. Both have more confidence that men, despite their weaknesses and absurdities, can be redeemed and made worthy of love. Humor is the ballast for their pride and their romanticism, and the leaven for their despair. The frictions and vanities of a narrow world enthrall them. It is, though, a world in which they feel isolated among their familiars—lonely in their depth of feeling and their clarity of perception. Writing is their antidote to claustrophobia, physical and spiritual, yet the claustrophobia seems to heighten their natural gaiety. The young Jane was a famous flirt

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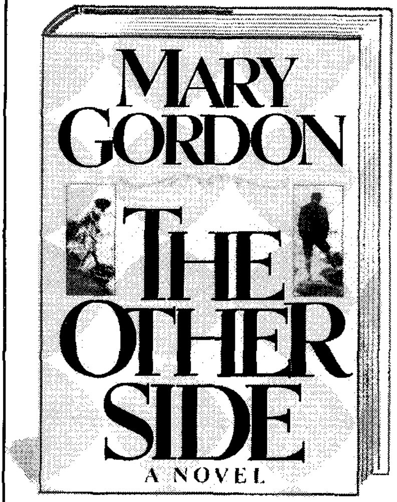

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and lover of "jokes." Anne describes herself as a "frolicsome little goat" whose "cheekiness" drove the adults in the secret annex crazy. One suspects that she must have been constantly confronting them with her mysterious, superior vitality.

That vitality appears in many guises: Anne's schoolyard charisma, her sexual curiosity and daring, a volatile temper, the power to console herself, an animal delight in her body, a certain hubris bred of strength. But its essence—Anne's essence, perhaps—was a sense of self-regard that wasn't spoiled by narcissism or complacency. When the Nazis killed her, they destroyed an intact being.

Anne, of course, didn't feel intact. Like most adolescents, she experienced herself as a "dual personality," whose "real self" was too fragile to expose, and whose false self misrepresented her to the world:

> One half embodies my exuberant cheerfulness, making fun of everything, not taking offense at a flirtation, a kiss, an embrace, a dirty joke. This side is usually lying in wait and pushes away the other, which is much better, deeper and purer. You must realize that no one knows Anne's better side and that's why most people find me so insufferable.... Really, it's just the same as a love film is for deep-thinking people, simply a diversion ... not bad but certainly not good. I loathe having to tell you this, but why shouldn't I, if I know it's true anyway? My lighter, superficial side will always be too quick for the deeper side of me and that's why it will always win.

The real self had no reflection, and the point of her diary—which is probably the point of most young writers' work, in whatever genre—was to create one. But it was also, under the circumstances, something grotesquely poignant and futile. Barricaded against death and terror by a fake bookcase, Anne went about learning to live, approaching the task with the moral delicacy of an Austen heroine, teaching herself how one reconciles the demands of "honor and conscience" with those of an impious heart.

TEN American publishers rejected the manuscript of Anne Frank's diary before Doubleday bought the United States rights, in 1951. The diary eventually would sell some twenty million copies in more than fifty languages, but not until the American stage and film versions, produced in 1955 and 1959, respectively, had helped to create its vast international public, and to turn Anne Frank into a celebrity, leaving her exposed, as celebrities are, to the fixations of idolaters and vandals.

Meyer Levin was something of each. A man of prodigious energy, he wrote more than a dozen works of fiction, of which the most famous is "Compulsion," a novel about Leopold and Loeb. He also produced several plays, a history of Israel, an anthology of American Jewish literature, a Haggadah, and a collection of Chassidic tales, and still had force left for travels, marriages, lawsuits, psychoanalyses, and polemics; for an active career as a journalist; for a vast, contentious correspondence; for crusades against powers who he believed wished to silence him; and for a twenty-year obsession with Anne Frank.

Levin's second wife, Tereska Torres, introduced him to the diary while they were living in France, and forever regretted having done so. (She came to see Anne, not irrationally, as her principal rival.) Having read the diary in its French translation, Levin immediately wrote to Otto Frank, offering his services as an intermediary with American publishers. Frank was cordial. When the diary appeared in America, two years later, Levin reviewed it "eulogistically" for the *Times Book Review*, and, in the words of David Barnouw, one of the editors of "The Critical Edition," he "argued forcefully that a play and film ought to be made of the book."

Anne's father was sufficiently impressed to appoint Levin his literary agent for a dramatization, and, according to Barnouw, he eventually "gave in to Levin's insistence that Levin himself should write the play." But when a series of producers had declined that play as "unstageworthy" Frank turned to the well-connected impresario Kermit Bloomgarden, who engaged Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich, a married couple then under contract to M-G-M as scriptwriters.

As embittered as a humble but worthy suitor snubbed by an ambitious family, Levin complained that his version of the play had been "suppressed" by a "conspiracy" of "élite" German Jews who controlled access to the media and despised his shtetl origins. This cabal supposedly included Nathan Straus; the Sulzberger family; Lillian Hellman; Bloomgarden; the law firm of Paul, Weiss, Rifkind, Wharton & Garrison; and Otto Frank, whom Levin, having idealized him, had turned against. ("You are my Hitler," he told the old man.) What the conspirators had specifically wished to censor, Levin claimed, was any acknowledgment of Anne's "Jewish identity" and religious pride, or her prophetic "message"—that the Jews had been chosen to redeem the world through their suffering.

Sentimentality can be a form of vandalism. (That is perhaps why kitsch, perversely, so often fascinates those with the most iconoclastic taste in art.) The dramatization of Anne Frank's diary by Hackett and Goodrich won a Pulitzer Prize, enjoyed a long run on Broadway, and made the world weep for all the Jewish children whom Anne represents. But the Hacketts (Levin liked to refer to them as "the Hacketts of Hollywood") also stripped Anne's prose of its nuances and reduced her character—which, after all, resides in the prose—to that of a generic Hollywood ingenue. Consider, for example, what they make of Anne's "dual personality":

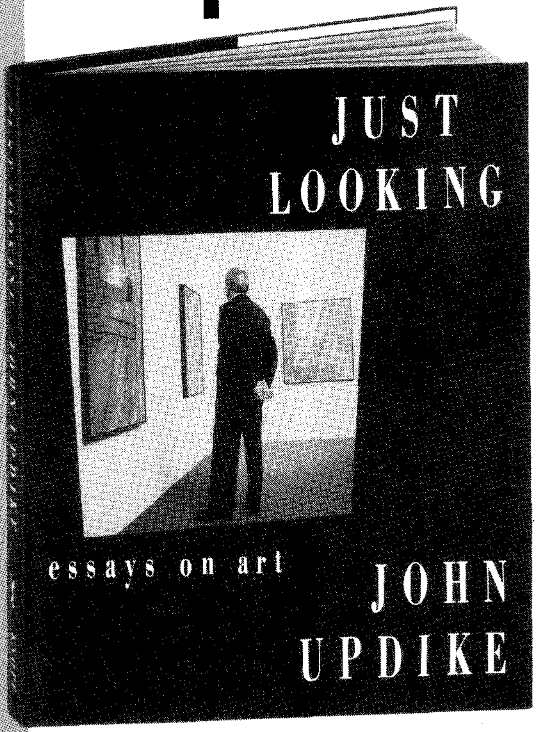
> I have a nicer side, Father . . . a sweeter, nicer side. But I'm scared to show it. I'm afraid that people are going to laugh at me if I'm serious. So the mean Anne comes to the outside and the good Anne stays on the inside and I keep on trying to switch them around and have the good Anne outside and the bad Anne inside and be what I'd like to be . . . and might be . . . if only . . . only . . .

Hackett and Goodrich *had* come to the project from Hollywood and were steeped in its pieties and simplifications. In their hands, Anne's diary became the kind of domestic drama in which bad things happen to good people. A "special" child is often the hero of such a story, misbehaving just enough to set an example of pluck for the feebler of heart, and looking heavenward at moments of uncertainty. "I wish you had a religion," the Hacketts' Anne tells her sweetheart, Peter, toward the end of Act II:

> Oh, I don't mean you have to be Orthodox . . . or believe in heaven and hell . . . just to believe in something! When I think of all that's out there . . . the trees . . . and flowers . . . and seagulls . . . when I think of the dearness of you, Peter . . . and the goodness of people we know . . . Mr. Kraler, Miep, Dirk, the vegetable man, all risking their lives for us every day . . . When I think of these good things, I'm not afraid any more . . . I find myself, and God, and I . . .

As a great fan of the movies, whose room in the secret annex was wall-

Updike on art



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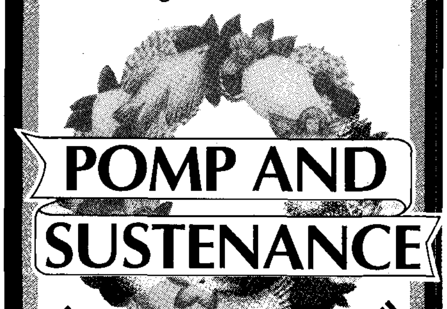

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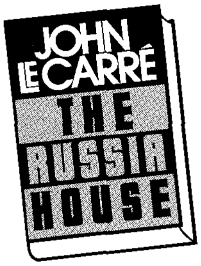

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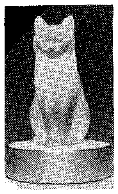

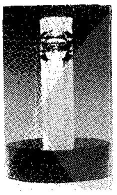

papered with pinups, the real Anne Frank might have been amazed at her transformation into a perfect little child actress from a forties film—a kind of tragic, Jewish "National Velvet." She might also have agreed with Meyer Levin that to the extent this creature had usurped her in the popular imagination she had been betrayed.

The bland "universalism" of the Hacketts' work and its uncritical reception served only to inflame Levin further. He advertised for justice in the *Times*. He importuned major writers to support his cause. (Many of them did.) He took his version of the play to Tel Aviv. And he sued Frank and Bloomgarden, claiming that their writers had "plagiarized" his material, and won a judgment for damages of fifty thousand dollars. That judgment was overturned on appeal, but it turns up in the Nazi attacks on the diary as Levin's "hush money" or as his "royalties" as ghostwriter.

When the hapless but demonic Levin appears on the stage of Anne Frank's life with Stielau, the former Storm Trooper; Faurisson, the rabid academic; the modish Hacketts; weary, bemused Otto Frank; the heroic handwriting analysts at the Netherlands State Forensic Science Laboratory; and a chorus of prosecutors trading accusations of theft and subversion in English, German, and Dutch, "The Critical Edition" becomes the kind of existential drama that was never made of the diary—one of those labyrinths of modern literature where every truth has a lie for its echo.

"I LONG for Daddy's real love," Anne Frank wrote, four months into captivity. "Not only as his child but for me—Anne, myself." Otto Frank's love had already begun to fail his daughter, not necessarily because it was faulty but because she was fourteen, and ready to seek "real love" from a boy; and also because she was a writer, and ready to seek love from a reader. Her readiness has a provocative quality to it—a voluptuous openness—and I wonder how many readers have responded to it, perhaps guiltily, with the kind of ardor that Philip Roth displays in "The Ghost Writer."

"The Ghost Writer" is a novel about the love of children for their fathers—Jewish patriarchs who don't know how to read their children's prose or love them for what Anne would have called their real selves—and its central characters are a son and a daughter searching for a surrogate. The son is young Nathan Zuckerman. The surrogate is his idol, the ascetic novelist E. I. Lonoff. The daughter is Lonoff's amanuensis, a seductive child-woman named Amy Bellette, whom Nathan chooses to imagine is Anne Frank.

Roth's counter-choice, however, is to imagine that Anne Frank is Amy Bellette. In Amy, Roth can contemplate Anne Frank without the tragedy of her death and the mantle of her fame. She helps him deconsecrate the Jewish saint, the Hollywood ingenue, the Holocaust's most famous victim, and the world's most beloved Jewish writer. But, through Amy, Roth is also able to bring a different kind of reverence to Anne's portrait. What he reveres seems to be precisely what so irritated the two older women in the secret annex, who felt mocked by it; what exasperated the wifeless dentist; what enthralled but also frightened Peter van Pels, and mystified the demure Margot; and what, to a degree, Otto Frank felt that he had to censor in his daughter's diary—the astonishing freedom of Anne's desire.

It should be noted that Roth is no less fixated on Anne Frank than Levin or the neo-Nazis. He appropriates her as his literary property: he incorporates her prose into his narrative, and distills her character through the layers of his hero's impudent fantasies. But, in the process, he also reads her with the passionate discernment and the sense of play that she longed for.

In that respect, "The Ghost Writer," with its heretical presumption, makes an interesting foil for "The Critical Edition," with its solemn scrupulosity. They both champion Anne's contradictions against those who would make her "pure." And they both remind us that "an investigation into the authenticity of the text known as the diary of Anne Frank" can't be closed. That text is no longer just the writer's version of her real self, but the world's.

—JUDITH THURMAN

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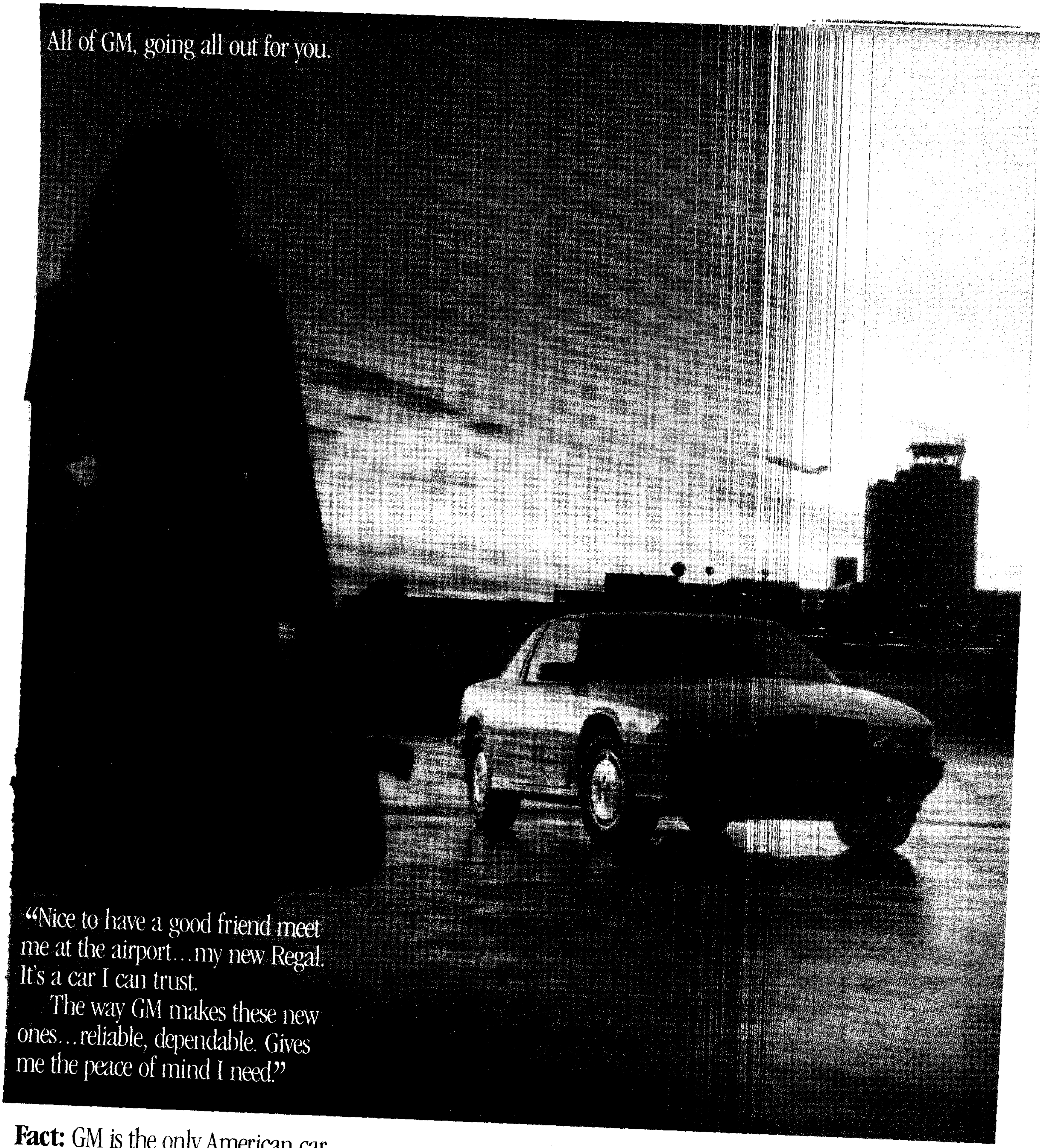

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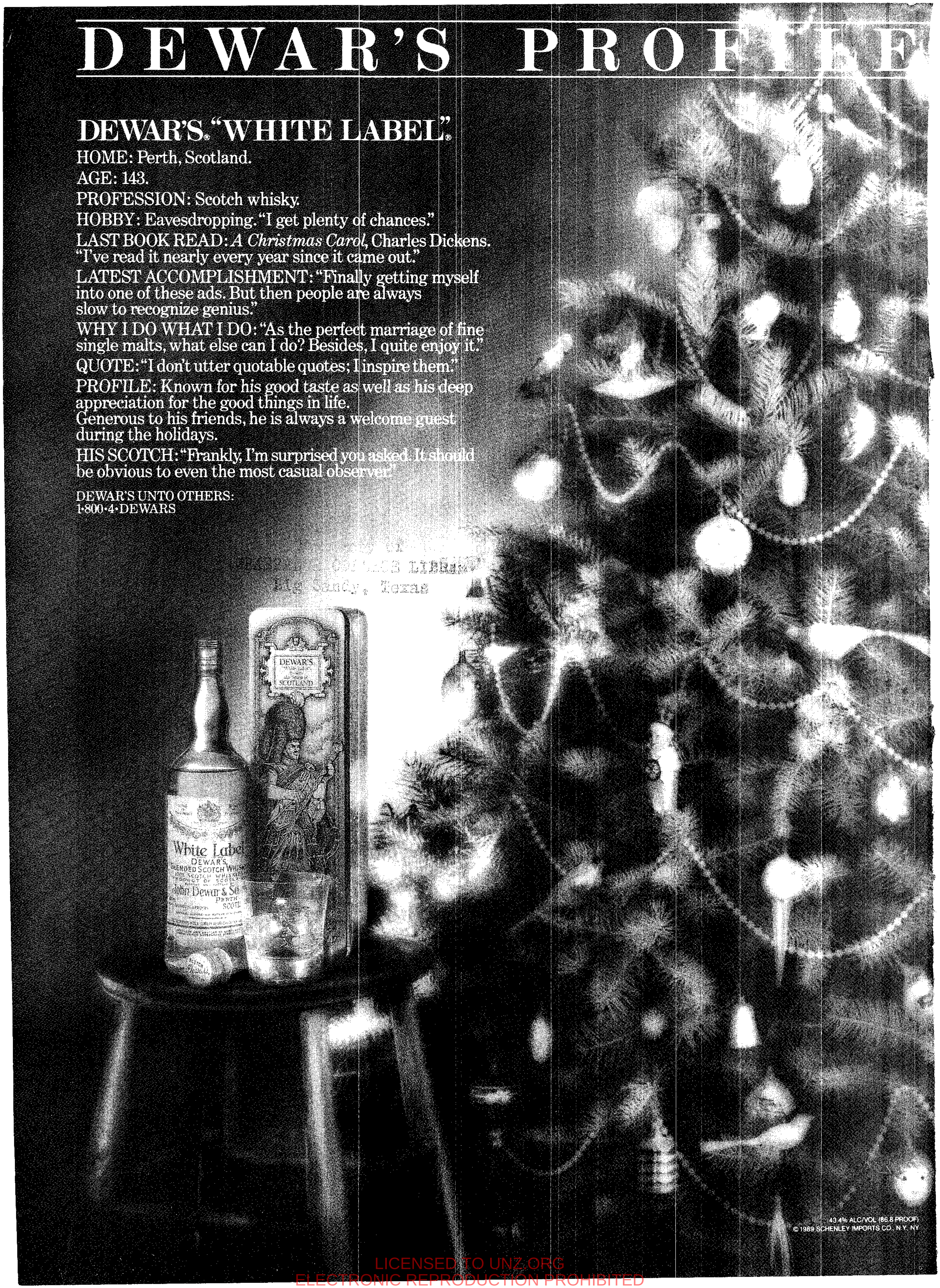
DEWAR'S
"White Label"
SCOTLAND
White Label
DEWAR'S
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
John Dewar & Sons
PERTH
SCOTLAND

43.4% ALC/VOL (86.8 PROOF)
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